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TWELVE MONTHS

WITH

FREDRIKA BREMER IN SWEDEN.

To Margaret Howitt
with the love of Mr Howitt.

TWELVE MONTHS

WITH

FREDRIKA BREMER

IN SWEDEN.

BY

MARGARET HOWITT.

STOCKHOLM.

VOL I.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

FREDRIKA BREMER,

AND

OTHER NOBLE SWEDISH WORKERS,

AND IN

AFFECTIONATE APPRECIATION

OF THE LIVING,

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED WITH

LOVE AND REVERENCE.

PREFACE.

When a beautiful human life is closed; when its conflicts and trials and even its weaknesses are ended, its work of love done, if not in its own estimation, in that of the great Taskmaster; when the tenderly-sympathizing heart has ceased to beat, and the expansive intellect to devise its schemes of human enlightenment and elevation, then assuredly it is permitted us to know, not for idle curiosity, but for our own instruction, how such a life was spent in the daily privacy of its home, amongst its own intimate friends and household associates.

It is in this belief that the following Diary of Twelvemonths spent with Miss Bremer has been prepared for publication. The intercourse of the writer with her venerated friend was of too

intimate a character to have permitted her to make its details known during her lifetime. But now—the sacredness and solemnity of death having separated the past from the present, the familiar and affectionate intercourse of a whole year, and the tender friendship which continued between the two to the last, has rendered it rather a duty than otherwise for her to contribute her share towards a more full biography, and to do honour to some of those admirable men and women of Sweden who have made and are making this northern land both philanthropically and intellectually great.

Miss Bremer was a representative woman, known and honoured in every civilized country of the globe for her literary works. In her own land, however, although she ranked very high as an author, and her fellow-countrymen and women prided themselves on her great and deserved celebrity, she yet took still higher rank as a reformer and philanthropist. How universally she was appealed to in every benevolent

undertaking, how, if she were not the originator of such she was the active co-operator, will be seen in the following pages. She was especially the helper of her own sex, and setting aside all questions of woman's rights, was the means of effecting a real emancipation of her country-women by convincing wise, liberal-minded, and powerful men of the necessity for the reforms which she advocated. For children also she was an indefatigable labourer, and was felt and acknowledged to be the centre around which moved every effort for their well-being, whether physical or moral.

If some of the details in the following pages should appear trifling, let it be remembered that all bear more or less upon the character and life of Miss Bremer, and should be regarded simply as the subordinate touches or characteristic traits of a faithfully drawn domestic picture. Miss Bremer's home life appeared to her young inmate as singularly perfect, in so far that it was governed by one prevailing sentiment, that of undeviating love. Every

action, important or trivial, all her intercourse with others, from the crowned head to the poor orphan of the streets, was in this divine spirit.

Another characteristic of this excellent woman must be mentioned, her true practical piety and the remarkable cheerfulness and almost gaiety of her disposition. She loved to have the young around her, and entered with genuine delight into all their pleasures and pursuits, never growing weary of thinking for them, or of devising schemes for their happiness or improvement.

Nor should these prefatory remarks be closed without one which is noteworthy.

Miss Bremer had no fear of the great mystery of death; on the contrary, her whole life was a stedfast preparation for it. Believing that many years ago she received intelligence of the date when her mortal existence must close, she wound up, as it were, the beautiful machinery of life daily, and counted out the hours by golden acts of love, and the cheerful performance of duty. And her loving Heavenly Father, as if to

set the seal of His approval upon her life, gave her her heart's desire in all things; she was loved and honoured by her country, and with health that failed during her last year on earth only sufficiently to give her still more firm reliance on the early call, she went forward to the end, ever walking in the Saviour's footsteps, loving, serving, diffusing happiness around her, not *talking* religion, but cheerfully and faithfully *living it,* and finally when the time of removal came, leaving behind her a bright track which many will follow.

As regards the following diary, it is but just to state that the writer has endeavoured in no way to violate the sanctity of private life. The real names of such persons only as are already familiar to the public have been retained. The rest are disguised; those at Upsala, for instance, under the names of the Greek letters, and those at Årsta of the Runic.

The portrait of the Queen Dowager has been purposely given because she was the much-

valued friend of Miss Bremer, and the promoter of all her good works. Beyond this also, Miss Bremer highly venerated the character and memory of her late consort, King Oscar, who, on the subject of capital punishment and many other important questions, ranked with the most liberal and philosophic minds of the age.

MARY HOWITT.

Highgate, May, 1866.

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TWELVE MONTHS

WITH

FREDRIKA BREMER IN SWEDEN.

CHAPTER I.

GOTHENBURG.

GOTHENBURG, Oct. 5th, 1863.—I am now actually on Swedish *terra firma*.

It was about 10 A.M., when the Stewardess bade me prepare for landing, as we had left the Cattegat, and quietly sailing towards Gothenburg, were then about six miles distant. I hurried on deck, and gazed with a peculiar emotion on the stern grey rocks which bordered the broad Göta river, which we had then entered; after which I again descended to the cabin to have my travelling-bag and other minor luggage in readiness for the custom-house officers, who had now come on board. These men wore long, thick blue cloth coats, somewhat of the cut of a dressing-gown, with

the bands fastened behind instead of in front, and thus forming a fold or two in the back, similar to what one often sees in Germany. Not being fluent in Swedish at that time, therefore, in reply to their question, which was whether or not I had any contraband goods, I smiled, shook my head, and gave up my keys, and so passed through very easily.

Amongst the people who thronged the pier, I observed a comely, matronly-looking lady, gazing pleasantly up at the baggage and cargo-laden deck; of the assembled crowd, she only took my attention. It was, as I felt sure it must be, Fru Nelli, who was waiting for me, and most kind was the reception she gave me, though she did not speak a word of English. But there is a freemasonry in kindness and mutual goodwill, and smiles, and sentences half German, half Swedish, expressed a great deal between us.

But let me now speak of the passage to these shores. The Captain and Stewardess both assured me that we had a remarkably fine one for the season. The "Argo" is a beautiful vessel, and the Stewardess attentive and respectable. We were a small party,—one invisible forecastle passenger, and a pretty

young English lady who shared the ladies' cabin with me, and with whom I shall travel forward to Stockholm to-morrow. She had her little boy, eight months old, with her, and her fair-haired Swedish servant, Mina. Poor Mina lay most of the time on deck in the greatest misery, believing she were about to die; our motherly Stewardess therefore attended to the baby, edifying it much as follows,—

"I shall send for Sweepy to take baby! Come, Sweepy, and take our naughty little boy! No, no, I shall take a rod to Sweepy! You shan't have baby. Put Sweepy in a poke, for he shan't have good baby!"

I had the honour of dining with the Captain on Sunday, lying down between the courses, but listening the while to what he said. He had been all his life at sea; had been to Sydney and Adelaide, and twice to China, and to many different northern ports, for a cold climate suited him best.

In the morning, it being wet, I had been obliged to stay below, but clearing up in the afternoon, I went on deck and luxuriated in the strange, yet animated prospect. A wild, grim sea, black-green, with white-crested waves,—a

true Viking sea, rolling northward to the eternal icebergs, white bears, and monster whales. A strange desolation seemed brooding over the waters. At five, the heavens glowed orange between long stretches of slate-coloured cloud, casting westward a weird, ominous glare on the gloomy expanse of waters which had once been the fit domain of daring sea-rovers.

The strong steamer cleft the vigorous waves, the fresh breeze blowing the spray against the gunwale and the imperturbable man at the helm, ever looking onward into the far distance. I have heard it said that seamen never suffer from shortsightedness; there seems good reason why they should not, for their eyes are ever exercised on great distances.

I was lying down on a bench, wrapped in my railway rug, enjoying all the strange weirdness of that October evening, when the Stewardess appeared on deck, and came up to where I lay. She too seemed to be gazing on the scene, then bending over me, and tucking me cosily in, she said in a melancholy tone;—

"It was just here that the "Zealand" was lost a fortnight ago. I'd give all I have if we could see any of the crew."

Of course, such an event after the lapse of fourteen days would be utterly impossible; that I knew, but still out of sympathy, I raised myself from the bench and strained my eyes in search of some solitary floating mast with its half-drowned human being lashed to it. Here and there were visible the masts of vessels in the horizon, but that was all. Those waters were well traversed, therefore some ship might have saved the crew of the ill-fated steamer. I suggested this.

The Stewardess shook her head, and then continued with tears in her eyes, "It was a steamer from Dantzic; many of the crew and passengers were saved,—all but the Captain and the Mate—" here her emotion choked her utterance, then presently, suppressing her feelings, she added,—"and he was my second son! Ah! poor chap, and he has never been heard of, nor ever will; all hope is over. And there's his poor wife, and his two little innocent children! Ah, well-a-day, some are born to luck, and some to misfortune!"

And so saying, the poor heartbroken mother descended weeping to the cabin, and soon afterwards was heard crowing to the baby, and

tossing it into the air with a merry song, just as if her heart had never ached and she had never shed a tear.

At the moment I had finished writing the above, my kind friends came in with the offer of showing me Gothenburg, whereupon I willingly put on my things and accompanied them.

Gothenburg is, as you know, the second town of importance in Sweden, and its greatest seaport. After our huge English towns, it seems only of moderate size; but its population is as large as that of the whole of Greenland. It is, however, delightfully situated, with rocky hills behind it, and most charming walks and drives through boulevards and gardens which have been laid out by the wealthy inhabitants, many of whom are English or Scotch, and whom I am glad to say are noted for their benevolence.

Gustavus Adolphus was the founder of Gothenburg, and of this circumstance the inhabitants are naturally proud. I was taken to see his statue, which is erected in an open square, facing one of the broad canals,—for as

Dutchmen were the first settlers here, they with their love of water gave the northerners the benefit of many canals. Nor certainly did they do amiss. The fine bridge with its gilded statues of which I had read, was, it is true, no longer there, but there are still great numbers of handsome bridges, and the streets, which are laid out at right angles, are broad, and full of spacious houses both of brick and stone.

The weather also is warm this autumn day, so that I am almost oppressed by the winter clothing in which I left England, expecting to have found it really cold here.

"There is a funeral at that house," said Fru Nelli, in reply to my question as to the meaning of the fir-twigs scattered before the door, "you may always know when a funeral is about to take place, by that sign. I suppose it is not so in England."

Here, as in Germany and in Edinburgh, families live in flats. I therefore am now writing in a pretty library on the second floor, the shelves filled with German and Swedish books, and the sunshine pouring in as cheerily as on a summer's day. This is the last of a long suite of apartments, some carpeted as in

England, others with floors inlaid and bare as on the Continent.

I have had a most kind reception. On my arrival I found breakfast awaiting me, delicious coffee, eggs, beautifully white bread, resembling at a distance slices of pine-apple both as to colour and form; these were placed on a tray with other slices of close brown bread which, in its turn, looked like slices of potted meat. Delicate biscuits too, were there, and porter, if I had chosen to drink it.

CHAPTER II.

TO STOCKHOLM,

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 7th.—The journey from Gothenburg to Stockholm was fresh and delightful. My kind entertainers rose in the early darkness to see me off by the train, which leaving Gothenburg at six in the morning reaches Stockholm at six in the evening. Railways, as yet, are rare in Sweden; steamers, diligences, and carriages, being the general modes of conveyance, consequently the greater number of people have never entered a railway carriage, and some are so unaccustomed to this mode of transit that they regard it with apprehension. A lady of my acquaintance made her will before taking the journey by rail, from Stockholm to Södertelje; nor is this a solitary instance of the forethought of anticipated danger.

I was anxious to have my luggage labelled to "Stockholm," but was assured that there was no necessity. Nor, indeed, was there, for here are no junctions, no cross-lines, nor changing of carriages; and so far, all was the more agreeable.

At the station I found my pretty young fellow-voyager with her baby and nurse, now attended by her Swedish husband, who had, as she hoped he would, come from Stockholm to welcome her. I met her thus accompanied with pleasure, for she had been terribly anxious when we parted. Now she looked beaming with happiness, and the whole little group was as charming a picture of contented travellers as one would desire to see.

It was not, however, my fate to travel in the same carriage with them. My companion was an elderly Swedish gentleman and member of the Diet, to whose care I was committed by my Gothenburg friends. He was also a wealthy cotton manufacturer of Gefle, a town considerably to the north of Stockholm. He spoke a little English, and seemed to have pleasure in telling me that he had been more than once in my country, and was acquainted with the

Fairbairns of Manchester; the younger Mr. Fairbairn having been at Gefle,—having, indeed, erected his mills there. He had himself been in Wales with some of his relatives to see the Menai Straits, and seemed to have pleasure in having dined at "The George."

Whilst I am listening to all this talk on familiar home subjects, you must imagine us progressing slowly, but steadily, through wild and somewhat dreary scenery, for the railway runs through an uninhabited tract of country. Nevertheless, the earlier part of the journey was picturesque, and is much admired by the good people of Gothenburg, though the whole struck me as being of the same character.

The morning was wet and cloudy, but in the afternoon it cleared up, and the sun shone. Nevertheless, the dull grey sky harmonized with the sentiment of mournful poetry that seemed to my mind to pervade the whole landscape, a permeating sense, not only of autumnal melancholy, but of the sadness and soberness of life itself. We sped on through interminable birch woods with their golden foliage and their sturdy milk-white stems, many also with their long-entangled roots torn out of the earth by

merciless storms; then came vast boggy heaths where peat was cut, but which were mostly covered with the low-growing whortleberry, the moors now rose-pink, looking from the carriage windows like expanses of pink heath in flower; then followed dark fir-woods, intermixed with innumerable lakes and grey rocky creeks; one unvaried feature following the other in constant succession. Low wooden houses, painted a deep penetrating red, were scattered at wide distances, with now and then a small village, having a quaint little church with its sharp-pointed wooden or pepper-box spire; then came again the endless repetition of dark green fir, or golden birch woods, waters, islands, and rose-pink moorland.

At thirty-seven miles from Gothenburg my intelligent companion, pointing to a distant dreary moor which we were passing, exclaimed with a shrug, "Ah! there are the Hunger Downs, properly so called, for they afford scarcely a blade of pasturage for the unlucky cattle. It was not always so, however; fine oak woods formerly grew here, and thanks to the railway, people are now beginning to plant round the nearest station, and make even

nature look, as you say in England, a little *comfortable*. Railways introduce a spirit of improvement, and that is why I advocate them. There are Swedes, one a learned man of my acquaintance, who protest against them on the plea that they make people lazy, and let their wits get rusty. He upholds the old mode of travelling by diligence or post-chaise, because the husband has to make calculations and the wife to pack the luggage in small compass. Railroads, he thinks, do too much for people, so that their minds are left to stagnate. But these drags on the wheels of progress cannot impede it in the long run. Meantime, the farmer and the peasant find the advantages of the railway. On the old system they must supply the traveller with horses, sending their servants with relays to the post-house, where they idle away many hours drinking, singing, and falling into mischief, for they must be there whether required or not, whilst poor Andersson, or whatever his name may be, is sweating with his wife and family in the rye or hay-field, with the chance of all being ruined for want of another pair of hands and horses. I have known men compelled to take their horses

from the plough, when the urgency of the weather or the season did not admit of a moment's interruption."

"But were they not well paid for all this trouble and inconvenience?" I inquired.

"About sufficiently to keep a lad or a horse shod!" replied he indignantly. "A capital plan for travellers with small purses, but a cursed imposition on the unfortunate finder of horses. It is true, however, that they can pay an equivalent; but the thing is wrong altogether."

"There are but few railways as yet in Sweden," remarked I.

My companion smiled. "We are but a poor nation," said he, "and a little behindhand; but once let the wheel be put in motion, and we will not stand gaping at it. We know how to climb a hill when we once set about it!"

We were now at a station, and the guard, as usual, opened the door, informing us of a few minutes' stay. The train, therefore, emptied itself in great measure, many of the passengers pacing up and down the platform. The whole train reminded me of some great omnibus pro-

gressing along, so sober was our pace, very different to the tearing-along speed in England. Here the time of stoppage at every station was announced, and the good people descended and exercised themselves by walking. Many of the passengers must have performed a tolerably long pedestrian journey in the course of the day.

At Hallsberg, which we reached at a quarter to two, we stopped to dine. Here we met the only down-train which passed in the course of the day. It was our companion train, leaving Stockholm at the time of our leaving Gothenburg, and now, meeting half-way, exchanged greetings, as it were, and dined.

My kind companion conducted me to the dining-room, at the door of which stood a waiter, who in return for my riksdaler—a little more than one shilling—handed me a ticket, which, on being given up to a second waiter, entitled me to supply my wants to the full at a number of separate tables, from which you could form your own bill of fare. One table offered soup, a second fried soles, a third beef or veal, with red whortleberry jam as the accompaniment.

"You must taste our celebrated lingon jam," said my polite companion, handing me a dish containing a supply: "you have it not in England, and we Swedes can scarcely enjoy meat without it; the peculiar acidity is grateful to our palates."

I did as I was desired, and found it excellent. There were also dishes of steaming hot potatoes, besides baskets piled with slices of all kinds of white and brown bread; on a fourth table also were very delicate baked batter puddings, with which cream and white sugar were eaten.

This half-way-house of entertainment was certainly a very cheap place. Everybody stood; they have sitting enough in the carriages, and greatly they seemed to enjoy their dinners, I no less than the rest. The rule is, however, that the down-train passengers clear away first, then we followed, resumed our seats in the carriages at the appointed time, and slowly progressed onward.

The event of the afternoon was the meeting, by appointment, of my companion with a dear friend, an old colonel and one of the directors of the railway. He joined us at the junction

of a new line now in course of construction, and which he had been inspecting. He stood on the platform as we came up, eagerly looking out for his friend, who in his turn was doing the same from the carriage window. For the greater part of the rest of the journey they spoke together in Swedish, which in their rapid articulation sounded almost as an unknown tongue. Nevertheless, they did not forget the young English stranger, addressing her continually and showing her unwearied kindness. At one station, pears being offered at the window, some were purchased by my friend, who handed the finest to me, saying, "They will taste poor after your English fruit. We have good apples, but we cannot boast of our pears. Ah, if they had only been apples!"

Our train was not punctual. At six o'clock, when we ought to have reached Stockholm, we were still at a considerable distance, and as it grew dark we unfortunately discovered that our carriage had no lamp. It was an oversight, and appeared greatly to annoy the director.

"But we will not sit in darkness," said he, "as long as I have any matches left in my box."

And forthwith the worthy man, with most exemplary patience, illumined our darkness with one burning match after another. "There ought to be no want of matches in Sweden," said he, laughing, "for we are essentially a match-making nation."

At length, before the matches came to an end, my Gefle friend declared he had a still better resource, and twisting up a long paper torch handed it to the light-bearer, and assuredly our carriage was now quite brilliant. I too could help in this manufacture of torches, and so with much mirth and paper-light we arrived at Stockholm.

During the latter part of the journey we had much fewer stations. At Södertelje, however, we stopped, and here a peasant girl offered a basket of gingerbread at the window.

"You must have some," said my good friend, addressing me, "Södertelje is famous for *pepparkakor*," and forthwith a supply enough for a week was handed in.

Shortly after leaving this place he desired me exultingly to look out of the window to the right, for that there I should see the lights of Stockholm.

A thrill passed through me, as I now heard Stockholm spoken of as a near reality. Stockholm, which had hitherto been to me a remote city of the north, connected principally with the heroes and heroines of some of Miss Bremer's novels. A few glittering stars lying on the near horizon, no dull flare of light illuming the murky atmosphere, "like a dreary dawn," as in the approach to London, was all I saw. Nevertheless, this was the capital of Sweden, where I was now to spend the next twelve months in the same house with Miss Bremer.

Now we are at the small terminus; the train slackens its pace, then stops. I look round the crowd of expectant people for some servant or other person appointed to meet me. People everywhere were saluting their friends or acquaintance; there was no end of kissing, of bows, and little curtseys. My good railway companion, faithful to the last, remained by my side and kept a sharp look out. Whilst we thus stood in some little perplexity, for so sure was I of being met that I was not certain of Miss Bremer's address, a bright-looking young lady with light hair, the very embodiment of my Swedish ideal, rushed up to me, exclaiming,

"Oh, I am so glad to meet you! You are *lilla Engelskan;* Mamsell Bremer did not expect you to-night, but as we were coming to the station we said we would look out for you, and take you to her if you arrived."

I felt more grateful than I could express. My friendly companion now seeing me in good hands took leave of me, and I gave myself up to my new and very attractive escort, who said with the sweetest *naïveté*, "I am Jenny R. You will know me soon very well; I, on the contrary, know you already. This is my mother," added she, turning to a kind and cheerful-looking lady with light curls, "and this is my younger sister," motioning to a bright, smiling girl of about eighteen, also with fair hair.

"Now, mamma, do you and Anna go home, and I will accompany *lilla Engelskan* to Norrmalm."

So with many a "*Välkommen, Välkommen!*" from the mother and sister I was left alone with this dear, genial Jenny. The first thing to be done was, however, to see after my luggage. "Dear me, what a quantity!" exclaimed the astonished Swede, "and there is

not a drosky to be had; nothing but *stadsbärare.*"

So saying, she beckoned to some men in yellow-brown suits who were standing about, and with them began an earnest talk with that peculiar intonation which sounds strange to English ears; that sort of sing-song which is anything but disagreeable, and something of which, though much less pleasing, is found in the Northumberland dialect, no doubt an inheritance from their Scandinavian ancestry.

"The men say that the luggage is almost too much for them to carry through Stockholm," said Jenny; "still they will manage it by stopping to rest now and then."

I did not say how astonished I was that there were no droskies; I only apologized for my amount of luggage, and felt for the moment ashamed of it.

But Jenny reassured me in the sweetest way possible; said that the men were strong and could carry it easily, for that they and other such town-porters were the general carriers of luggage and furniture throughout Stockholm. Still one thing troubled her, the fear lest I

should be tired, as we had to go to the other side of Stockholm.

It was now my turn to reassure her, and then off we started; the yellow-brown men carrying between them on a kind of bier, my piled up, canvas-covered luggage.

We were soon out of the station, and walking down a long, dimly lighted street of small wooden houses, so that I felt as if we were entering some primitive village rather than one of the European capitals. As we proceeded, however, the character of the place improved, and having descended a hill, we entered a more thickly populated neighbourhood.

"Below here," said my guide, "for we are now crossing a viaduct, is the great iron market; the iron bars are stored under the arches. Now we have left the province of Södermanland, and shall soon be in that of Uppland; we have the Baltic on our right hand and the Mälar Lake on the left. If it were daylight you would have a glorious view."

Presently we passed bridges which had evidently sluices, and now were in the old city proper, built chiefly upon one island. We

threaded narrow streets, filled with shops and crowded with foot passengers.

"There is the portrait of our king, and that is his consort," said my companion, stopping before a print-seller's window and pointing to two large engravings of a handsome military man with a dark beard and a lady in diadem and jewels; "in a few minutes we shall be at the palace."

"Now we are there," said she, as turning a street corner we saw an immense square pile towering up in the lamplight. "There is not a grander palace in Europe, nor a lovelier city than Stockholm! Ah, you know not how we Swedes love it!" added she with enthusiasm.

"And I hope to love it also," I replied.

"But to love it as we do," she said, "you must be a genuine Swede; nevertheless, we will try to make you love it."

Again we crossed a large bridge, leaving the old city island; then a square, and presently a second, which my friend called that of Brunkeberg, telling me of a great battle once fought there in which the Swedes beat the Danes, after a fierce and terrible conflict, driving them pell-mell out of the capital.

"In two minutes you will be at home now. Tante Fredrika will be so glad to see you."

"You do not mean to say that you are a relation of hers?" asked I, joyfully.

"Oh no; I only love and respect her so much that, according to our custom, I call her Tante (Aunt.)"

All this time, be it understood, the heavily laden porters were trudging along with my personal property. They managed on the whole very well, for the most part trotting on before us, now and then setting down the hand truck and resting themselves on the long handles, then again passing us as we stopped to observe the various objects on our way.

"I had better run up stairs first," said Jenny, stopping at the entrance of a corner house, "and say you are come."

Away she flew, and returning in about a minute ordered the men to bring up the luggage, asking me to follow her.

"All is right," said she, as we mounted the long flight of stairs; "Tante Fredrika is delighted."

I had not seen Miss Bremer since I was a child, and my heart beat now with an emotion

of mingled feelings—gratitude for the kindness which was thus willing to receive me, and some little anxiety regarding the new life and the new relationships upon which I was just entering. I half wished I could have delayed the present moment, but that was impossible. We had already climbed three flights of stairs and Jenny throwing open a double door, we entered a delightfully cosy sitting-room, and from between a handsome pair of curtains which separated it from an inner apartment, stepped dear Miss Bremer, looking just as I remembered her in England. In a moment she held me in her arms.

"My dear child, welcome! Welcome to your Swedish home! I have just received a telegram from Gothenburg, sent by Magister H—— to say that you had started, and should myself have immediately gone to the station to meet you but that I knew Jenny was there."

"But my letter from England telling you when I should start and when I should arrive in Stockholm?" asked I in amazement.

"Has not arrived," returned she; "but now you are safely here, and tea is ready for you and my good Jenny. In the meantime, Sara

shall go down stairs and arrange with Fru Knutsson about getting your room ready. She will make you comfortable at once, though she did not expect you for a day or two, and the grand apartment which is intended for you is not yet in order."

Whilst we were drinking tea, which by-the-bye, was as good as any in England, the bright-eyed, middle-aged servant Sara, in a shortish stuff petticoat, a dark bedgown and a quiet-coloured kerchief on her head, was sent off to arrange about my room and to receive my luggage.

Miss Bremer enquired from Jenny if her brother and his bride had arrived by the train. She replied in the negative; and now I learned that a young married couple had been expected back by that same train from their bridal tour in Italy, and to this circumstance it was, though on her part it had been a disappointment, that I was indebted for her kind services, and now also I learned that she lived close by the railway-station and had to walk alone the long distance which she had escorted me. This, however, we could not allow, and a drosky was summoned from somewhere to take her back.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW HOME.

My kind fellow traveller of yesterday called to inquire whether I had arrived satisfactorily and had rested well after my long journey. He left his card, and invited me to visit him and his family if I should go as far north as Gefle.

Miss Bremer, or Tante, as she wishes me to call her, took me at noon to-day to see Drottninggatan, or Queen Street, the principal street in Stockholm. It is very long, but narrow, and may be compared with our Bond Street, only more regular. After walking a short distance along this street, we turned into a pleasure garden open to the public, where she says I can walk whenever I please.

This garden was opened about thirty years

ago in connection with the Swedish Horticultural Society; the upper part nearer Drottninggatan being used principally as a promenade, the lower part as nursery grounds.

The Horticultural Society, which was founded in 1831, has already, it is said, produced a great improvement in Swedish gardening, even extending to the flowers in sitting-room windows. For my part I shall always regard this particular garden with affection, as here it was, on this my second day in Stockholm, that Miss Bremer desired me to regard her home as mine as long as she remained here. This wish she had intimated before I left England, but she now reiterated it with an earnestness and goodwill that went to my very heart.

Oct. 9th.—I must now introduce you to my room proper, in the storey below. It is not the grand apartment which I was promised, and which, according to Fru Knutsson, is shortly to be mine. It is nevertheless a cheerful room, with the autumn sun at this moment streaming in through its two windows, one of which, commanding the street, presents the view of a long blank wall, save for two closed windows, a delightfully sloping red-tiled roof, the rendez-

vous of innumerable plump sparrows; the other opens on a large market-place, the largest in this north suburb, or Norrmalm. I am seated on a salmon-coloured sofa, writing at a table most inconveniently spread with a large cover of crochet-work, which my landlady considers so handsome that I dare hardly remove it. My little bed, exactly like a square sofa by day, stands against the opposite wall. My trunks, compactly piled together, are covered with my green railway rug, which is admired beyond words by everybody,—but then it is English, and everything that is English is magnificent. Upon a table which stands below the tall looking-glass between the windows, is a vase of dahlias. These, I thought, were proper flowers for Sweden, bearing, as they do, the name of Andrew Dahl, the Swedish botanist, but to my surprise they are here generally called Georginas. These flowers are a present from above-stairs, and very home-like and friendly they look, though they have grown out of favour in England of late years.

I like my room so much that I should be well contented to remain in it, but that Fru Knutsson offers me the larger and handsomer

one, which opening directly upon the landing is certainly better. However, according to my plan of finding some good in everything, this little room, which obliges me to pass through my landlady's kitchen and parlour, affords me, by this means, some idea of Swedish middle-class life. The kitchen is very small; indeed, there are not many countries in Europe which afford kitchens as spacious as in England.

As I pass through the little kitchen, therefore, I see a small fire of birch-logs piled on one corner of the red-brick altar-like stove, on which some food is about to be cooked. Were it not so there would be no fire, and a curtain would be drawn across, giving the idea of an English four-post bed. As for Fru Knutsson herself, she is a good-tempered, black-haired widow, clean in her house, but wofully untidy in her person. She tramps about her dwelling in a black jacket which can hardly contain her fat frame, a short green plaid woollen skirt over an enormous hoop, which, when she sweeps in and out of a room, exposes her sturdy feet and ancles in white knitted stockings and drugget slippers down at the heel. She is the mother of two compact little lads, like small men, in

coats and trousers, and the eldest with earrings in his ears. Their hair is cropped amazingly close to their heads, and they make solemn bows, bending almost double, whenever one meets them. The eldest, Herman, who is short for his age, is about eleven—his mother's right hand, she says; the second, Fritz, looks delicate.

Besides these three there is a nondescript individual, a woman of about three and thirty, but whether she be a humble boarder or the servant I cannot make out. She wears a kerchief tied over her head like the servants here, and a cream-coloured Guernsey shirt over a short green stuff petticoat. Sometimes, also, she appears in her night-dress with some portion of her day attire thrown over it, in a very free-and-easy manner.

The room intended for me is now occupied by a *Resande*, or traveller, who is a *grosshandlare*, or merchant. Fru Knutsson always speaks of him as "the poor young grosshandlare," in a tender and pitiful tone, "for," says she, "he has something the matter with his heart, and the doctor will not let him leave his room for a day or two."

But now let us ascend to the abode of love

upstairs. Here, as soon as you enter the comfortable sitting-room, of which I have already spoken, you feel yourself in an atmosphere of peace, refinement, and Christian love. The second room, behind the curtains, a room as thoroughly curtained and carpeted as the snuggest room in England, is full of books and curiosities, kept free from dust, be it understood. On the walls hang several oil pictures, the principal being the head of a happy little girl, of some three summers, with her wavy light brown hair flying round her sweet rosy face; a charming picture, true to nature, by the beautiful Swedish artist, Miss Lindegren. This portrait it was which inspired Miss Bremer to write her sweet sketch of the little girl, who is worth her weight in gold. Another portrait is more sombre—that of a fine old Icelander; a brave, yet resigned countenance, as if his mind were tempered to the manifold storms of his stern life.

Here, also, is a piano, at which Miss Bremer is often seated in the twilight, playing to herself Luther's grand old hymn—

"Ein feste burg ist unser Gott,"

or the beautiful Swedish Hosianna.

One of the principal adornments of this pleasant home, is, to my eyes, the young girl Hulda, tall and fair, with a gentle, amiable expression. She looks the very essence of neatness; her light hair carefully plaited, and wearing a lilac and white checked mohair dress, and plain white linen collar. What she is, and who she is, I as yet know not.

At 8 o'clock in the morning we both make our appearance in the dining-room; she from her chamber on the fourth storey, I from mine below. Hulda drops a proper little Swedish curtsey when Miss Bremer enters the room, for the Swedes are very punctilious and correct. Then, taking our places at the round breakfast-table, we fold our hands earnestly whilst our entertainer repeats the Lord's Prayer. Hulda, I observe, never will begin her meal till we have fairly started, spite of my little manœuvres to make her do so. But perhaps that would be contrary to Swedish rule.

When breakfast is over, Hulda rises, says a silent grace, and drops a little curtsey to the heavenly hearer of it, and another to Miss Bremer, thanking her for her breakfast, and disappears to her own occupation, whatever

that may be, and I do the same till 3 o'clock, the usual dinner hour, when we again meet. Our dinner perhaps may be mutton, excellently dressed, with rich sauce, and brown haricot beans stewed as tender as possible in gravy. At this meal Hulda gracefully removes our plates, silver-handled knives and forks, and supplies us with fresh, by which time Sara trips in with hot delicate fritters, with which we eat either bilberry or red whortleberry preserve.

Dinner over, and thanks again spoken inwardly in the heart and outwardly by the tongue, to the heavenly and the earthly giver of the repast, accompanied with the curtsey, Hulda disappears, and in five minutes more I see her rushing down stairs in her hat and grey cloth cloak, but where she goes to I know not.

At seven o'clock she again appears, now in the drawing-room, and in her quiet, gentle way sits down and reads aloud the evening papers, perhaps the *Väktare*, or "Watchman," a religious paper published once a week. Whilst she reads, Miss Bremer steps noiselessly about, arranging her various treasures, or gazing at the stereoscopic view of some favourite haunt

abroad, every now and then making some observation pertinent to the article which is being read.

It seems customary here for calls to be made in the evening, at all events it is so in this house. If a visitor therefore appears, "Lilla Hulda," as she is called, a term of endearment, rises, drops a little curtsey, and again vanishes, silent as a dream. At eight o'clock, however, she appears again, standing by the table spread for the pleasant evening meal, at which tea is served, in the dining-room. When this is over, again there is reading, Miss Bremer perhaps busy with needlework for some poor person. At ten, Sara enters to hear a portion of Scripture, and a short religious meditation read by her mistress; then we separate for the night, though Miss Bremer herself never retires till twelve.

Oct. 10*th.*—I know now all about "Lilla Hulda." She is a young girl whom Miss Lindegren, the celebrated Swedish artist, discovered a short time ago to possess a great taste for modelling, although with no better prospect before her for life than that of a dressmaker. The good, kind artist resolved therefore to help her humble art-sister. Her talents

were made known to the Princess Eugenie, the king's only sister, herself a sculptress and gifted with great artistic and musical powers, and better still with a generous and sympathising heart. By her a stipend, sufficient to enable the young girl to devote herself wholly to art and to study in the school of design, was settled upon her. But still a home was necessary, and this was offered her, under her own roof, by Miss Bremer, in return for which she merely requires her to read to her in the evening. The rest of the day she is free to pursue her art, which she is now doing to general satisfaction.

It seems to be Miss Bremer's particular delight to have always some young people around her to whom she can act the part of a loving mother. Thus there is no dreary solitude in her domestic life; no sense of a home without hearts within it beating in loving unison with her own.

I have taken a walk with Hulda this morning before dinner. It was a delicious autumn stroll, and as it appeared to me, quite a rural one, though we were still within the precincts of Stockholm.

This northern capital, lying on its various islands, with its wealth of waters and charming park-like surrounding country, is, as all acknowledge, one of the most beautifully situated cities in the world. The two great charms for me, however, so far, are the clear, fresh air and the near approach of town and country. No poor souls need pine here after green fields and fresh air, as thousands have to do in our huge London. But then the amount of population is very different.

The goal of our walk was Castellholm, a fortified island commanding the Baltic. This is the walk which the good Stockholmers who need a constitutional, select as being near at hand and rural at the same time.

We had on our right the channel of the Baltic, lying between us and the palace, with the long row of granite quays, and shipping at its feet. On our left was the handsome new National Museum, a Byzantine edifice, at present unfinished. We paused on a fine iron bridge, and watched a remarkably small steamer puffing away under it. Hulda said it was taking people to the Djurgård,* or Deer-park.

* Pronounced the same as our dipthong in *boat*.

We were now on Skeppsholm, or Ship Island, a little island pleasantly wooded, commanding glorious views of water, rocky heights, shipping, and handsome distant buildings, conveying the sense of a wooded park, miles away from any city. We climbed a little eminence, on which stands an octagonal church. It was Saturday; the door stood open, and a man was sweeping the inside: we therefore entered. It is a curious church, circular in form, with the light admitted from the top; now, however, the autumn sunshine came streaming in through the open door.

This is, comparatively speaking, a new church, the first stone being laid in 1824. It is called after Carl Johan, the celebrated Bernadotte. I inquired from Hulda if it were not also called after some saint, to whom it was dedicated. She looked surprised, and replied: "It is named after the present king's grandfather, as Adolf Fredrik's and Hedvig Eleonara's are called, the one after King Adolf Fredrik, and the other after the wife of King Charles X."

Hulda drew my attention to the Twelve Apostles, which stand in niches round the

walls, copies of Thorwaldsen's celebrated figures in his native Denmark. By the altar stand Byström's groups of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which are much thought of.

When we ran down the slope, my attention was attracted by a large red-brick castellated building facing the water, and looking towards Stockholm. It was so charmingly situated, that I wondered whether it were a ministerial residence, and learned that it was a naval barrack. There are also other large military barracks on the opposite side. Next came a row of low, rural houses, pleasantly facing the sun, inhabited by naval officers. It was in fact a small martial colony.

A wooden bridge now led us to a rocky island covered with greensward and trees, and crowned by a red-brick tower, strongly fortified, and commanding the harbour of Stockholm.

Skeppsholm and this Castellholm form a long semi-circular promontory running out into the Baltic, having the town proper, with its long rows of quays, on its right, a quarter of a mile off; and the more rural districts of the Ladugårdsland and the D urgård, at about the same distance on the left.

We sat down on the grey rock, with the grim cannons behind, and some beautiful crimson and golden maples near to us, and enjoyed the view intensely. The calm Baltic, resembling a wide and beautiful river, stretched away before us eastward. The rocky, low hills, covered with wood brilliant with variegated autumn foliage; innumerable vessels, laden with fish, iron, and other commodities, enlivened the scene, some coming in, others bound for the open sea, which was thirty-six miles off, following the windings of the navigable creeks, and twenty-four as the crow flies. There is no sign of tide, no ebb and flow in the Baltic, as in other seas; nor is it very deep, nor yet very salt. It is much more akin to an immense lake, probably owing to its narrow outlet.

Sitting on the grey rock, Hulda told me of her mother and her two sisters, one in delicate health, who have to work extremely hard for their living. She has a third sister, who is a governess. Tears filled her eyes as she spoke of her only brother, a fine young sailor, whom they feared was lost. It was now some years since he had sailed for Boston, and since then they had heard no tidings from him.

As we returned home, the clear air was filled with the impressive ringing of church bells, which Hulda told me denoted the conclusion of the sacrament.

Sunday, Oct. 11th. Hulda took me this morning to the Royal Chapel to service. It is a lofty church, forming part of the immense palace, and open to the public as much as any other place of worship in Stockholm. On one side, and above the altar, is a large curtained window, opening into the royal closet, which terminates one of the suites of apartments. Here the royal family, when at the palace, are present at divine service. They were not, however, yet in the capital. The crowd was very great, principally composed of peasant women, with black silk kerchiefs tied over their heads, and ladies, who, to my English eyes, appeared very simply dressed. We had, therefore, some little difficulty in procuring places.

I could not perfectly understand the sermon, but preached one to myself from the painted ceiling, where cherubim were playing at see-saw on the cross; others, too, had converted the reed and the sponge into playthings. It seemed as if, after the glory of the Lord's

resurrection, the human instruments of torture had become so harmless and insignificant, that baby angels could play with them.

When service was over, and we were returning home, I inquired from Hulda what was known of the first introduction of Christianity into the kingdom of Odin, Thor, and Balder. She replied that the light of Christianity had shone for many a century over the rest of Europe before it reached Scandinavia, the roving pirates of which were so much the dread of other nations, that a common petition in the Christian liturgies of those days was, "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord deliver us."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEMINARIUM.

Oct. 15*th.*—I am beginning to be dissatisfied with my room, from its compelling me to pass through Fru Knutsson's kitchen. I now see more of middle-class Swedish life than I like. She has promised me solemnly that by next Tuesday I shall have the room of the "poor young grosshandlare."

If she still defer it, I too shall have something the matter with my heart, which will then be as hard as flint. He cannot be very ill, as I hear him singing merrily, and playing an everlasting tune on his concertina, which becomes a dreary dirge by its ceaseless repetition.

Oct. 17*th.*—I must now speak of the noble Seminarium, an institution for the training of governesses. It is situated nearly opposite to

us, in a large house well calculated for the purpose.

I already knew that it possessed excellent teachers, mostly men of great learning and ability, and a lady directress of high Christian character and capacity, equal to her responsibility. I did not know, however, the share which Miss Bremer has had in the foundation of this noble institution. This I soon perceived personally, and also from information derived from my friend Jenny R——, whom I found installed here as mathematical teacher. From her, as well as from other most agreeable and earnest young women, of whom more anon, I have heard various particulars relative to the commencement of this female college which seem to me extremely interesting.

It appears that a great excitement, of any thing but an agreeable kind, was occasioned by the publication of "Hertha," one of Miss Bremer's later stories, the purport of which was to shew the working of the then-existing Swedish law regarding women. So violent was the public feeling, that the authoress was thankful to be away from the storm amongst the mountains of Switzerland. This was the

first book that she had written which displeased her countrymen, yet no pictures of life which she had ever drawn were more true.

Now, however, she sees a bright spring of promise, which has succeeded those keen wintry blasts, and she is surrounded by dozens of gifted young women, who regard her with reverential gratitude as their intellectual mother.

The publication of "Hertha" was to its author as the throes of the great new birth for the women of her country. Many a noble-hearted girl has told me that after reading "Hertha" she longed to become a more useful woman, a true helpmeet to man. A few liberal-minded and generous-hearted professors of various sciences, of whom we may mention Rector Siljeström, whose eyes were already open to the unjust and oppressive nature of the old Swedish laws regarding women, acknowledged the truth of Miss Bremer's teaching in this work, but felt themselves trammelled by custom, and uncertain whether Swedish women would indeed respond to any efforts which might be made for their higher and intellectual development. At all events the publication of "Hertha" led people to

think and talk. The authoress had presented a key, as it were, to such as were willing, whether men or women, to loosen the fetters which had so long held in bondage the female mind. These liberal-minded professors of whom I have already spoken, boldly and generously took the key in hand and unlocked to woman many courses of instruction in such sciences as had hitherto been considered far beyond her comprehension, and at once many young girls, who were groaning and struggling, like "Hertha," in their captivity, came forward joyfully to avail themselves of the new light and the new liberty.

Many willing pupils thronged round the professors in their novel chairs. Amongst others, that Jenny R— who met me at the station, her friends, two young ladies of noble birth, the Fröken H., daughters of a distinguished Swedish reformer. A house was next taken near Clara church, and according to the accounts given me by these earlier scholars, most glorious times they had; all young girls in their first mental vigour, like joyful navigators bursting into new seas, and all displaying to the wondering delight of their instructors, the greatest facility in grasping

even the higher questions in mathematics, the great facts of chemistry, or in comprehending any other science in which lectures were given. So thoroughly is Jenny R— now versed in her favourite mathematics, and so far has she gone in the study, that there is no doubt, had she been an Englishman, she might have passed at Cambridge as senior wrangler.

It has been to me both amusing and somewhat touching to see how these elder daughters of "Hertha," these fellow-students in the smaller house by Clara church, still cling together with the warmest affection, and uphold in a venerating sort of way, those generous professors who so gallantly led the van in female instruction.

Those were hard, struggling times. Many laughed at, many censured the movement. But the little band stood firmly together, on the principle that union is strength, and that they must fight or fall together.

In the meantime the Government, which plays a more important *rôle* in Sweden than in England, for the nation always appeals to it and the Royal family for help and sympathy in any extraordinary emergency, looked coldly on.

It was evidently the desire, if not the fiat of the majority, that Swedish women should be kept to their spinning, their preserving, pickling, French speaking, and dancing of Swedish polkas. Nothing daunted, however, the young students, encouraged by their kind teachers, persevered, and were seen to develop into such clever, sensible, yet modest young women, that before the end of three years, the State took shame to itself; the King and his ministers generously came forward and supplied ample means for the establishment of a Female Educational Institution, which should be carried out on the most liberal principles. In one respect, however, it was attended with a little disappointment. It did not embrace the education of all Swedish women, but simply of those who would devote themselves to the vocation of teachers. Yet though this noble institution has disappointed many by its restriction to a class, yet it is only a little delay. From this Seminarium will go forth enlightened women over the whole of Sweden. Both boys and girls will grow up in all classes of society under their guidance, to form the true greatness and the higher intelligence of the entire

nation. Thus the desire of the earlier aspirants to be the true helpers of mankind will be accomplished, if not exactly in their way, in one still more thorough and universal. Besides, when men, merely of ordinary intelligence, see how much fresher and richer is the companionship of well-educated women, whose horizon extends somewhat beyond their kitchens and their drawing-room parties, and how much more capable they are of instructing their children, even they will require an improved education.

It is touching to hear Jenny and her companions speaking of American and English women, especially the latter, as being models of all that is perfect in womanhood. They cannot conceive but that, with our free institutions and the unrestricted career that exists amongst us for female study, we must be all that God intended us to be. There are unquestionably thousands of highly cultivated, Christian women in England, nobly gifted and favoured by circumstances; yet I have never seen brighter examples of clear intellect, and unswerving, truth-loving minds, than amongst these, my Swedish sisters. Young women, all of them, who will later, undoubtedly, shine

forth as bright and glorious stars in their northern firmament.

These dear young students think that they may learn from us. In one point, at all events, we may learn from them, and this simply in paying more attention in our female colleges to the chemistry of common life, the laws of health, and other practical sciences.

Latin and Greek are not, however, amongst their subjects of study, although the Swedes generally seem to have a facility in the acquirement of languages. This is a great boon to them, as their own language being but little known to other nations, compels them to learn from childhood mostly three other tongues—French, German, and English. They have great partiality for foreigners, and have pleasure in conversing with them in their own tongue, which is a comfort to most strangers.

For many years, partly owing to the adoption of a French Royal line, the French language was the fashion. Bernadotte, the father of his people as he was called, never spoke Swedish, although he was connected with Sweden for thirty-four years, and Queen Desideria, his consort, never even learned it.

Now English has become a fashion, and it is interesting to see with what avidity our celebrated authors are read, and how thoroughly they are appreciated. The English and Swedish mind are in many points much akin, and the construction of the two languages being similar, the Swedes generally speak English with ease and correctness. To us English, on the contrary, the various and delicate articulations of the perpetually recurring u, ö, and y, are difficult.

One thing appears somewhat strange to me, that in the Seminarium there should be no instruction in Danish. This language is, of course, closely allied to Swedish, being the link between it and German, and easy for Swedes thoroughly to understand; neither is there that reading of the fine Danish literature which I should have expected; nor yet any attempt at conversing in that language.

The Seminarium was opened in 1861, entirely free to all pupils above the age of seventeen who were able to pass a simple examination in elementary knowledge. Many governesses who had been already in situations gladly enrolled themselves as pupils, and are now eagerly and industriously pursuing the

course laid down, which will enable them at the end of three sessions, viz., at the close of May, 1864, to leave with first-class diplomas. The fresh candidates for the ensuing years are following more elementary courses.

It is, I think, a great advantage that gymnastics are introduced here, because many of these young women, devoted as they are to constant study, require some healthful bodily exercise. Many, however, coming from all parts of Sweden, board in families in distant parts of the city, and these have the benefit of the long walks, though in winter this will be anything but agreeable. Nevertheless, these brave Swedes do not mind frost and snow.

The Seminarium is opened at half-past eight every morning, an hour so early that it is to be regretted it should not be closed until a late hour at night, which is often inconvenient to those students who live at a distance.

Thanks to my kind friend Miss Bremer, I too am a member of the Seminarium, and may attend whatever lectures I choose. I already spend much of my time there. It is likewise a favourite resort of Miss Bremer herself when her leisure will allow. She enjoys gliding

silently in and listening to some lecture; encouraging the directress or speaking kind, cheering words to some of her many *protégées*. All the students know her by sight, and all love her. Her portrait, painted in oils, hangs in a place of honour in the small comfortable library, to which she has also contributed the greater number of volumes. In this Seminarium she beholds the realization of all her hopes. It was worth passing through the sorrow of Hertha to witness such noble results, far more momentous to the well-being of generations yet to come than even the most universally praised of all her literary works. Her sympathy and her interest are alive to everything belonging to the place, and even if she be not present the students know that just across the street, in her "tower in the clouds," their warm-hearted, willing counsellor is to be found.

Another encouragement for the directress and the students is the judicious zeal evinced for the institution by its president, the philanthropic Mr. Huss, the director-general; and last but not least, the favour of their king, who gives his signature and cordial sanction to the rules and regulations.

We will now enter the Seminarium and thus obtain a clearer idea of the place.

It is about a quarter to nine on a bright sunshiny autumn morning. We cross the street from our house and ring at an important-looking bronzed door, which flies back instantaneously. The portress, with her rosy face surrounded by a coloured gingham handkerchief, peeps out pleasantly from the little side-window, and nods to us a cordial morning greeting. She is allowed to sell milk and buns and delicious little rolls to the students, who in the course of the day often become ravenously hungry.

We now mount a broad flight of stone steps on the right, and find ourselves in a comfortable room where the young ladies take off their hats, cloaks, &c. What a buzz of young, silvery voices is here! What a swarm of Selmas, and Ebbas, and Lovisas! A pale, sweet-faced young woman sits knitting by the window, glancing up gently at some new-comer, or gathering up little crumbs of comfort from the open pages of a religious book at her side. This is Fru Petersson, who attends to this room, and has in charge the young ladies' out-door garments. She has comfortable rooms above,

where her little children are now under the care of a younger sister.

Having here deposited our things we will step through that further door, and thus enter a handsome suite of lecture-rooms. That brisk little man whom we here see washing the great black boards and preparing chalk for the diagrams, is the indefatigable Petersson, whose wife we have just left. He is a model attendant, at once active, good tempered, and patient, Beyond these rooms lies the largest lecture-room, the last of the suite. Its form is that of a short broad cross, the limb on the left being filled with rows of raised seats, which we now find occupied by some forty young women, of all shades of hair and complexion, some rosy, some pale, some robust, and some fragile, but all with an eager, studious expression of countenance. Opposite to them and to us, for we have seated ourselves amongst them, and occupying the opposite limb of the cross, which is backed by an immense window, stand the professor's chair and table, and by the window a harmonium, at which a clever, dark-eyed girl, with a natural turn for music, is seated.

Mrs. Thengberg, the lady directress, a bright,

warm-hearted woman, still young, but worthy to be the mother of all the students, takes her seat on a chair in the narrower and transverse portion of the cross, and by her side, a kind, matronly lady, Mrs. Idström, her assistant, formerly the lady principal in the dear old house by Clara church. Our good friend Jenny also enters, nods pleasantly to us, and takes her place by their side.

You now hear the tread of little feet. It is the flock of scholars from the preparatory school; and for them the lower and front seats are reserved. See how quietly the little lambs come in, and how sweetly their gentle, tall, and slender young shepherdess, whom I will call Ingeborg, guides them. She too has an assistant, a clever, intelligent young woman, but not likely to remain amongst the children, as her mind turns towards the study of medicine. There is no opening for her to pursue the necessary studies in Sweden, but she hopes either in Russia or England to do so. These women are all the daughters of Thor, and ready therefore to encounter difficulty, and none are greater than those which meet the female student of medicine.

The clock strikes the quarter; the little company bursts into the singing one verse of hymn, followed by reading of scripture, a prayer, and a meditation calculated to consecrate the day to study. Again the singing of another verse, a short silence, and the worshippers separate.

Jenny R— marshals off her willing pupils to algebra, and looks as happy as many a young lady starting for a ball.

A professor enters. He is about to give a lecture on botany, and brings a turnip in his hand, and Petersson behind him carries two large tin botanical cases from which peep wayside weeds and trailing brambles. His scholars, who swarm around him like bees expecting to draw forth honey from these poor plants, are an example to young ladies in England, who, favoured with a far richer flora, pay so little attention to botany, perhaps daunted by their very *embarras de richesses*, whereas in this scantier store the history of each little twig and leaf is learnt and valued. But are we not in the land of Linnæus?

In the large room, where the lesson on Swedish grammar is going forward, stands a

fine statue of Iduna, the Scandinavian goddess of youth, the young and beautiful wife of Brage, the poet-god, a gift from Miss Bremer.

Iduna is represented as holding a basket of apples, those celebrated mythological apples which she distributed to the Scandinavian deities to keep them immortal. Had it been in England the legend might have run that some were used for sauce to the divine roast-pork on which they feasted in Valhalla, supplied by that convenient perpetual pig Schrimner, that came to life again each succeeding morning.

On one occasion, the legend says that Iduna was carried off, and, unfortunately, her store of apples with her, on which the poor gods and goddesses grew infirm and greyheaded, and there would have been an end of their immortalities had not a lucky chance brought back Iduna and her treasures.

I suppose that the moral of Iduna standing here, is this: that these young students are to go forth, not destroying like Eve, with her fatal apple, but animating and gladdening every being that crosses their path with the life-giving principle of the apples of Iduna.

But now again to the lecture-rooms.

Do you see that young Iduna in her soft, flowing dress, and golden-brown plaited hair, hastening through the door? She is going to teach the little children. The apartments appropriated to them are near the room where Fru Petersson sits amongst the cloaks, and terminate on that side the suite of lecture-rooms. The fair, tall young lady who led in the little flock of lambs just now and has again led them out, reminds me of a graceful Swedish birch-tree, its pure white stem a type of purity. Of her, my Ingeborg, I shall have to speak repeatedly in these pages; she, however, the pleasant young creature who has just passed through the door is Edla G——.

Ingeborg and Edla, both the offspring of Hertha, are dear friends, having many interests in common. They are equally ingenuous, equally devoted to the Seminarium and its objects, and teaching comes naturally to them, especially teaching children. They have each one besides, her own favourite study. Edla's is like Jenny's, mathematics; she could spend whole days (did she not think it wrong) over her problems, and find the hours pass away only too rapidly.

"I love mathematics," she says, "because they make the intellect clear," and certainly she looks like one whose brain never could be muddled. Edla is a worthy compeer of Mamsell Sjöström, who, instructed by her father, now prepares the greater number of sea-captains to pass their necessary mathematical examinations.

With Ingeborg it is physiology. She studies the laws of health and the human frame with an earnest devotion which is very striking, above all by its unobtrusiveness. She is the spirit of unobtrusiveness itself, and as the professors require female assistants to aid the students in their studies, she takes this department.

Ingeborg lives near the Seminarium with her mother, a lady in delicate health, who clings to her dutiful daughter with a child-like devotion. She inspires me with such respect that, if looking forth from my window I catch sight of her slim, graceful figure crossing the square between her home and the Seminarium, I am delighted.

Both Ingeborg and Edla are welcome guests at Miss Bremer's; she is their Tante Fredrika, as well as mine, therefore we are cousins.

Edla resides with Mrs. Fredrika L——, a young, wealthy, and benevolent lady, a friend of Miss Bremer's; thus there is a sort of double intercourse with Edla. Besides this, Hulda knows her family, and told me the other day with great enthusiasm about the summer visit which she once paid them in Gottland, the large important island in the Baltic where Edla's parents always reside. The house, surrounded by copses, is situated at some distance from the sea, in the midst of solitary country. The father, mother, and six daughters form the family. The only son, a fine, promising youth, was drowned some years since, an event which has left an indelible shade of melancholy over the father's mind. All the girls are cheerful and clever, but all different in character, and each with her especial occupation. They all, however, enjoy their rural life and its open-air employments, taking their part in haymaking and other country work.

Mr. G——, the father, read "Hertha" when it came out, and though it drew so unfavourable a picture of Swedish fathers, entirely agreed with the views of its author. Like a liberal-minded man as he was, he opened his heart to

his daughter Edla, and found that she, like Hertha, was desirous of working out a path in life for herself, and of employing the noble gifts which God had given her, more efficiently than the narrow customs of the old Swedish home allowed.

On the opening, therefore, of the Seminarium, she had no difficulty in removing to Stockholm and availing herself of the privileges it offered. Edla is now bent upon devoting herself to the education of the very poor. For the present, however, she is making herself so useful in the Seminarium, that even when her time of probation is over, I question whether they will part with her. Her influence is already acknowledged, for though still but a pupil, her opinion and her approval have weight with all.

CHAPTER V.

OUT AND ABOUT IN STOCKHOLM.

LET us now walk into the busy market-place. First we come to the stout, jolly, vegetable women. The red onions that they are selling are amazingly like small hyacinth-bulbs, and although it is now October, we see a few green peas, broad beans and French beans, for sale.

Next are the stalls of meal, and the bins of knäckebröd. Everybody eats knäckebröd. It

is the staff of life for all ages and all classes. Miss Bremer when in America felt the want of it dreadfully.

Primitive peoples seem to make some one simple dish, or preparation of flour or oatmeal, their very bread of life. We have something of this in our northern portions of England, to say nothing of Scotland, in the oat-cake and porridge, perhaps the remains of the Scandinavian diet brought over by the Danes. To their porridge and oat-cake, the Yorkshire and Northumberland people will often lovingly return when transported even to wealthy London, and surrounded by the modern luxurious varieties of food.

To the Swedes, the *knäckebröd* is one of the chief essentials of life. There are actually bins of it standing daily in the market of Stockholm. It is a thin kind of bread, quite brown and crisp, pricked all over, and very much like our north-country clap-bread in appearance, size, and thickness, excepting that it has a hole in the middle by which it is strung in piles.

It is now ten o'clock, and the ladies are returning from market, some attended by their servant maids, or jungfrus, as they are called,

others alone; and multitudes of jungfrus also without their mistresses, with their baskets of meat, fish, and vegetables, and eighteen or twenty knäckebröd hanging by a string to their finger, and very probably also, a little fan-like bunch of fir-twigs, which being the ordinary house-broom, requires very frequently to be renewed, nor are they returning late from market, though it may now be eleven o'clock, as the general dinner-time in Stockholm is three.

The lower-class maid-servant, or *piga*, answering to our servant-of-all-work, is also met at every turn, with her cotton kerchief tied over her head, and her hands laden with all kinds of market commodities.

There is a good deal of rank and position amongst servants here. The upper-class servants, or jungfrus, frequently wear black-silk handkerchiefs on their heads. Sara, Miss Bremer's servant, would regard it as a mortal offence to be called a piga, she requires herself to be denominated by the Knutsson family, and by all others I presume, as "Mamsell Bremer's jungfru."

The women of the lower class have also their rank and degree, which are punctiliously maintained,—thus, the laundress or charwoman

is *Madam*, but the shop-keeper, and the lady who lets lodgings, as my Mrs. Knutsson, for instance, is *Fru*. I hardly know what would be the consequence of Mamsell Bremer's jungfru addressing this worthy individual as Madam, certainly Sara would be a piga for the rest of her days.

A young lady is *Mamsell;* one of noble family, *Fröken*. Herman and Fritz always address me as Fröken; their mother, on the other hand, intending to be still more correct, addresses me as *Mees*.

There was a time when noble young ladies were Jungfrus, and kings' daughters only Frökens. But the rule of civilization seems to be that of mounting ever upwards, and this struggling after empty titles, even down to the very lowest, is a part of the same thing; thus the madams of the market will address each other as Fru, just as our poor folks speak of each other as "that lady," or "that gentleman."

And now, whilst we are walking amongst the market-women, let me mention a few particulars which relate to female trading.

In the first place, women come of age in Sweden at twenty five.

In 1846, the following regulations were passed, viz.: that a widow, a wife separated from her husband, or a spinster, having Swedish citizenship, possessed the right, whether in town or country, of selling articles made in her own workshop, and assisted by journeymen, apprentices, and other workmen; or of carrying on the business of baker, butcher, or brewer, *on condition of her having partaken of the Holy Communion*; of her being of age, being a woman of good character, and able to read, to write legibly, and to work the simple rules of arithmetic.

Unmarried women also, having attained the age of twenty-five, may sell any articles of their own making, and this privilege is granted even to those who are under age, provided that sufficient reason can be given.

Moreover, married women of good character, *who can produce certificates of a sufficient knowledge of the Christian faith*, may freely carry on the trades of milliner, dealer in old clothes, market-woman, tobacconist, and seller of pins and small wares, the same privilege extending also to unmarried women, provided they are of age.

Further, permission was granted in 1859 to married women not only to carry on retail

trades in town and in the market-places of the kingdom, but also to open shops in the country; the same extending also to unmarried women, if of age.

Having thus ascertained that all these good market-women, shop-keepers, and other dealers, are persons of good character, communicants, having a sufficient knowledge of the Christian faith, and having attained to years of discretion, we will proceed on our ramble amongst them, fearless of contamination.

Beyond the sellers of knäckebröd are stalls with hot coffee, rusks and little loaves, very acceptable to the country people and hucksters who daily frequent the market. These stand along the middle thoroughfare, on the other side of which are meat-stalls and hundreds of milk-carts, shabby little wooden carts containing large brown metal and tin pails of milk and cream, each drawn by a shaggy, stout dun-coloured horse, and watched over by a buxom countrywoman, and, by-the-by, it is curious that, whilst in France white horses are universal, any of that colour are very rare here.

The quantity of rich, excellent milk and abundant cream, brought daily into Stockholm,

is truly astonishing. The fact is, that nobody dreams of anything else but thick cream with their coffee, and men, women, and children drink tumblers of milk during the day in a style suited to nothing but a farm-house in England, and not even there. Milk also forms a great ingredient in cooking. For instance, a not uncommon soup is milk boiled with sweet almonds and white sugar, and eaten with sweetened bread; then there is no end to the various kinds of porridge composed of, or eaten with milk, which take the place of our puddings and other milk dishes. Dairy-men or women must drive a thriving trade in Stockholm.

Hulda, who has possessed from childhood a remarkable faculty for cutting out in a second or two characteristic groups in paper, gives us here a milk-woman in her cart; the vegetable stall has been given already, and now we have a basket-seller who has his stand amongst the minor vendors.

You must know that these baskets are not wicker, but rather wooden, being composed of bands of birch, and are mostly square or oblong. The vendor is a Dalecarlian, in his quaint, undyed, white sheepskin coat, the wool turned inside and appearing like a fringe at the bottom. Near him stand the vendors of pots and pans, but to my surprise and some little disappointment I find here no quaint pottery; nothing as original in form or effective in

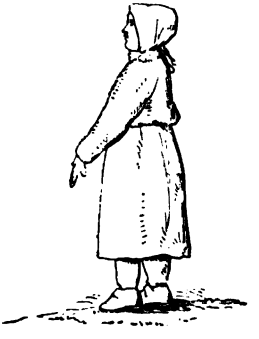
colour as the German or Swiss. There would be but little fear of the earthen pot being broken by the copper vessel here, because all kinds of pots and pans used for domestic purposes are of copper, and not remarkable either for quaintness or elegance of form as in Algeria. I cannot therefore gratify my friends at home by enriching their collections of pottery by any contributions from Sweden.

The Dalecarlian peasants form one of the most picturesque features of Stockholm street life. These people, men and women, who throng to the capital from their beautiful, historic Dalarne, or the Dales, as the province is called, the land of Gustavus Vasa, the father of the Vasa line and their great Protestant Reformer, take in Stockholm the place of our Irish in London, but with a very different result! How unlike to our dirty, slip-shod orange woman is the clean, industrious Dalecarlian peasant in her Sunday attire! The white chemise with wide sleeves sewn into a band at the wrists, small bodice, perhaps of tan-coloured leather, dark blue or black woollen petticoat, short enough to reveal the queer, loose scarlet-knitted stockings, giving the idea of ill-fitting trousers, handsome,

well-made black boots, with a clog on the ball of the sole to correspond with the heel, and a long woollen apron, woven in handsome stripes of brilliant green, scarlet, and orange, or some other equally effective arrangement of colours. Thus seen, she furnishes a charming picture. Some of these women wear on their heads pointed stuff caps, with two side-streamers; others tight-fitting skull-caps, and others again, caps made of bright coloured chintz. Hedemora, Säter, and other places in the Dales, have each their distinct cap. In addition to all this must by no means be forgotten the brilliant tassels which are hung about the costume in the queerest way imaginable, and as it appears to me, in a perfectly arbitrary manner and without any apparent purpose; but after all, I suspect, according to the style of the district from which they come.

Many of these women occupy themselves in hair-work, and produce the most delicate devices. Many young Dalecarlian girls carry about little birch boxes containing bracelets and rings of their own work in hair for sale. Some of these hardy peasant-women also engage themselves as gardeners at gentlemen's houses, undertaking the entire charge of digging,

planting, rolling, pruning, &c. When they have in this way, by care and industry, saved a little sum of money, they return to the Dales, and not unfrequently again make their appearance in their old scenes with a husband. Such are the Dalecarlian women. As for the men, they have a most singularly soft, sheepish appearance. For instance, I last Sunday met one walking between two gaily dressed women; he wore a long sheepskin coat reaching to the ancles, and a round crowned hat. The ordinary costume is a loose grey-blue cloth coat, leather breeches, and frequently a leathern apron, often as fresh as if he were a smith about to strike the forge for the first time. Children, whether boys or girls, are attired exactly like their parents, and look like little men and women.



These peasants will form a brilliant contrast with the glittering snow, when it comes. At present, however, the weather is still warm, with a bracing air. This surprises me, as Stockholm is in the same latitude as the northern part of dreary, desolate Labrador, the mildness of the climate being explained by the Gulf stream. Hollyhocks, sunflowers, china-asters, coreopsis, are still in flower in the Horticultural Garden, but the beds look sodden and autumnal. Spite of this mild weather—St. Brita's summer, as it is called—Dalecarlian peasant women are putting on their short coquettish, white sheepskin jackets, with their warm woolly insides, which form an ornamental border. I am never tired of looking at these peasants, who when attired in their clean, brilliant, holiday best, look like bits of poetry out for a walk.

There are no little crossing-sweepers nor shoe-blacks in the streets of Stockholm, any more than in Paris; nor, with only one exception, have I ever seen a beggar, for mendicity is strictly forbidden, and had this one old man been seen to beg, he would have been punished, as public provision is made for the poor. You sometimes, but by a very rare chance, hear

a "*positiv*," as a hand-organ is called, playing airs from Norma, or even the Old Hundredth, which seem strangely familiar to me, and being rare, they are by no means such *positive* nuisances as with us.

Old women are also allowed to turn an honest halfpenny by selling *pepparkakor* and brown *Danska karameller*, or Danish bulls-eyes, which are great favourites with the children here, and one of these old madams, being probably of a political turn, reads diligently the newspaper, seated by her stall in a little round tub with a back to it.

It will be some time, I fear, before I can properly understand the division of trades in this northern capital. For example, one shop, the first we come to, sells ribbons, but will have nothing to do with sewing silk and pearl-buttons. This man in the Norrmalm will sell you a hair-brush, but cannot accommodate you with a comb. He very obligingly tells you, however, that there is a comb-shop in the city. Imagine this when you are in a great hurry! Again, you enter a *garnmagasin*, where you know worsted or yarn is sold by the pole outside, from which are hung skeins of wool. Inside you behold all the various compartments behind the

counter, filled with these articles in infinite variety of colour and shade. You select your wool or yarn, which is nicely folded in paper and presented to you, with a convenient loop in the string for you to carry it by; but when you ask for knitting-needles the polite shopman looks amazed, just as if yarn and knitting needles had no kind of connection. At the next door, photogen oil for lamps, threads, tapes, and dried fish are sold. Again, a pole over a shop-door exhibits a display of coloured drapery in festoons; this indicates that here thick, quilted cotton counterpanes may be bought, coarse dresses, horse-rugs, and other incongruities. Crinolines being light, fantastic articles, are ranged with fringe, pen-wipers, and china doll's heads. One imagines that all the necessaries of life are classified according to species and genus, but where can the resemblance be found between furniture and Cobbs's tea mixture? Such facts overturn theories. There is utter confusion in buying things. It is as impossible to find the right place, as it is to know the right name by which a shop is called. We in England make our good old homely word, *shop*, serve for any place where

goods are sold. Here, on the contrary, you have *Butik* or *Bod*—an ancestor of our booth; *Magasin*, *Fabrik*, and *Handel*, though this last properly means trade, are all applicable to the shop; thus they say *silkeshandel*, silk-shop, *bokhandel*, or *boklåda*—otherwise book-box, or book-shop; but the baker's shop will be a *brödmagasin*; whilst a butcher announces a *vent*, Gallic-Swedish being necessary for him.

Nevertheless, there are some very English reminders in the shop-windows, which, if one suffered from home-sickness, might be consolatory. Thus, here is a depôt for "Fox's Paragon Umbrellas," the windows displaying the familiar print of gentlemen walking in very heavy rain under green or blue patent umbrellas. Another shop, this time for earthenware, shows you the homely, despised willow-pattern plates and dishes, standing in the place of honour amongst the universal white ware so general all the continent over; to say nothing of "Crosse and Blackwell's Pickles," and "Reading Biscuits" in a *victualiehandel*, amongst lobsters and square miles of butter and dried sausages.

Still more hopeless is the mode of address here, where there is an infinitude of titles, femi-

nine as well as masculine, which, unless you have the privilege of saying *thou*, must always be used.

Miss Bremer said to me the other day, "I grew so tired in America of people asking me perpetual questions. We Swedes are not so inquisitive."

Ah, blessed Tante Fredrika, no Swede could possibly be so!

Think only of having to say, "Does the Commissary of the Revenue suffer from the cold of our climate?" "Does the First Gentleman of the Bed-chamber admire the writing of our poet, So-and-so?" "Does the Rural Dean's lady take sugar in the Rural Dean's lady's coffee?" In very desperation one must be silent.

In Swedish books you always find *ni* used as the second person plural. But what is considered as allowable in literature is not so in daily parlance. I, at first, used *ni* in my ignorance, and asked Hulda why she did not do the same. She looked astonished, and replied: "The Queen would say *ni* to her dresser, and a countess would say the same to her bailiff, but it would never do for me to use *ni* to any one."

Some years since a "*ni-society*" was established by a band of social reformers, who all signed their names to a resolution of using this

pronoun *you* indiscriminately, to high or low, friend or foe. But, alas for human endeavours, their *ni* became *nihil.*

In the meantime, people help themselves out of their quandaries the best they can; that is, by the most wonderful use of passive verbs; for instance, looking enquiringly at the First Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, you may say, "Are the writings of our poet, So-and-so, admired?" or, glancing at the Rural Dean's lady, "Will sugar be agreeable?"

In Stockholm the correct thing is to live in the Norr, or North Malm, and likewise that your windows should face the street. Most houses have an inner court, and you might expect to be treated a little patronizingly if you said you lived one storey up, *på gården,* or in the court. Thus, as you walk in this Mayfair of Stockholm, you see it written up that Tailor Limetwig lives *på gården*; often, too, the lower storey is occupied by some tradesman or mechanic, Joiner Villagebrook it may be; whilst to a pole projecting from the next window is hung an ornamental frame of glass, denoting that there the glassmaster or glazier, Elmleaf, is to be found,

though a famous Baron lives on the floor above. Apropos of names, the Swedes surely carry their love of nature into their very names; such endless branches, twigs, leaves, hills, brooks, and strands occur on every side. The very Swedish nightingale herself bore the name of Jenny Limetree. But now to return to the windows of the lower storey of our Belgravia; here we see displayed a mixture of saffron-buns, rolls, rusks, gingerbread, apples, and little twists amongst the flower-pots, together with a black board, on which is depicted a pair of gloves in white paint, shewing that gloves are here cleaned; also an announcement with regard to goloshes, that "they are repaired after the English method."

I think that the greater number of the lower class who have a front window turn a penny by selling bread; and many also by mending goloshes. As to the Restauration (Restaurachoons), they are legion; little humble eating-houses, some standing amongst the grand dwellings of great people, others amongst the little wooden houses of humbler neighbourhoods. What an amazing amount of restoration people must require, to judge from their number! But this restoration is of a very inoffensive

kind, bread in all its varieties, milk, cream, and perhaps coffee, with different preparations of cold meat. Other eating houses there are where people can dine, or whence dinners can be sent. I see that a certain "Mamsell Sparrow sends out dinners of two excellent and well-dressed courses for sixpence." Why do not English people, with small means, come and take up their abode in Stockholm?

One of my first sources of satisfaction in this city was, that as I did not see any flaring gin-palaces, there must be a greater degree of temperance amongst the people than with us; but this was a delusion. You need only cast your eye for a short time, on one of those little doors by the side of which is fastened a long black board with its list of temptations, *bränvin*, *rom*, *punsch*, *cogniac*, *&c.*, and you will see the number of short, sturdily-built men, in their warm, thick garments, and big leathern aprons that turn in. Bränvin, the white brandy distilled from corn and potatoes, is the great temptation of this country. Good Swedes grieve over the immense consumption of this spirit, and the fearful ravages which it makes in what might otherwise be happy homes. Still

I must confess that though this sorrowful fact remains, I have not seen in these streets so much evidence of drunkenness as one witnesses either in England or Germany.

Brandy-drinking, nevertheless, and oaths are the besetting sins of the poor. Unfortunately, even their so-called *betters* set them a bad example as regards the latter, whatever they may do as to the former. Gentlemen seem to require some adjuration to the Evil One, as a sort of spice to their conversation, whilst ladies restrict themselves to the holier powers, which, however, if only by its constant repetition, shocks unaccustomed ears.

But now let us return from our long street-ramble, and to shorten the way we will go on board one of those droll little steamboats, with their low funnels, which go puffing backwards and forwards over the broad channels, like frightened black-beetles. Look now at those peasant-women rowing in that boat, their scarlet headkerchiefs contrasting so well with their cargo of large, round, pale green cabbages.

At home again. And all honour to Fru

Knutsson; my grand front room, with its three windows, is now ready. Here's a health to Fru Knutsson! See, how smiling she looks, with her heavy gold chain wound thrice round her neck.

"The doctor," she says, "has permitted the poor young grosshandlare to move into the smaller room. Now *Mees's* present room is as nice as any *fint fruntimmer* (dainty lady) can desire, and with stocks in the windows! Does *Mees* understand what stocks are? Very good! and these are fine stocks fit for *Mees* to look after, for Count Blackhelmet left them. He was a very great gentleman, and had the room so full of flowers that it smelt like Paradise. He never wanted a carpet, *hans nåd* (his lordship) did not; but *Mees* shall have a carpet, she is so neat and particular. Does *Mees* quite understand? Very good, and here's the key. What is key in English? Ah! very queer! But *Mees* understands."

CHAPTER VI.

MOSEBACKE.

Oct. 18.—Again a glorious day, the sky bright and clear, and the sunshine streaming in through the windows, though now with slant rays, for it is about four o'clock. It shone magnificently on Tante Fredrika and me some two hours ago, as we stood in a terraced pleasure-garden on the top of Mosebacke, or Moses-hill, enjoying the wonderful view for which the spot is celebrated.

In the days of the famous and extraordinary Queen Christina, some two hundred years ago, an old mill, called Moses mill, stood on this lofty eminence amongst thick woods. Now a handsome square, which opens into this pleasure-garden, occupies the summit of the hill. The South Theatre, an imposing edifice, and the School of Navigation belong to the square; near at hand, also, is the immense

Catherine Church with its tall lanthern-surmounted dome. This ornament of Stockholm, however, is not visible from our pleasure garden, nor yet any part of Södermalm, that quiet, old-fashioned quarter, where trees grow in court-yards, and green fields, grey rocks, and quaint windmills ruralise the scene. We, on the contrary, look only northward and behold the white, massive walls, and red roofs of the rest of Stockholm, interspersed with glittering waters.

The tall, elegant iron spire of the picturesque red brick church on the Riddarholm, or Knights' Island, arrests our eye; and no wonder,—for the church is a casket containing the mouldering pomp and glory of kings, nobles, and knights of the Seraphim order. Its very bell, called the Seraphim, never rings save for the solemn funeral pageant, or to toll for the illustrious dead. Amongst the mortal remains of many a lesser king and queen, lie those of the mighty Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant warrior and the worthy monarch, whose name is a talisman in Sweden, and of Charles XII., the Alexander of the North of some, the half-mad Quixote of others. Here, too, rest the sovereigns of the new blood,—Bernadotte, the only king of Napoleon's

making who was permitted to reign by a mightier Ruler; and who, never forgetting his origin, said, "I, the republican upon a throne," and Oscar, his great and noble-minded successor. Here lie their remains, and with them those of the amiable, musical Prince Gustaf, the son of Oscar.

This mausoleum stands amongst many Government buildings, near the statue of the acute, daring old Birger Jarl, the father of kings, and the founder of Stockholm. Riddarholm, the Whitehall of Stockholm, forms one of the three islands which constitute the city proper; this now lies below us, as one island, with its girdle of shipping, and the great palace loftily rising up on the north side, —a true type of the royal family living in the heart of their people. The fashionable Norrmalm, with its various spires and domes rising out of its mass of houses, ascends gradually northward, with the shining white building and black cupola of the observatory crowning its swelling eminence, beyond which still slowly ascends rocky open country, with old brown and red windmills, backed by the dark green fir-woods of Solna and the royal parks of Haga and Bellevue.

Those queer old mills are charming. One of them, standing loftily on its piece of moorland with its background of fir-woods, is seen from the window of Tante Fredrika's drawing-room, over the house-tops, and is a great enjoyment to her. To complete, however, the picture from Mosebacke, you must add, on the left, the Mälar with its rocky shores and its low birch-woods, now golden in their autumn colouring, and on the right, the arm of the sea, speckled over with white sails, and its low rocky shores, giving it the character of a mighty river. Along its northern strand extends the beautiful wooded Djurgård, with here and there a villa peeping out from amidst its copses.

What the Capitoline Hill is to Rome, Mosebacke is to the inhabitants of Stockholm. Every visitor is taken to admire the view, from the royal guest escorted by King Carl to the old peasant, who has come from beautiful northern Ångermanland laden with heathcocks and capercailie, by his son the struggling salesman.

But it was not merely courtesy to me, the foreigner, which induced Miss Bremer to visit Mosebacke, she had a Samaritan object in view, for near at hand lay a poor sufferer into whose

wounds this loving woman pours oil and wine. Accordingly we entered a large, imposing house, so large and imposing that I imagined it must be some poor soul, rather than some poor body, that needed her consolation. In a few minutes, however, I understood better. We ascended the broad, handsome, stone staircase until we reached the garrets, and knocked at an unpainted deal door. No answer being returned Miss Bremer softly opened the door, and we entered; when to my surprise we were in a tolerably large, airy, and sunny apartment, passing through which, we stood in a second and no less pleasant room, where lay, on a clean bed, an emaciated elderly woman. Advancing softly to the bed-side Miss Bremer asked how "lilla Marie" found herself.

"Lilla Marie," who was anything but little, was an old, faithful servant of the Bremer family, who had been a dutiful attendant on Miss Bremer's mother; she now, therefore, was her kind friend and protectress and had provided these cheerful rooms for her.

The sick woman poured out her troubles in a weak plaintive voice to her dear mistress, whilst I sat at a little distance by the window

looking over the white houses of the Södermalm towards other fresh, rocky hillocks and windmills, wondering whether I could see Hornsgatan in this Södermalm, where Swedenborg lived in an old mansion with a spacious garden and a little pavilion, where he conversed with his spirit friends. Presently, however, I turned to the bed-side, and listened with emotion, whilst Miss Bremer read to the poor sick woman from the comforting Gospel of St. John, she drinking in consolation, not from the words only, but also from the beneficent presence of the reader.

Just as the book was closed, a cheerful face looking out from a woollen shawl, peeped in through the opening door, and then entered the entire person of a kind, neighbourly-looking "Madam," holding in her hand a brown jar covered with a cloth, and with it came a very savoury smell.

Many short little curtseys were made to Miss Bremer, who thanked the new-comer cordially for her goodness to Marie.

"*I good!*" exclaimed she in astonishment, "why did she not befriend my poor helpless blind girl, and didn't she tell Mamsell Bremer about her, and Mamsell Bremer put her into

the blind school, and was the making of her. *I good!* I do nothing but sweep up a bit and look after our benefactor. Now, Marie lilla, eat some of our good soup, so that Marie may get well, and open her little shop again!"

Marie smiled feebly and shook her head. She had eaten of other food and was satisfied.

"Now step in with me here," said Tante Fredrika, after we had descended to a lower and fashionable storey.

We were told that the lady and gentleman of the house were out, but Miss Bremer said, "I will go in and see my little friend."

We crossed, therefore, a spacious dining-room, where dinner was being laid on one of the round tables usual here. A droll little baby-boy of some thirteen months old, in long, light blue cotton trousers, toddled confidingly towards us, and received as a reward a little handful of sugar eggs, which the dear, smiling, elderly lady produced from the leather bag which she always carries with her.

The little fellow could proceed no farther, but sat down on the floor to contemplate his good luck, whilst we were shown into an adjoining bed-room. There we found another invalid, a

little suffering, patient, child of five years old; a sweet little girl lying on her crib, to which she was confined by some affection of the spine. There she lay with her picture-book of animals beside her, and her doll Clara to bear her company.

How pleased she was to see her visitor, who, smiling kindly, said that she and Clara must have a feast together, and therefore filled the little pewter tureen of a doll's dinner service with more sugar eggs.

The father, a tall, gentlemanly man, a physician, interested in phrenology, to judge from his collection of busts, now appeared, and cordially welcomed Miss Bremer, who took him aside to speak to him of the invalid in the garret, he listening the while with such a quiet look of benevolence as left no doubt but that she was in good hands.

As we were about to take our leave the wife entered, an agreeable-looking lady, of English parentage, her father, an Englishman, having settled in Sweden. We were at once friends, for she takes great interest in England, though she has never been there.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DJURGÅRD AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Oct. 25.—I went upstairs to-day and found a little levee. It was then half-past two. Professor Bergfalk and the Finnish Major M. were there, and an elderly lady in an ample brown cloth cloak and a large black silk hood, for as winter approaches this head-gear is becoming general. I had never seen her before, but she embraced me affectionately, and addressed me as "*lilla Engelskan,*" then she patted my arm and smiled cheerily upon me. This happy old lady is Mamsell Beata Afzelius, the sister of the great Swedish collector of the old traditionary wealth of his country.

As well as being a poet and an author, Afzelius is also musical, and many years ago composed the *Neckenspolska,* which has now become a national song. On the return of

Jenny Lind to her native land in 1848, he also presented to the Swedes a beautiful collection of songs and melodies, preserving the old national music, which ran the risk of being forgotten for more degenerate songs. He is the clergyman of the little town of Enköping, where he has lived for more than forty years, and though now verging towards eighty, is still hale and hearty, and writes with the vigour of his youth. His nineteen children, principally sons, were brought up by this good, affectionate aunt Beata, who is now merely passing through Stockholm. The Professor and the Major make much of her; so does Miss Bremer, whilst in her turn the "goda Beata" pours out affection as from a full measure, continually pressing, and stroking, and patting Tante Fredrika's little hand and shoulders in the loving, playful manner which takes the place of a good deal of kissing and hand-shaking with us. The Swedish verb for this mode of endearment is *smeka*, and is there not an old Celtic word similar to this, which was anciently applied in a religious sense?

Nor were these the sole visitors. Here also was Edla's charming Mrs. Fredrika L., as she

is called, in contradistinction to her mother-in-law, Mrs. L. This latter lady suffers from an affection of the eyes, and can neither read nor write, she therefore walks about their handsome suite of apartments amusing her little grandson Erik with merry stories, and delighting everyone with her humorous sallies and unwearying good temper.

Here, too, was Baron Wrede, Miss Bremer's cousin, Major-General and Master of the Ordnance; they were playmates as children, and are about the same age. She tells me that when her cousin was born a most unexpected and unaccountable uproar was heard in an adjoining apartment, but where, after the closest search, nobody was found. The house was a solitary mansion in the country, nor could the noise ever be explained. The family, however, used to say, "Fabian will be a great man, and make a great noise in the world."

He grew up, however, quiet and studious, at first distinguishing himself only by his chemical and other scientific pursuits, and by the invention of various scientific instruments. At the same time, his merits and his good service obtained for him promotion in the army.

He was already distinguished as an officer, when he verified, as his family believed, the prediction at his birth by his improved construction of the rifle, now in use by the volunteers.

But this Baron Wrede must not be confounded with the Prince of the same name, whose statue, erected by Ludwig of Bavaria, stands in Heidelberg, though probably they may be of the same stock, as both are of German descent. I, however, become puzzled amongst the many Barons Wrede. One, a very agreeable person, is in constant attendance on the king, and another, who comes from the south of Sweden, is studying here.

As soon as the guests had departed, the finger of the clock in the tall, wooden, Corinthian pillar in the dining-room, an old family heir-loom, pointed to the hour of three, and we sat down to dinner.

During the meal, Miss Bremer said, "Lilla Hulda will go to my poor Marie this afternoon, and read to her, whilst I take Lilla Margret to the Djurgård. Nobody should be long in Stockholm without seeing the park, which is so much associated with the life here. Every

native of Stockholm has remembrances of public festivities, pleasure parties, or solitary ruralising connected with it."

I was right glad to go. It was a splendid day, clear and frosty, and much colder than any day previously. St. Brita's summer must now quite have disappeared. We were well wrapped up, and greatly enjoyed the keen, bracing air.

We passed on our way a grand mansion with wings, now used as an almshouse, connected with which is a curious story, which Tante Fredrika related to me, and which again has reference to the Wredes.

The present Baron had a gallant ancestor, Henry Wrede, who fought with his king in the battle of Kerckholm, in 1505, against the Poles. Seeing his sovereign unhorsed and in danger, he leapt from his charger, which he insisted on the king mounting, and so doing he escaped, but Wrede was killed. The king, deeply affected by the gallant devotion of his follower, immediately settled a large estate in Finland upon his widow and her children. The poor lady, however, overcome by the sense of her loss, flung back the deed of gift, ex-

claiming, "Keep your lands, your majesty, but give me back my husband!"

The estate, however, was settled on the family, and there they lived for some generations, until, on some emergency, the deeds being required they could not be found, and the family, then reduced to poverty, were compelled to leave. This was as far back as the great-grandmother of the present Baron, and she being with her family in Stockholm, was obliged to make gloves for their support. She was an excellent woman, and Heaven rewarded her for her noble industry. One night she dreamed that the lost deeds were still extant, and might be found by search in this grand old mansion, in which the noble De la Gardie family then lived. Her husband could not believe it. Again she dreamed the same dream, and yet a third time, after which he consented to go and make enquiries. When he went he found, to his astonishment, that the De la Gardies were gone, and that the house was unoccupied, and to let. This was fortunate for him, and he made a careful search through all the principal rooms, but to no effect. He believed now of a truth, as he had

done before, that the dreams were a foolish delusion. He went, however, up into the garrets, which were empty, and in a fit of desperation, if under no other impulse, thrust his arm up the funnel of a stove. Here, to his infinite amazement, he perceived something, which, taking hold of, he pulled down and discovered to be a bundle of parchments. On opening them, incredible as it may seem, the lost royal deed of gift lay before him. The estate was by this means recovered, and the present Wrede family owe the restoration of their wealth to the dreams of their hard-working ancestress.

The large square, called that of Carl XIII., in which this mansion stands, was formerly the royal gardens. Now, however, it is a public promenade with handsome avenues. The view hence is glorious; the palace rises majestically on the other side of the narrow creek. Many fine houses, the Lesser Theatre, the east side of the large church of St. James, celebrated for its organ, surround the square, in the centre of which stands the statue of Carl XIII., he who accepted Bernadotte as his successor, supported by four gigantic bronze lions, the masterly work of Fogelberg, a sculp-

tor, now deceased, of whom Sweden is justly proud.

"Why are not the lamb and the dove, those emblems of peace, used as national symbols, instead of the everlasting lion and the eagle?" remarked I in passing, to which Miss Bremer replied, "We must wait for that till the millennium."

Many grand people were promenading here, amongst others Madame Michaeli, the present Swedish prima donna.

We soon went on board one of the droll little steamers, and in about five minutes were in the Djurgård. The passage was very pleasant, the warmth of the boiler made me forget that it was cold, whilst the clear air and the early sunset reminded me of a bright winter afternoon in England, although some trees on the shore still retained their green leaves.

And now we were in the far-famed Djurgård, amongst oaks, birches, massive grey rocks, wooden villas, and innumerable "summer pleasures," as the *cafés* and places of amusement are called. There was a Tivoli whence a great racket of skittles proceeded; and Hassel-

backen or Hazel Mount, a very fashionable resort, where our good Tante Fredrika promises to take Hulda and me in summer to eat ices; besides many other pleasure places, not to mention a wooden theatre. But far beyond any of these in attractiveness, to my mind is the Djurgård itself, stretching away for miles, the most beautiful intermixture of land and water, sterility and verdure, that can be imagined. Broad carriage-drives extend in every direction, often through woods, and whether you follow the main road or side-tracks you come upon desolate rock, moss and lichen, turf and forest-trees, so that Stockholm might be as far off as Paris.

Bellman, one of the greatest improvisatori that ever existed, the favourite of court and country during his joyous lifetime, and to the present day the delight of his native land, loved the Djurgård, and sang here his merry improvisations. His bust, backed by a little circle of trees, stands therefore suitably in this Swedish resort of amusement and relaxation, and we will hope that the nectar of fresh nature may now serve instead of the champagne and brandy which he lauded in his verses.

As we stood by the bust of this remarkable man, this combined Pindar and Anacreon, as the Swedes say, I could but recall the scene of his death, in the heyday of his life and success. It was night, and his friends were gathered around him, when under an irrepressible flow of inspiration he poured forth his song, first praising God for his gladsome existence in this glorious north, then turning to each of his friends sang a parting farewell, and all to a different tune and metre corresponding to their character. As the day broke his friends implored him to cease, but flushed with enthusiasm he replied, "Let me die as I have lived, in music!" and went on singing. So his life closed.

It is noteworthy how many Swedish literary men are natural musicians. The great historian Geijer is one instance out of many. Eloquence and music were his twin geniuses.

The *Ultima Thule* of our walk was a sylvan spot, where sturdy oaks and graceful birches in their gorgeous autumnal attire framed a massive golden sunset, turning into silver the great round tranquil moon above them.

Taking our homeward way by a fresh route,

we soon passed Rosendal, a small, unpretending palace, the favourite country resort of Carl Johan, and where he superintended the improvements of the Djurgård, which owes much of its present beauty to his fostering care.

It was dusk, but as we proceeded along the broad carriage-drive, amongst fir and other forest-trees, with a creek of the Baltic on our right, in which were reflected the now fading tints of the sunset, we met many droskies and capacious private carriages conveying people to some more remote haunt. A clock in the distant town struck five, sounding melodiously in the clear atmosphere. The great melancholy moon shone down upon us, when we reached an immense wooden inn, such as I could imagine might be found in Canada or the Far West.

"This is the Blue-gate tavern," said Miss Bremer, quite merrily, "many a time have I come here on a winter's night in my younger days, to finish off the evening in lively polkas and country dances, after a great sledging party through the Djurgård. We shall leave the park by the well-known Blue-gate, though it no longer answers to its name, having now given place to the handsome portal before us."

October 28th. The other day, when I was in Carl XIII. Square, with Miss Bremer, three gentlemen came riding along on handsome horses, attended by a groom in blue livery, with a little jockey-cap on his head, consisting of scarcely more than a huge silver tassel. The gentleman on the right, a tall, striking-looking man, with dark hair and beard, held his hat in his hand and graciously returned the salutations of the people. This, of course, was the king, Carl XV., the painter and poet. Although the Royal Family has now been settled for some days in Stockholm for the winter, this was my first view of his Majesty. Miss Bremer says that on horseback he greatly reminds her of his father, the good King Oscar, whom he succeeded four years since.

Speaking of the name of Oscar, which appeared to me purely Scandinavian, I received the following particulars, which are interesting. The late King was born at Paris in July, 1799, and his mother and aunt, the wife of Joseph Buonaparte, both daughters of the rich merchant Clary, of Marseilles, wished that the then rising General Buonaparte should be the child's godfather. For this purpose the christening

was postponed till his return from Egypt, in October of the same year, and the name Oscar was chosen as a compliment to Buonaparte from one of the heroes of his favourite Ossian.

The royal family of Sweden, now as enthusiastically Swedish as if all the blood of the Vasas flowed in their veins, and who have warmly identified themselves with the fine old historic usages of their adopted country, are in a double manner associated with Napoleon. Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, married Josephine's grand-daughter, the present amiable and fascinating queen dowager, "my queen," as Miss Bremer calls her, and who, herself the eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais is related to many royalties, is first cousin to the Emperor of the French, and niece to Ludwig, the art-king of Bavaria. Associated as her Majesty is with Munich, where the valuable Leuchtenburg Gallery belonged to her family, she has ever in her northern capital evinced the same love for, and interest in art which distinguishes her Bavarian home. Her children also not only inherit her love of art and letters, but are themselves as greatly gifted as any of their race. King Ludwig has an artist for his great-nephew, in

King Carl XV., and a sculptress for his great niece, in the Princess Eugenie, and Queen Hortense, who composed, as we all know, *Partant pour la Syrie*, and many other songs, might have bequeathed her musical gift to her great-nephew, the good, amiable, and lamented Prince Gustaf.

Miss Bremer tells me that one evening when she was at a party with this young prince, where he and one of his brothers sang, she spoke to him of his love of music.

"I could not, Mamsell Bremer," returned the royal youth, "live without my music. Life to me without it would be a miserable blank."

It is now some years since this young musician passed away into the great harmony of heaven. He was at that time in Norway, and his death caused the first break in King Oscar's domestic circle. The Princess Eugenie, his only sister, who was devotedly attached to him, suffers from the shock to this day. Her loving spirit was crushed by his loss, yet the simile of the cinnamon being bruised to obtain its fragrance is applicable to this beloved princess, who suffering severely herself, became

only the more actively sympathetic, more sincerely than ever the sister of her people.

When the Princess Eugenie was a little girl, she and her brothers were playing together, when the following conversation took place amongst them relative to the Lord Almighty :—

"And when He is thirsty, what does He do ?" asked one of the boys.

"The angels bring Him heavenly water," replied she.

"And when He is hungry the angels bring Him bread," said another brother.

"Oh, dear no!" exclaimed the little princess, energetically, "not bread! Bun-loaf!"

After the publication of Hertha, and the alteration in the law with regard to women, the Princess Eugenie was one of the first to claim the privilege of her earlier majority. It was, of course, granted, and she then built for herself a sort of Swiss cottage, in Edla's beloved Gottland, where she now spends her summers in a beautiful and unostentatious manner. Her health, unfortunately, is very delicate, but she

finds herself benefited by the fresh, pure air of her island home.

Last summer a friend of ours visited her there. It was Sunday, and the lady was accompanied by her daughter. The princess welcomed them warmly, then took them through her pretty Swiss cottage, and into her bedroom, where over the little unassuming bed hung the portrait of her beloved brother Gustaf. When they had gone the round of the house, and were again in the drawing-room, the princess asked them to join with her in a little Sunday service. The household assembled, the princess's gentlemen in waiting officiated in reading, whilst she herself, seated at the piano, conducted the singing.

A holy calm seemed to rest over the whole place, which the princess has not inappropriately called *Fridshem*, The Home of Peace.

The poor neighbouring fishermen and their families feel the blessed influence which proceeds thence. All are cared for by her, and if any of the children show marked abilities, she opens the way for their full development.

When at Stockholm the princess has a suite of apartments, I am glad to say, on my

favourite side of the palace, that which commands a view of Castellholm, and she has, moreover, a raised garden lying between the two wings, the balustraded wall of which is ornamented with blue and white china vases, which, when I first came, were beautiful with flowers.

Queen Josephine has also her suite of apartments on the same side those which she has always occupied.

The present king and queen inhabit a third portion of this immense palace, whilst Prince Oscar, Duke of Östergötland, his wife, and their three little sons, occupy the palace of the heir apparent at a short distance from the castle, as the palace is called. I have seen him also. He is a most gentlemanly and interesting prince, and a fine scholar. He writes poetry as well as the king, and frequently invites literary men to his palace, where their writings are read and discussed together. He has recently translated the Cid into Swedish.

The king's youngest brother, the Duke of Dalecarlia, is now in Germany, where the nation hopes he is gone to seek a bride.

Lovisa, the reigning queen, a Dutch princess,

is noted for her good-nature and kindness. She, too, is literary, having translated from the English, Workers in the Vineyard, by Jane Anne Winscome, the proceeds of which she has appropriated to one of her charitable institutions.

I have met her in one of the royal carriages driving to the Djurgård, or Haga, with an Italian greyhound, in its winter coat, between her and her lady-in-waiting, with whom she was talking with great animation.

It is now very usual to see large, dark blue carriages, with a crown and a great XV on the panels, driven by a comfortable, fat coachman, in a dark blue cloth great coat, with many large capes turned up with silver, silver-laced cocked hat, a less portly footman to match, and a couple of handsome, dark bay horses, conveying the court ladies about the city. Should there be four horses, and a more pompous coachman, then behold! royalty is approaching, and as you stop, and curtsey as one of the queens rolls by, you receive a gracious salutation in return.

The king walks a great deal about the town, rejecting any vehicle, and would be mistaken

for a private gentleman were it not for the perpetual hat-liftings that mark his track.

The king when he meets Miss Bremer bestows an especial greeting upon her, so does Prince Oscar. Indeed, when I go out with my kind friend I am conscious of walking in a reflected glory, and have some idea of what a royal attendant must experience, for as we pass along people make way and whisper in a sort of excitement to strangers, "That is Mamsell Bremer!" I, therefore, endeavour to beat it into my brains that I must always be on the left-hand side, which is considered proper for the inferior here, as I would in no degree even appear to undervalue the worth of the noble, excellent woman with whom I am. Besides it is right to do honour to her who never prides herself upon it, or assumes honour to herself.

The other day, however, she came home delighted, and told Hulda and myself at dinner how very much gratified she had been. Two tall, common Dalecarlian peasants had stood on the narrow pavement, and the one said quickly to the other, as she approached:

"Step aside, old age should always be respected!"

Many a one in Miss Bremer's case would not have taken this as a compliment. To have been called "old" would have seemed an insult to them. But she speaks openly of having passed her sixtieth year, and agrees with the peasant that she is old. Yet how vigorous she is bodily, and how youthful all her feelings!

A few more words about salutations, and I have done. Miss Bremer and I one day met the king's daughter, the Princess Lovisa, a girl of twelve, walking with her governess. Miss Bremer smiled and bowed to her, but the young princess, who was exactly facing the sun, merely screwed up her face, and knew nothing about it. The instant they had passed I heard the governess say, in a tone of mild reproach:

"My dear princess, that was Mamsell Bremer!"

This princess, "Lilla Prinsessan," as she is affectionately called, is the life and joy of the palace, the only comfort of her parents since the death of her brother, who was carried off by some childish malady at an early age.

A young lady tells me that her younger sister, exactly the age of the princess, goes frequently to the palace to play with her. The last time she

was there, they had amazing fun in the making and baking sugar-plums in a little kitchen which belongs to the princess. She is very fond of cooking, and the queen sometimes assists her. Lilla Prinsessan is never solitary, for independently of her own lively nature she has a constant companion in a daughter of one of the court ladies, besides many other young friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GROUP OF CARTES DE VISITE.

Oct. 30th.—I will now introduce a few of the people who group as it were around Miss Bremer and with whom I have the pleasure of intercourse.

First, you see Professor Bergfalk. He has travelled in America, and was a great favourite there, but as nobody could pronounce his name, he was universally known as "The Professor." He is a friend of Miss Bremer's early youth; they have many mutual associations with the past, and many interests in common in the present. He is profoundly versed in jurisprudence, and, whilst in the United States, studied the American constitution and laws that he might benefit his beloved native land by the knowledge he thus acquired. It is impossible to say which is the most ardent patriot, Miss Bremer or him-

self. Wherever she has travelled, whatever information she has gained, she has never ceased to think how she might benefit Sweden. In their admiration of America they also entirely accord. Were not Miss Bremer a Swede she would wish to be an American. She grows eloquent as she speaks of the wonderful capacities of that vigorous young country, though at the present moment mourning grievously over the fearful war. She longs that the American system of government could be introduced into Sweden, so far that each province might be adequately represented in the state. She believes that in this way a new life would flow into the dear old country, this hoary land of runic lore, where every hill and heath, every lake and river, is replete with heart-stirring tradition. She believes that a glorious future of true human greatness is before it, a greatness to be developed by the devotion and high principle of its children. And for this she lives and is ever striving. Whilst in America, amongst new and ever varying scenes of absorbing interest, her inmost heart was actively alive for the good of Sweden. She laid out plans of stories never yet written, the characters and

scenery of which were always Swedish, and by which her new knowledge and enlarged experience might be imparted to her own people. Also, when Jenny Lind—another true daughter of the North—and she met, and were alone together, these two idols of American society conversed on religious subjects and their own dear native land. For, as Miss Bremer said, Sweden, the beloved friends there, and religion were ever uppermost in Jenny Lind's mind.

Love of country certainly is a characteristic of the Swede. All those with whom I am privileged to associate, strike me as singularly patriotic, not in the narrow selfism which is the root of much patriotism, but in an earnest and grateful sense of that sterling virtue which is the basis of the Swedish character, and which seeks only to glorify their country by developing the good which is native to it.

Professor Bergfalk comes here every Friday evening, and so regular are his visits that if he did not make his appearance it would be a cause of uneasiness.

Behold him, then, sitting opposite Tante Fredrika in his own arm-chair, for everybody has a comfortable seat appropriated to

them by their kind hostess; there he sits, talking, talking. He is pouring out his Swedish talk like an ever-flowing cascade. Poland, France, America, their several conditions, are streaming forth in a continuous flood, till the mind of his attentive listener must be full to overflowing. He ought to be a professor of modern history. As to America, he knows every detail of the sorrowful war, whether of the North or the South, and speaks of every battle like an eye-witness. With the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which he has brought, lying outspread before him, as a reminder, he and his entertainer discuss whatever interesting matter it may contain, new geographical discoveries, or the politics of the day.

As a contrast to the Professor, you now behold the Finnish Major M., a tall, spare, elderly man, of an erect military carriage. He is very silent, with a melancholy air about him which appears to me to accord with the spirit of Finland. Sometimes he may be drawn out to speak of his adventures in Spain and other parts of the world, when he charms you by his vivid, picturesque descriptions. Of Poland, where he served, he never can be induced to speak. This

reticence may, however, proceed from modesty, for he distinguished himself greatly by his bravery in that unhappy country, and bears the scars of many a wound inflicted by Russian weapons. He is greatly respected by Prince Czartorisky, for whom he lately acted as proxy in the sponsorship of a noble Polish child. The brave major is out of health, and will soon disappear from this circle as he is about to winter in Italy. He and the Professor are excellent friends, and as the one lives in Norrmalm and the other in Södermalm—that is in the two extremes of the capital—this forms a most agreeable half-way house for them.

Our next carte is the warm-hearted Sven Nilsson, the well-known ethnologist and professor of zoology. He owes his high position to his own industry and talents, as he was the child of poor parents. Let us listen now to his conversation, for he is speaking on a subject of great interest to him—the early Scandinavian bronze age, and he assures us that the Phœnicians traded to Sweden, though scientific men of England and elsewhere are strongly opposed to this belief. He holds in his hand at this moment some sketches made by his daughter, of

the wonderful Phœnician remains at Scania, and which he tells us resemble the Irish cairns at Drogheda and elsewhere in that country, akin also to the remains in Malta, where the Phœnicians resorted on account of its excellent ports and convenient maritime position.

He tells us that whilst these people, as traders, have left their traces on so many sea-coasts, they have also left imperishable tokens of their religious faith in all those lands, as for instance, their worship of the sun, which appears in the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, and may be traced in the Bâltân of Wales and in Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland by the Bealteine or Midsummer fires, which are also kept up in Sweden at the same season, though there erroneously termed Balder fires.

He insists upon two great points, which appear to me not without their truth, first that every change in the religion of a people is but a blending of the old and new, whether the latter be accepted by reason or forced upon a people by fire and sword. The new faith cannot at once tear up all the delicate roots of the old which have struck deep into the soul-life of a nation. It

requires innumerable generations, thousands of years to effect this. Secondly, that every remains of a superseded faith becomes superstition, because no superstition can have arisen in an isolated form. In the first instance it was faith, and belonged to an accepted religion; but when that faith was superseded its very gods were regarded as evil, and the religious faith or customs which still linger amongst the people became pure superstition. Thus superstitions are properly the ghosts of a former living faith; they are the ruins of a mighty temple overthrown some thousands of years before.

These are some of Professor Nilsson's views on this subject, but his mind has an immense scope, and in the great field of natural history he is a European authority. Though an elderly man, his mind is youthful and vigorous. He has moreover a kind wife, and a charming, cheerful daughter to keep him juvenile.

The daughter, yes, you must see his daughter; not his only child, but the last left at home, the others being scattered far and wide. One son in Auckland, another a sailor on the ocean, and we will hope with a successful career before him, for they tell that when a little boy sitting

with the others in the twilight playing at a wishing game, and it came to his turn to give his three wishes, they were thus expressed; first, I wish to be a good boy; second, I wish to be a sailor; and third, I wish to have a ship of my own. The two first have been accomplished to the full; why then shall not the third? Of Ida, the daughter also, who writes poetry and has a charming faculty of telling droll stories with inimitable humour, I have heard an early anecdote. When quite a little girl her ambition was to act the character of King David. For this purpose a Goliath was necessary, her first achievement being to slay the giant. By dint of persuasion her "big elder brother" promised to take upon himself this part, which he did with great courage, standing motionless to receive the stone from her sling. She slung the pebble, when lo, instead of Goliath falling to the earth, her father rushed from his study with the missive in his hand, which had broken a pane of glass in the window. From that day she abandoned so ambitious an aim, and now, a disciple of the witty Fru Lenngren, writes poetry which would not discredit her genius.

We will now turn to Fröken Esselde, a young

lady descended from a noble historical line. There is no family name more honoured in Swedish history than hers, but she, not contented with being alone an aristocrat, seeks to become truly great and noble in her life. Her grandeur consists in working out the question of woman's true sphere in Sweden; and seconding every effort which is made for her higher development. Like Miss Bremer herself, whilst her motto is ever "onward and upward," she, instead of transforming, as so many jealously imagine must be the case, the retiring feminine character into something unnatural and repulsive, merely wishes to develope and expand it so that it may harmoniously dove-tail, as it were, into the masculine nature, and make even married life a still nobler condition of love and usefulness.

Fröken Esselde has great respect for all efforts which have been made in this direction in England, upholds Bessie Parkes as one of our admirable women, and feels great sympathy with her. She is co-editress with a noble-hearted woman, the wife of a professor in Upsala, of a periodical, *The Home Magazine*, intended to promote those really noble purposes to which her life is devoted.

These ladies have been fellow-labourers in Miss Bremer's field, doing all in their power to induce the State to be as paternal to its daughters as to its sons, and must now have great satisfaction in that which has been done.

The Swedish *Home Magazine* holds up a warning finger to us Englishwomen by the example which it makes of us in every kind of good work, benevolent, educational, or sanitary. Great praise many amongst us deserve no doubt, but I feel how vast is our responsibility when we are thus held up as beacons by another nation which is faithfully following in our wake. They think, however, that we are able to do more than is really the case, as, for instance, with regard to workhouses and such parish business, where though women have tried to work they have generally been counteracted or driven out. So it is in Sweden. Many even of the clergy dislike the interference of women in their parishes, besides which, the health of the Swedish women is more delicate on the whole than that of their English sisters, and here again is another subject for the earnest interference of the *Home Magazine*. Swedish lads play out in the snow, skate, and enjoy their

little sledges, thus having a great deal of open-air exercise; the girls, on the contrary, are shut up in hot rooms during the long winter, and grow up like hot-house plants, having a great tendency to consumption.

People constantly say to me, "You English-women walk amazingly!"

The *Home Magazine* takes the trouble of describing English girls' skipping-ropes, battledores, and shuttlecocks, and eloquently urges their introduction and use. To us they are as much a part of childhood as pinafores and thick bread and butter.

Of a truth we Englishwomen ought to mind what we are about; for everything we do is imitated. Fröken Esselde intends to open a bureau in Stockholm for the purpose of employing women as law-copyists, because Miss Rye has done the same. She is thankful that women may be employed as organists, and promotes the instruction of young women as telegraphists. Whatever England does in this important direction will be done by Sweden; for there, as with us, are innumerable women of all classes, even the highest, who are destitute.

The Swedes are not a wealthy nation, and

have a tendency to display, and this again furnishes occasion for earnest labour to the editresses of the *Home Magazine*. I will show you why. A Swedish family would be considered well off who had 6,000 riksdalers of annual income, that is about £330. 1,000 riksdalers would be required for the rent of a suite of rooms in a fashionable part of the city; the gentleman of course requires his winter card and dinner-parties, his cigars, &c. The lady must have her silk dresses and other elegancies of the toilet, and what with one thing and what with another, to say nothing of the children's education, the 6,000 riksdalers will not cover the annual expenditure. Men cannot afford to marry whilst they are young in this country, consequently, there are many widows and children left unprovided for where the bread-winning head of the family has been removed by death.

This state of things, and the necessity which it produces of raising money by loan, are a great trouble to the *Home Magazine*. As regards the loan system in Sweden, there is the "*Hypothek Society*" for the rich, and the "*Assistans*" for the poor.

"Ah!" sigh these good ladies, "if our dear Swedes would only leave off borrowing money, and so manage to live within their incomes, and have a little surplus to buy books instead of borrowing them also, what a different Sweden this might be!"

I give you this additional information, not as the furniture of the carte-de-visite, but as a portion of the portraiture itself, because such thoughts and such labours form Fröken Esselde's character. Hers is a patient, determined mind, resolved to go on bravely and wisely at the same time, on the principle that every testimony to the truth is a stroke of the hammer on the old iron mass of prejudice, and that the Swedish nation, though slow to move, once set going will proceed steadily in the right direction.

One more carte-de-visite and I have done. It is that of Lotten Vennberg, a much-loved friend of Miss Bremer's. She lives with her mother and sister, near at hand, and is often coming backwards and forwards on some deed of love or other. Thus I shall not have much difficulty in sketching a likeness of her.

Would that it could be the perfectly beautiful photograph she deserves, instead of the poor, blotched attempt I can only send you!

She is a large, middle-aged woman, who brings in with her an atmosphere of cheerful activity. The moment she enters Tante Fredrika's countenance becomes radiant, and she exclaims, "Welcome my Lotten!"

She does not alone belong to Tante Fredrika, but to the whole of Stockholm. She is the friend of the royal family, who love to constitute her their almoner. She is the friend of the merchants, who pour money into her purse to employ wisely for the benefit of the poor. She is the friend of the police, for she has the entrée of every dark den and alley, and, always the upholder of the right, helps them in her cheerful, merry way, to maintain the law, and even to turn miscreants into honest men. The poor claim her as their own, though she never humours them; "She is on our side," they say, "she is our champion!"

She has her hours of business in the morning, when she receives all sorts of poor applicants, who turn to her in every kind of need;

yet they stand in awe of her, and dare make no attempt to impose, for she has a commanding presence, is well dressed, and so thoroughly understands the poor and their circumstances that she can, as it were, instinctively detect a falsehood or an attempt to deceive. She is acquainted with every benevolent institution in Stockholm; understands the legal bearing of any question; knows where everybody lives, and is at once a post-office directory, an almanac, and an official gazette.

The afterpart of the day she devotes to the various cases she has on hand; looks in, if necessary, on rich men of business, who never object to see her enter their counting-houses, because she brings with her a clear head, states her business at once, has a cheerful way of looking at everything, and makes no attempt to work on people's feelings. She can go at all hours into the back slums of Stockholm and never be insulted, the very coarsest natures being subdued by the presence of her well-known goodness.

You would imagine that she owed this wonderful activity of mind and body, and this fine, genial temperament to nature. On the con-

trary; the darling of her father, the pet of a wealthy household, and naturally of a sluggish disposition, though hasty temper, and of careless, untidy habits, she had in herself everything to contend with. Had I not been assured by Miss Bremer that this was the case, I should not have believed it. Her excellent mother, Mrs. Euphrosyne Vennberg, and her own good sense were the human means by which she overcame these unfortunate tendencies. Yet even as a girl she must have been kind-hearted and benevolent, for it is told of her that she took a little girl at school under her protection because she was solitary and less gifted than herself. Another time also, a servant-lad having terribly cut his knee and the surgeon being unable to come, the young Lotten dressed and bound up the wound, which under her continued and all-sufficient care became a perfect cure. On another occasion, a poor boy suffering from a fearful disease, under circumstances of great destitution, was told by the physician who had seen him that his malady was curable, but only by very expensive means. This coming to the knowledge of the kind-hearted Lotten, suggested but one idea, namely,

that the boy must be cured. At once off she started to obtain amongst friends and acquaintance the sum necessary for this purpose; and she obtained it by the addition of some little savings of her own. Thus the poor boy was restored.

Another reminiscence and I have done.

One midsummer eve in the country a number of young girls broke the white of eggs into wine-glasses, which, according to an old soothsaying tradition, they set aside till the next day, when would be seen in them, as in a dim mirror, some figure denoting to each one the future of her own life. No typical images were presented by the others, but in that of Lotten was the figure of a crown.

"Heaven knows what kind of queen you will make, dear Lotten," said her young friends to her; and she answered merrily, "I shall be one in the Queen's almshouses."

Lotten Vennberg is, however, at this time a queen amongst women, though she herself would be the last to acknowledge it.

Who can wonder at everybody loving her?

Her means are much more limited than formerly, yet out of these she provides for needy

people when other sources fail. She never grows weary, and believing always that Providence works with her, is never surprised when relief comes at the most unexpected moments from anonymous or even the most unlikely quarters.

CHAPTER IX.

SIGNS OF WINTER. A VISIT TO THE DEAD.

NOVEMBER 15*th*.—Old Father Winter has arrived in Stockholm from the North Pole. People put forth their hands and greet him kindly; they have been making preparations for him for some time. If they loved him ever so fervently they could not do much more for him. All kinds of skin outer garments, birch logs, and double casements are ready for him.

Sable, ermine, and squirrel have gone home from the furrier, who has kept them from moth all the summer. Little vessels laden with silvery birch-timber, their flags of blue with a yellow cross, the blue and red of poor Norway thrust into a corner, flying in the wind, have sailed up sea creeks and over lakes and canals, bearing forests of birch-wood for the winter consumption of the capital. Ladder-

sided waggons, toppling with birch logs, have crept even along Drottninggatan itself. Logs have covered the pavement and filled courtyards, where hundreds of Dalecarlian men have sawn them up into household firewood from the dark late morning till the dark early night.

Jungfrus have been all astir, carefully bringing down the inner casements from the "vind," as the storey in the roof is called, and glaziers have rested neither day nor night repairing and fastening them in. Country people have brought in grey lichen, moss, and bunches of scarlet barberries, which clever, dexterous, market women have fastened with a good deal of taste upon little strips of deal to be fitted on the window-board, between the two casements.

I have been driven from pillar to post to-day by all these winter doings.

On returning from the Seminarium, intending to have a quiet time for the winding of the wool which was to be converted into a Christmas present for dear Tante Fredrika, and putting the key into my door, I found to my astonishment that it would not enter, that another key was in the lock, and the door even

ajar. The next moment I discovered that the whole room was in the utmost state of confusion. Two strange women were there, the one stitching away at a white muslin curtain, the other stretching a grand green and grey drugget upon the floor, whilst Fru Knutsson herself stood in an admiring attitude, her arms akimbo, watching the movements of a slim young man in a large-figured dressing-gown and crimson fez, who, on his knees, was nailing down that side of the carpet which already lay straight. To add to this busy scene the wearer of the cream-coloured guernsey, whether jungfru or boarder, was mounted on a chair, busily engaged cleaning the windows, whilst Herman stood by stirring the brush in a large basin of paste, and Fritz was adjured by some celestial power, to get out of the way with his slate.

"So soon back! Ei! ei!" exclaimed Fru Knutsson at sight of me. "That is unfortunate, when it was all to be a surprise to *Mees*. A new carpet bought, and fresh curtains to be put up, and two dear neighbours come in to help, and the poor, dear grosshandlare, out of health as he is, willing to lend a

helping hand. Ei! ei! but *Mees* cannot understand!"

"Yes, I do; I understand every word," replied I. "Only find me some place where to lay my books, Fru Knutsson and I will look at nothing, see nothing at all, and go out of the way."

"That is really *obleeschanngt* (obligeant)," returned she, "perhaps then *Mees* would like to see the ornaments for the windows; they are the prettiest in the market, selected by Herman, bless him!" and with that she handed me a pile of lichen and moss-covered strips of wood.

I was all admiration, as in duty bound, and then made my exit, wondering where I had better go. I had already taken a walk, and Miss Bremer might be engaged. I resolved, therefore, to make a voyage of discovery in search of Hulda's room, for I knew she was at home.

Hardly, however, had I set my foot on the staircase before I was met by Sara rushing down in great haste with a number of what looked like long streamers of white paper on her arm.

"That's right; now the room will be open, and I can bring down the beautiful window ornaments which Mamsell Bremer and I have been making for the good Mamsell's windows," exclaimed she all in a breath, and then continued in the same eager way; "It's really scandalous that Fru Knutsson did not put in the casements a week ago, but I told her my mind about it; she said she could not get a glazier for love or money, and now she's doing them herself. But, between ourselves, its lucky the windows weren't ready, or it would have thrown me out in my decorations. Mamsell Bremer, she has been getting flowers ready to lay on cotton wool in Mamsell's windows, but as white cotton wool looks beggarly in my eyes, for one can catch hold of snow any day, but one cannot catch hold of heaven, so I've had a dyeing, and have got some beautiful blue wadding ready, only it took a whole week, and after all is not the colour I wanted. And these are strips of paper which Mamsell Bremer has cut with her own hands to paste round the join of Mamsell's windows. Other folks don't cut them straight, which she can't bear to see. But now I must be off.

Ten to one they have not got any paste down there!"

I wondered how Sara would settle with Fru Knutsson as to the window-ornaments. I felt it to be a very delicate point, therefore I said nothing, hoping that it might be amicably adjusted, and that Miss Bremer's kindness might not be thrown away.

I then sped upwards into the skyey regions in search of my angel Hulda. I was sure of a welcome from her, and I wished to see her in her own little bower.

Passing, therefore, through a large open iron door, with a wondrous anatomical kind of lock, worthy to guard an imprisoned princess, I entered an unknown region, where were sundry doors, each with its heavy padlock. None of these could lead to Hulda. It must, however, be she, dear soul, who had bordered so prettily the approach to her door with tender, green fir-twigs, on which the sun shone as if in admiring love, through the sky-light above. This pathway surely would lead me to her, and, going on in faith, I came to an unpadlocked door which I opened, and then found myself in a spacious attic above Miss

Bremer's drawing-room. A wonderful apartment it was, the quintessence of neatness, a perfect upholsterer's shop, crammed with sofas, worked cushions, curtains, and antimacassars, all set out, as if to the greatest advantage. The genius of this realm, however, was not our Hulda, but a tidy, elderly woman, in a drab dress apparently composed of flounces, and a black silk kerchief over her head, who, stepping forward, thus addressed me, without a word on my part :—

"Engelskan wants Mamsell Dahl: must step to the opposite door, and will find her at home."

I step to the opposite door, but it is locked inside. I rapidly move the latch as if impatient, and Hulda from within demands,

"Who's there ?

"It is I, dear Hulda, come to see thee."

A sound of bustle inside, and no answer. Again I rattle at the latch, really impatient this time. No response, but more bustle. Finally the key is turned, the door pushed back, and Hulda partially appears, a piece of red and white silk damask hanging to her sleeve in some mysterious manner, and a smell of paint issuing forth.

"Dear, sweet friend," says Hulda, imploringly, "Forgive that I cannot admit thee! But my room is small, and repairs going on, and—"

"Very good! Adieu, my Swedish sister!" say I, and vanish, through the fir-twig entrance, and down the many flights of stairs, back to the Seminarium, where I can hear another lecture. I could not think Hulda inhospitable. Does not the very name *Hulda* mean kind, tender, gentle, and do not we know that names represent natures? She was painting, no doubt, and could not be interrupted. I should as soon think of quarrelling with my guardian angel as with her.

20*th*.—After all Hulda was preparing a grand arm-chair for me; one of those heirlooms of Miss Bremer's, which she has now disposed of between Hulda, Sara, and myself, only mine is the most superb. It was painted white some days ago, by the man who was at the moment I knocked repairing the wall, and Hulda, clever Hulda, who can do everything well, was then covering it with crimson and white damask of an antique pattern. All

this was intended as a surprise for me, and Hulda was as jealous of my knowing before the right time as Fru Knutsson had been about the carpet.

Now, however, my room is most imposing, the grand arm-chair, *the throne*, as I call it, which gives an aristocratic air to the whole, is reserved for the use of any guest whom I especially desire to honour. The carpet is on the floor, the double casements are in, the mathematically accurate strips of white paper covering the joins and excluding the air, but instead of the artificial flowers on the sky-coloured wadding on the window-sill, I see that the moss and lichen, and barberries have carried the day.

Hulda is coming in to see me on her way from the School of Design, I shall, therefore, make this the occasion of my housewarming, and that it might really be so literally as well as metaphorically, I requested the owner of the cream-coloured guernsey to make me a fire. To which she replied:

"I'll make Mamsell's fire. But I wish Mamsell to know that I *inackorderar* (board) with Fru Knutsson, and am a lady. Mamsell

gives me her goloshes to clean, and I will do them for Mamsell; but Mamsell must bear in mind that I *inackorderar.*"

I all at once felt very humble and very grateful for past favours, but it is evident that I must be careful for the future.

The burning logs crackle merrily in the stove, a cheery warmth diffuses itself through the room, and I hear Hulda's familiar tap at the door.

"Come in, *Min Lilla!*"

25*th.*—Miss Bremer requested Hulda and myself to go to Solna churchyard for her, and to report the state of her sister's grave there.

This sister was Hedda, who grew up into a very good and excellent woman, so much so that, without any assumption on her part, she was universally regarded by her relatives as the saint of the family.

As a child she had been very plain in person, and her character was not appreciated or understood. She and Fredrika did not agree as children; they had pitched battles about their canaries. These childish contentions might

have caused a lasting pang had not the antagonism of childhood, and even the indifference of youth, given place to a perfect understanding and harmony in their maturer years, which healed every wound which they had inflicted in earlier life on each other.

Had Miss Hedda Bremer lived she would have been the wife of a most estimable man, who thoroughly appreciated her sterling worth. As it was she died, and her remains were laid in Solna churchyard.

I had not yet been there, and the prospect of the walk with Hulda was very agreeable.

Water now is everywhere covered with an extremely thick coat of ice. As we walked along the rural, tree-planted Norrtullsgatan, a continuation of Drottninggatan, leading to Haga, the public cemetery and the land of my beloved windmills, we met crowds of lads speeding along with their skates in their hands. Arrived also at Carlberg, the great military academy, the charming park and splendid avenues of which form a favourite summer resort of the Stockholmers, we found great numbers of boys and young men in their blue uniforms skating on a pond, and making a good

winter picture with the dark firs and the leafless trees around, and the white walls of the immense chateau rising almost from the water's edge. The great pile of building has the character of most of the churches here, solemn and heavy, yet with a peculiar something which deeply impresses the mind, and which I try in vain to understand.

The broad, formal walks of the old park behind the house, covered with grey, stunted oaks and plantations of firs, strangely seized on my imagination; so did the solitary country beyond, with its dark fir-woods rising up against an expanse of snow.

Solna woods are much beloved by the Stockholmers for the easy seclusion which they afford them. Here and there were dotted about in the open country, primitive red or yellow-painted wooden cottages, backed by woods. Hulda pointed out one of these homesteads soon after leaving Carlberg, saying that it enjoyed the insignificant name of "Nothing," the reason for which she thus gave:

Some king asking the owner of this place what it was called, he replied:

"Oh, your majesty, nothing!"

"Nothing! Well, Nothing is as good as any other name," replied the king, "henceforth it shall have no other."

"Nothing," therefore, it has remained from that day to the present.

And now we are at Solna church, a quiet little place, with the usual pepper-box dome, but extremely interesting from the fact that the middle portion, which is circular, and built of round stones, is considered to be one of the oldest buildings in Sweden, and is supposed originally to have been a temple to the sun, even before the worship of Balder, in the sterner days of Odin and Thor, and to have been converted eventually into a church durin the earliest era of Christianity in Sweden.

Miss Bremer directed us to look near the church door for a grey stone cross, on which was carved the name of her sister; but none such could we find, though we went round and round the church. There was a rough granite rock to Berzelius, the great chemist, but no Bremer. Not even when we had tramped round a much larger space in our goloshes over the thawed ground, and examined every circular mound with its black cross or tombstone, many

with a slanting leaf of metal on them like an open page of the Bible, many informing the passer-by, that there rested John Oaktwig, or Maria Sandhill, or humbler still, some Andersson or Eriksson, but no Bremer. We were quite in despair. I must remark, however, that in my search I came upon a flat stone inscribed to the memory of Lady Lyons, who died in Stockholm some years since, when her husband was here as English ambassador.

As the new cemetery was at no great distance I suggested that we probably had made a mistake; but Hulda was firm in the assurance that it was in Solna churchyard and nowhere else. Therefore we began our search again, but still to no purpose. It was now two o'clock; we were a long way from home, and yet must be back for dinner at three.

We held a consultation, and determining not to disappoint our kind friend, now resolved to make the inquiry from the churchyard-watchman or sexton, and wondered only that we had not done so at first. In a few minutes, therefore, we knocked at the door of a little wooden house which stood near the church, and received for reply from a voice within, that we must not in-

quire there, but at another little wooden house hard by. This was a very humble cottage, with no steps leading up to the door. The door, however, standing open, we entered and found a little old madam in an inner room, like a little old woman made of cotton wool, all bundled up in soft woolly flannel from top to toe. But she was not the right one for us. She shook her head at our inquiries; no, she had never heard of such a grave, not she! but Sandqvist would be sure to know; and he only lived a step or two away, near the new cemetery. We must keep along the high-road, then turn to the left, and the yellow cottage under the wood was where he lived.

Off we set, and in about ten minutes were at Sandqvist's. We mounted the wooden steps and found ourselves in a square, unfurnished room, forming the middle of the house.

"Sandqvist is wanted!" shouted a woman who made herself visible from the left-hand apartment, and elderly Sandqvist, still masticating the mouthful of dinner he had just taken, and wiping his mouth at the same time with his woollen shirt-sleeve, stood before us.

"Oh yes, the grave was there, plain to be

seen, none plainer, all surrounded by lilac bushes as beautiful as could be. It was next to So-and-so's grave."

Sandqvist evidently thought us very stupid. Hulda had noticed So-and-so's grave, therefore we joyously retraced our steps, and by this landmark discovered the spot, but to our credit found that the lilac bushes had been allowed to grow wild, and damp and moss had effaced the inscription, leaving only now visible to our sight, "Hedda the Good."

The effect of our report will cause Sandqvist to be called to account. He must henceforth attend to his duty better.

At the conclusion of this little churchyard narrative, in which I have referred to the classes of names on the gravestones, I would make a remark on this subject, although I have already spoken of the natural objects of which many Swedish names are composed.

It may be taken as a general rule that the names of the middle class are of this rural character, the patronymics of the lower class generally end in son—simply Eriksson or Andersson, and so on, whilst the names of the nobility may be called heraldic, and have frequently re-

ference to weapons or armour, often golden or embellished, or to heraldic supporters. Thus we find Knightsshield, Silverstaff, Lionhead, Goldenstar, with a mixture of Hamiltons, Douglases, etc., from Scotch settlers of days gone by.

Learned men of low origin frequently give a Latin termination to their names, as Berzelius, the chemist, Afzelius, the learned family of the five Celsius, the most celebrated of whom, Andrew, invented the thermometer used in Sweden and adopted in France, from the time of the French revolution, when those decimal-loving reformers at once saw the advantage of its centigrade scale. It is likewise in use amongst the scientific men of Europe.

The family of Linnæus also, that stupid boy of whom his schoolmaster reported that he could make nothing, was possessed of a sylvan name from the Lime-tree, and he is still Linné in his native land though Linnæus to all the rest of the world.

Returning home by another route for the sake of variety, we met a lame countryman who wished us good-day, we heartily returning

the little compliment. This is a country custom, and is very agreeable from the sentiment of good-will which it conveys, and it led Hulda to tell me of an old country-woman who walked to Stockholm for the first time in her life. At first the salutation was only made now and then, and more frequent as she came to Haga, but when she reached Norrtullsgatan the business became more and more onerous, it was almost beyond her power to wish everybody good morning, and when she came to the top of Drottinggatan and saw the throng of human beings on the pavement, she fairly stood still in amazement, and appalled at the task before her exclaimed,—

"Nay, never can I wish all these worthy folks good morning! So once for all, I say, A happy good morning to all who walk on that side, and a happy good morning to all who walk on this side. And may it be forgiven me if I wish nobody else a good morning for the rest of the day."

By this time the large cemetery, with its iron-railing was on our left, a spacious flat inclosure laid out in straight walks with its dazzling confusion of black crosses, white monuments, and snow-covered mounds. In the garden of the

gate-keeper grew snow-berry bushes, and a woman outside had wreaths of moss embellished with these berries to sell. A gentleman and lady, both in deep mourning, he carrying three of these wreaths carefully on his stick, passed in at the gate. They perhaps were about to visit their children's grave.

Leaving behind us the gates of Haga-park, where is a royal summer palace but little used, we were soon beyond the Octroi, and walking down the long, interminable boulevard of Norrtullsgatan. Many people were out enjoying the fresh winter weather, several in deep mourning, which is very peculiar here; the ladies wearing lawn aprons and deep lawn cuffs, with immense pointed collars of the same material, which might belong to the time of our Commonwealth. A funeral likewise passed us; a triumphal mourning car, with a canopy surmounted with black and white plumes. The coffin, larger than an English one, and slanting from the head to the feet, stood exposed to view, but covered with a pall. Two private carriages followed filled with ladies, whilst two open pleasure-vans, respectively the "Swallow" and the "Garibaldi," brought up the rear, con-

taining gentlemen in white neckties, which are considered proper for funerals and state occasions.

Altogether, our excursion was of a churchyard character.

CHAPTER X.

PEHR THOMASSON AND A DOMESTIC PORTRAIT.

DECEMBER 1ST.—It often proves a mercy that our little human schemes are counteracted—even that letters miscarry. I thought so to-day when Miss Vennberg brought us word that a note which Miss Bremer had written to her in the summer from the south of Sweden had only then reached her. The note was to ask her to look out for an apartment for me, under the same general roof as Miss Bremer. No letter arriving, she, of course, did nothing, which was lucky for me, as the great Blackhelmet, with his stocks, at that time occupied the grand apartment which Miss Bremer herself took for me on her return to Stockholm, and which was immediately under her own.

Every event of life, be it ever so small, is assuredly under the control of a power beyond

ourselves. I like to believe this, for it is a faith which makes me unspeakably happy. In connection with this subject I will relate the following perfectly true narrative:—

In the early part of this century, two peasant lads, in a beautiful part of the south of Sweden, herded their small flocks by the side of a wood, in which was a large cave. They had glorious times together—they had not a care in the world; and when their sheep or goats, or whatever their herd might consist of, were safe, they would retire to the cave, and live there a life happier than kings. At no great distance from this place stood a castle, the residence of a noble lady, a widow, with an only son, about their own age. By some chance he became acquainted with the herd-boys,—at least, so far as to know that they led much merrier lives in their cave than he did in his castle; and after a little while he was invited to pay them a visit. This was, of all things, what he desired; but still he only dared to have this enjoyment by stealing away from his home unknown to his mother. The appointed time came, and he went, none of the three thinking at all about the weather nor observing the lowering clouds

which gathered, until the storm burst over their heads in torrents of rain, flashes of jagged lightning, and heavy rolling thunder.

The young nobleman, who had never been exposed to the elements before, trembled from head to foot. It seemed to him a judgment from heaven, and he feared he should never return alive to his castle.

The two peasant lads, caring nothing for weather, having been out even in worse storms than this, and with perfectly easy minds, did their best to reassure their visitor; wrapped him in their coats, placed him in the back of the cave, and stood at its entrance to shut out the fierce lightning.

The storm passed over, but only to give place to a still more terrible domestic one. The absence of the lad during the thunder-storm brought to his mother's knowledge where he had been, and she then sternly forbade his ever again associating with low and vulgar peasants.

The farmers, who employed them to herd their flocks, were informed of their idle, negligent habits; the cave-settlement was broken up, there was an end of their merry times

together, and they went into other service, one this way and the other that.

Years passed; the boys grew into men without knowing any thing further of each other. One, however, he with whom we have especially to do, Pehr Thomasson, developed into a poet, and became known throughout all Sweden for his patriotic songs, and the breath of fresh nature which permeates them.

On one occasion, during his earlier success, he visited the capital; and, amongst other places of public interest which he inspected, was the great prison at Vaxholm. After he had seen through the whole place, and was crossing the court to leave, he was accosted by a thin, woebegone looking man, who said:

"Ah, I remember you, but you will not recognize me!"

Pehr Thomasson could not but confirm the truth of his words. How great then was his emotion when he discovered that this sorrowful, poverty-stricken man was the great aristocrat; at one time too noble to associate with peasant boys, yet who now, a prisoner for debt, claimed his acquaintance.

On another occasion, when the poet was again

in Stockholm, he visited an exhibition of new pictures, when at once his eye was attracted by a large painting, representing the interior of a cave in a thunder-storm, and two sturdy peasant lads screening a delicate and apparently high-born youth from its terrors.

Arrested at once by the familiar scene of his own boyish experience, he exclaimed aloud:

"Why, here we are to the life! Who in the world has painted this picture?"

"I," said a voice behind him, "your old comrade, brother Thomasson—the painter, Nordenberg!"

You can imagine the meeting better than I can describe it.

It was this same Nordenberg who exhibited in the International Exhibition the clever picture of The Collection of Tithes in Scania, his own district; and which would, no doubt, be painted with equal fidelity to the life.

Pehr Thomasson is now in Stockholm, and comes sometimes in the evening to visit Tante Fredrika.

Renan's Life of Jesus, translated into Swedish, is now being read aloud in an evening by Hulda. Miss Bremer, before she herself had

read it, spoke of it to Pehr Thomasson, who remarked that he considered it an excellent book.

"How so?" asked she, somewhat surprised.

"Because," said he, coolly, "its meaning is so apparent."

In this opinion Miss Bremer now entirely agrees; and, though she cannot but admire the picturesqueness of the style, she perceives the shallowness of the reasoning, and has no fear of its producing any lasting harm. She has also received a letter on the subject from her dear, highly valued, and learned friend, the Rev. P. Böklin, of Christianstad, a clergyman high in the church; who, in her younger days, acting to her the part of a St. George, slew her dragon of disbelief, and so doing, opened to her a new existence. Since then they have continued excellent friends.

He now writes to her: "that as we have long had the German idea of a Saviour, so now Renan has modelled a divine Frenchman for us. Neither of these can, however, possibly supersede the all-comprising Son of Humanity—the God-man, Jesus Christ."

Whilst Miss Bremer disapproves of Renan, she upholds religious enquiry and the ventilation of accepted dogmas, and considers it extremely unwise to close your eyes, as some excellent, well-meaning Christians do, to every discrepancy in the Scriptures; forcing them, as it were, into a literal accordance, forgetting that the spirit of the whole book, instead of the constantly quoted stray verses, must be the decisive ultimatum. She thinks that we English are faulty in this respect, inasmuch as we forget in part the living Word which is ever with us, and turn the whole Bible into the Englishman's Pope.

But whether Renan, history, or philosophy are being read or discussed; whether we are alone or have visitors, matters little to one member of the household—this is Sara, certainly one of the most independent and original of jungfrus. Not unfrequently, therefore, in the midst of some deep discussion, the door suddenly opens, and Sara looks in, abruptly exclaiming:—

"Mamsell Bremer must have found the potatoes as mealy as I do. They are really delicate with a mouthful of herring. I'll ask the old

Madam to a cup of coffee, then Mamsell Bremer will always have good potatoes!"

Sara's whole being is devoted not to church and state, but to church and home. Her mistress, as a good housewife, feels, she believes, the same interest in household matters as she does; and Miss Bremer so fully respects her fidelity to her own position that she bears with her as few others would.

A young girl once speaking to me of her first interview with Miss Bremer, said:—

"She sat in her velvet mantle edged with fur, and had so benign a presence that I returned home and told my mother I had been with a queen."

Sara would have opened her eyes wide at this, and have exclaimed, "Bless me! it was only my mistress!"

The hours which Miss Bremer considers as her best are from the early morning till twelve o'clock. These hours are, therefore, devoted to her more important literary occupations. To Sara, however, it matters not; her mistress may be drawing up some important document for a charity, or be at the critical turning point in a momentous event of some little history;

when in she will burst, perhaps, to show Mamsell Bremer the excellent veal she has just purchased cheaper than last week; or to tell her that the poor woodcutter, Lars, who sawed Mamsell Bremer's logs, has got Fru Somebody's custom all because Sara recommended him.

This would be enough to make anybody else furious, but her mistress only smiles pleasantly, as she listens with patience.

Miss Bremer sits up late at night; probably these hours are again devoted to writing or study. Be that as it may, Sara has no mercy on her. Sleeping, therefore, in an inner room, beyond that of her mistress, the latter had the other night just fallen asleep, it being then

about three in the morning, when Sara burst in, exclaiming :—

"It's of no use, Mamsell Bremer, I can't sleep whilst the heavens are pouring down all that good water to waste. I must be down, and set out my pails in the court!"

Down stairs she went, therefore, and set out her buckets; after which, it might be supposed that she would quietly go to bed again, but no! fearing that some unconscientious neighbour might take to herself the water in the morning, Sara waited till the buckets were full and carried them up stairs. Then, returning to her bed, she said :—

"Well, Mamsell Bremer, we've done a good stroke of business! We've got plenty of good soft water in the house, whilst our neighbours, poor sleepy sluggards, are letting it all run away!"

In excuse for Sara, it must be remembered that water is not yet laid on in the houses of Stockholm generally. Excepting in some of the new parts, every drop of water has to be fetched into the house. Ours is brought some distance from Brunkeberg Torg. Any body would pity poor Herman and Fritz to see the huge metal vessels

of water which they have to haul up the stairs, and feel it incumbent, as I do, to keep out of their way, that they need not be compelled, at the same time, to make the profound bow which they think themselves in duty bound to make, every time they meet me.

It is not very long since gas was first introduced into Stockholm. Let us hope, therefore, that in the steady march of improvement, water will, before many more years, be as plentiful within every house as it now is without.

To return to Sara. She stands rigidly on etiquette, and considers it proper that the wealthy should be called "*bättre folk*," or better people, and the poor "*sämre folk*," or worse people. She likes people to be charitable, but thinks Mamsell Bremer allows *sämre folk* to take undue liberties. It was a great satisfaction to her the other day when a poor person staying to dinner sat, by accident, alone, for it was right, she said, that everybody should know their place. "The Fatherland," a gossiping paper read by servant-maids and market women, is despised by Sara. She looks into Mamsell Bremer's papers in an evening when they are done with, generally in search

of ecclesiastical intelligence, in which she is much interested. She regards "The Fatherland" as a useful rod kept in pickle for the chastisement of such of the *sämre folk* as offend her; and then the worst she wishes is that their names may figure there in full.

She comes from the country and declines acquaintance in general, but thinks it advantageous to the Mesdames Bremer and Sara to fraternize with the milkwoman and other regular comers by regaling them occasionally with a drop, or in Swedish, "*a tear,*" of coffee in the kitchen. "It saves Mamsell Bremer's purse in the long run," is her mode of reasoning.

Sara can read but not write, therefore her letters to her sister are dictated. One of them was as follows :—

DEAREST THOU,—I like Stockholm much, and one sees many strange things here. Such crowds of people, and houses built all of stone. Yet my head is turned sometimes. Think only of a peasant in broad-cloth calling here and leaving his card for Mamsell Bremer! Is the end of the world at hand?

CHAPTER XI.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE DIET.

Dec. 2nd.—We have been to-day to the *Riddarhus*, or House of Lords, to hear the debate on the so-much-talked-of war in Denmark. We went both on Monday and Tuesday, but the debate never came off. Miss Bremer very kindly wishes me to understand the Swedish mode of administration. The constitution is a limited monarchy. The Diet, now on the eve of dissolution, and consisting of representatives of the four classes, nobles, clergy, citizens, and peasants, has the privilege of levying taxes and disposing of the revenue. By its consent only can new laws be made, loans raised, armies levied, or any change made in the coinage.

The Diet meets every third year. The Council of State consists of ten members, seven of

whom are at the head of the seven departments of government. They give their opinion on all subjects, but the King finally decides.

After we had visited the handsome Riddarhus, with its walls lined with the coats of arms of the Swedish nobility, heard the debate from the gallery, and nodded to Tante Fredrika's relative, young Baron Wrede, a clerk of the House, who sat scribbling away at a table, we went to the three other chambers, which occupy a much plainer edifice behind Riddarholm Church. The chamber of clergy, which gives its opinions freely, without being confined to matters of pure religion, had just broken up, and well-to-do clergymen in their white bands were leaving the hall.

We, therefore, proceeded to the chamber of citizens, or representatives of towns. Stockholm sends ten, being divided into five sections, each furnishing two. These occupy the two first benches in their chamber. On the second to the right, facing the speaker's chair, in which I had the gratification of seeing my courteous fellow-traveller of Gefle, sit the three members for Gothenburg; next, in order, follow the other towns.

Fourthly is the chamber of peasants, or yeoman-farmers, small proprietors who represent the country provinces. This probably is the chamber which would be most interesting to strangers. Here sate Svensén, a friend of Miss Bremer's, and one of the most liberal members in a chamber where all are liberal. Mr. Svensén spent an evening at her house lately. He is a very gentlemanly person, a fine example of many of his class. I recognised also "Lille Lars," whom having once seen, it was impossible ever again to forget.

My first sight of *Lille Lars* was in this wise. One day when walking down Drottninggatan, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I saw a perfect giant of a man walking there also. He was about middle age; wore a long-lapped frock coat of stout cloth, white knitted stockings, and thick shoes, fitting compactly to his large shapely feet; he had a round-crowned hat on his head, the brim of which was turned up all round. Whether the hat were felt or beaver I cannot say, but it looked substantial and suited to the wearer. A sturdy, round-headed walking-stick completed his costume. His hair was brown, thick, and curly, and his counte-

nance ruddy, bright, and pleasant-looking. But it was not alone the singular appearance of the man which struck me, still more was I surprised by the innumerable friendly salutations which he had to return as he passed along.

This was "*Lille Lars,*" so called as a term of affection or regard, otherwise he cannot be designated as lille or *little* Lars, unless on the principle of Robin Hood's gigantic attendant being called *little* John.

Lille Lars is one of the members for the Dales. Miss Bremer has been to his house there, where she was most hospitably entertained, and when she met him in one of the great thoroughfares not long since, he greeted her in the hearty, simple manner usual to him, with a "Well, Mamsell Bremer, how art thou?"

Happy natives of the Dales! For all the Dalecarlians, since the time of Gustavus Vasa, have the privilege of saying *thou* to every one, even to the king, and of shaking hands with him. They need not trouble themselves in their social intercourse with circumlocutions, passive verbs, or *you* associations!

Dec. 7th.—To-morrow, after a good deal of delay, the dissolution of the Diet is really to

take place. Owing to the kindness of Mr. von Quanten, Miss Bremer and I had obtained entrance to the Riddarhus. Mr. von Q. is an extremely agreeable person, connected with the press, and like Miss Bremer, a native of Finland. He comes from the capital, Helsingfors, which he left at the time of the disturbances there a few years ago, and settled in Stockholm, where he is regarded as a naturalized Swede. He has also married a Swedish lady, an accomplished and intellectual woman, who has translated various English works into her native tongue. He, too, speaks English, having resided for twelve months at the Cape. He sits in the *Riddarhus*, on the benches reserved for the noble but untitled members.

Mr. and Mrs. von Quanten being here the other evening, kindly said that I, as a foreigner, ought to see the dissolution of the Diet, which takes place in the throne-room of the palace. Singularly enough not even Miss Bremer had witnessed it, and she therefore wrote for tickets, which were immediately sent to her by Mr. Svensén.

8th.—Hulda, who was dispatched this morning to that universal encyclopia, Miss Vennberg,

to enquire if bonnets were admissible at the ceremony, returned with the agreeable intelligence that they are so. At eleven, therefore, Tante Fredrika and I set off for the palace, walking there although the morning was damp and dark.

When at the Riddarhus the other day, I expressed my surprise at there being no throne for the monarch.

"Why should there be?" replied Miss Bremer; "the King never comes here; the Diet goes to him when it is necessary."

When we reached the south entrance of the palace, some polite officers of the court, in blue and silver uniform, requested us to take our places behind a long line of ladies and gentlemen, who were standing patiently, in triple file, with blue tickets in their hands, for the actors in the day's drama were at that time attending service in the great church of St. Nicholas, adjoining the palace, the principal church of Stockholm. The throne-room would not be open till half-past eleven.

The waiting here was by no means disagreeable, for there was no dirty, rough mob hemming us in or pressing upon us, only two or

three girls with black silk kerchiefs over their heads, and a lad or two looking on wonderingly.

Plain, somewhat heavily built carriages, often without any attendants, drove past and entered the palace on the other side. Ladies in full dress, or gentlemen in uniform sat within, members of the Diplomatic corps.

Whilst we stand thus congratulating ourselves that it does not rain, a gentleman of middle height and middle age, with a youth leaning on his arm, bow to us and smile, and triumphantly hold up their blue tickets, after which they take their places at the queue of the expectant waiters. I trust there was no necessity for them to be parted in taking their places, for these two are inseparable.

They are not father and son, as you might suppose, but the noble-hearted Herr Mecænas and his *protégé*, young Trolle. This youth is the son of a country clergyman, and being gifted with a remarkable talent for art, his father ignorantly enough apprenticed him to a house-painter, supposing, perhaps, that having thus paints and brushes which it would be his duty to use, nothing more was needed, nor, as

it proved, was it. Mecænas by chance met with the lad, and surprised by his ability and seeing at once how unequal his position was to the development of his abilities, took him under his protection. Being a man of independent means, unmarried, and himself a connoisseur in music and art, he adopted him, and has since then devoted his whole life to the development of his talents. Last summer he took him to Paris, for the extension of his art-education, and this next summer will again take him abroad for the same purpose; the good Princess Eugenie having also settled a travelling stipend upon him for twelve months.

Herr Mecænas and young Trolle spend an evening occasionally with Miss Bremer, and never are they long in the room before the rejoicing patron produces the last sketches of his *protégé*. The young man is certainly clever, has a lively imagination, and draws with great rapidity, and being also an immense admirer of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, sketches with great predilection elves, dwarfs, and little hobgoblins, or anything else having a tendency to the supernatural. It was proposed the other evening that he should

make a sketch in Miss Bremer's album; he did so, after a minute's thought, and produced a very clever little drawing.

Herr Mecænas does not alone concern himself with the progress of Trolle's art, but like the most anxious and loving father he desires that he should grow up into a model character, nor certainly could any son appear more willing in every way to conform to the wishes of a parent.

To me, therefore, they are always an interesting couple, and it was with no small pleasure that I now saw them here; for the good Mecænas will witness all through the youth's eyes, and Trolle will have his pleasure doubled by adding to that of his friend.

Our threefold string of waiting spectators begins now to be drawn forward under the great portal of the palace, and I look around me with attention, as we enter the large stone vestibule. On the right hand winds the double staircase to the royal chapel; on the left, a similar staircase to the throne-room, the heavenly and earthly throne-rooms occupying the entire length of the southern side of the palace. There is a small gathering of poor

folks on the chapel steps, waiting to see the greater crowd winding its way up the opposite flights of stairs between two lines of soldiers.

After delivering up our tickets at the door of the throne-room, we are requested yet to ascend a narrow staircase to the right. This leads us into one of the galleries which run along two sides of this fine hall, the largest and most splendidly decorated state apartment in Sweden. Here there is already a crowd, but we obtain good places, and are able to see everything that goes forward. Our next neighbours are two Seminarium girls, with whom we become very friendly.

We have again a long time to wait, but we are interested in everything we see. The hall, which is oblong, is lighted by many windows, placed high, but the gloomy day and the prevailing dark blue cloth, studded at regular distances with orange crowns, deep blue and orange being the Swedish colours, produced a sombre effect. This hall is merely used when the King opens or dissolves the Diet, for the coronation ball, and other rare and important occasions. The whole apartment, with its rows of raised seats, divided by a centre passage,

looked at this moment as if solely intended to gaze upon majesty. The seats in the area face the west end of the hall, where stands the silver throne on a dais, backed by a lofty blue canopy studded with gold. Two marble statues, those of Gustavus Adolphus and Bernadotte, as protectors of the Swedish throne, guard it on either side. Two distinct galleries, draped with blue cloth, look down on the precincts of the throne, before which are placed stools covered with paler blue silk, and benches covered with blue cloth.

One of these galleries, at the end opposite to us, contains the Diplomatic corps. The little lively lady in ermine is the wife of the American minister. Near her sits the handsome French ambassadress, and beyond, the Sardinian ambassador. These are Miss Bremer's especial acquaintance amongst the foreign *élite* assembled on this occasion.

As we have still to wait for the entrance of the grand actors of the day, let me fill the time by one or two little facts related to us the other evening by this handsome Italian marquis, the Sardinian minister.

He looks about three-and-thirty, but he must

be considerably older, as he mentioned having been employed in the Diplomatic service for twenty-four years. He is partial to Sweden, regretting only that it cannot be brought more into the south of Europe. As a boy he had, he said, an intense passion for travelling, a passion which has never yet been gratified to the full; and this it is which, contrary to the entreaties of his family, has led him to become a foreign envoy. High military and other appointments have been offered him in his own land, but to no purpose. From the age of eighteen he has known foreign service; has been sent to Turkey, Spain, Brussels, London, America; has experienced every kind of accident of travel, excepting on a railway. At nineteen he was sent by his sovereign to Athens, to present King Otho with the most important Order of the Realm, equal to the Swedish Seraphim or the English Garter. He remained a month at Athens; and just before leaving received a sudden visit from an officer, despatched by the King, to present him with an Order accompanied by a letter, in the royal hand, the ink of which was hardly dry. The surprise was so great, and he felt the honour so much, that, to the

concern of the consul and his wife, with whom he was staying, he lost his appetite. Since then, however, he has grown callous, and received the other day, with perfect indifference, the announcement that his own sovereign had conferred upon him an important Italian Order.

Another episode in his early Diplomatic life occurred in Spain, in which country he has a large estate, and where one of his ancestors left property burdened with the payment of a dowry to every maiden, either on her marriage or on entering a convent, who could prove herself to be descended from him.

The young marquis was an attaché in Madrid at the very time when Charles Albert arrived in Spain after the fatal battle of Novara. When the news reached the ambassador of the King's abdication, he was in utter consternation, knowing that it was illegal; nevertheless, he set out to meet him, but unluckily missing him the royal refugee reached Madrid in his absence, there being nobody to receive or arrange matters of State for him, but the young attaché; and unluckily, of all days in the year, it was Good Friday, when no carriage may appear in

the streets, not even that of the Queen; and the young man had to fly hither and thither to ministers, lawyers, and diplomatists. At last, however, things were cobbled up some way, and the King's abdication was acknowledged.

Another time, and this was when he went to America, as ambassador, after being shipwrecked off Halifax, he arrived at New York, in the dark, and immediately entering an omnibus desired to be set down at Willard's Hotel. One other gentleman and himself were the sole occupants of the vehicle, and presently the fellow passenger, turning to him, inquired if he knew him? But it was too dark to recognize the silhouette beside him, and he replied in the negative. "I am Garibaldi," said the other. And so it was, fresh from the affair at Rome, then arriving, for the first time, in America.

On reaching the hotel, the landlord could offer them but one room, the house being full, "But no doubt, gentlemen," said he, "you'll be happy to share it together."

So they might; but it would hardly have done for Garibaldi, the revolter, and the Sardinian minister to have been hand and glove together; therefore, the landlord at last found

a second apartment. Nevertheless, for the three following days they were inseparable, and saw everything together in that great city, where they were as yet unknown. Garibaldi has not forgotten that pleasant time any more than the marquis, to whom he sent a message, some time since, through his mother, whom he met at an Italian bath.

Last summer, too, he had his travelling adventures in Norway with Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent of Italy. The prince, who is not more than seventeen, has immense animal spirits and love of adventure. They travelled through the country in four carriages, and, whether wet or dry, saw everything that the prince had a fancy to see. His capacity for travelling was almost greater than that of the marquis, for, on their passage from Norway to Gothenburg, when the marquis was lying on deck very squeamish and out of order, and the captain himself had disappeared, the prince was desperately impatient for his breakfast, and, to the surprise of every one, devoured a dish of beefsteaks with just as good a relish as if he had been on land.

During the last month, the ambassador has

been much engrossed in procuring capercailies for Victor Emmanuel, who wished to introduce them into the Italian mountains. These birds are not unusual in the markets, where they sell for about four riksdalers each; but, for the king's purpose, they must be alive. Thanks, however, to his brother monarch of Sweden, it has been accomplished; and the marquis is no little pleased to have sent off the number which Victor Emmanuel required for stocking the mountains, though at a great cost each.

But we must leave these extraneous subjects, for hark! there is a clashing of arms outside, as of soldiers saluting some high arrival! The band of little soldiers, in blue uniforms and small helmets, in the marble gallery high above the entrance door, suddenly become on the *qui vive*. Every countenance glows with expectation; but only a bevy of ladies in full dress enter one of the galleries, and take the places reserved for them. Nevertheless, royalty is at hand.

Now enters, from a side door near the throne, a file of human wasps; the grandest, biggest wasps ever seen. It is the king's body-guard in black and gold; the costume, that of the time of Charles XII., revived by the present king.

Two and two they advance along the centre aisle, twenty-four in number. Then follow six pages daintily attired in their soft, glossy satin, looking very much as if they might be used as pincushions; and after them, six other youths in magnificent dresses. Heralds follow two and two, whom I could easily have mistaken for court-fools, so wonderfully were they clad, in gold-bespangled black velvet tunics reaching to the knee, and black velvet caps, from which tower half a dozen black and white ostrich feathers, standing as bolt upright as if they were stiffened with wire, or pride. This cortége lines the middle aisle on either side to about the centre of the hall. The chamber of peasants next appear, dressed in their ordinary modern garments, with the exception of one man, who wears his homely white sheepskin, and take their seats on the raised benches below us. We recognize Mr. Svensén amongst them. They are followed by the chamber of citizens and the clergy, who completely occupy our side. Soon, also, the nobles, in their blue and gold uniforms and rich court-dresses, fill the side benches near the throne. Courtiers in gorgeous attire appear behind the silver chair, music

floats forth from the gallery, the vast assembly rises *en masse*, and a stately figure in crimson velvet, glittering with gold, ascends the throne. His long, costly train carefully arranged over the back of the chair, forms a rich crimson background; on his head glitters, sparkles a bejewelled crown; splendid insignia beam forth as they repose on the pure ermine mantle which envelopes the shoulders. A golden sceptre is swayed in the delicately white-gloved right hand. It is all so brilliantly magnificent, that it is difficult for the mind to admit the idea, that the centre of all this pomp and glory should be a human soul, weak and naked in itself, yet yearning after the imperishable glory of a still higher life. Yet so it is; and he who sits there in all his supremacy of outward splendour, has spoken from the depths of his own heart:—

"Though earthly fires may call forth my devotion,
Yet I forget not Heaven's pure flame within.
Amidst the ashes still a spark surviveth,
Which ever yearneth heavenward, ever striveth
To be with God, who is my home."

On the king's right hand sits Prince Oscar, gorgeous in coronet, ermine, blue velvet and

gold. Both are remarkably handsome men. The royal ladies sit in the gallery to their left. The Diplomatic corps in that on the right. On the silk-covered seats before them, grand bits of poor humanity in flowing ermine, dazzling with jewels, and with tall ostrich feathers waving erect in the air. What a picture of mediæval pageantry it is, more dazzling with jewels than any old painting with gold back-ground of the middle ages. The dull day throws a certain dreamlike character over the whole, to which the opening music gives still deeper effect.

Miss Bremer said that it reminded her of a spectacle which made a lasting impression upon her. It was, when, after the coronation of the late king Oscar, his three handsome boys, in their coronets and crimson velvet mantles, rendered their homage, kissing his hand in acknowledgment of his sovereignty; the most touching incident of which, however, was that the good Prince Gustaf knelt before his father, and the king, acknowledging the act, laid his hand on the young filial head as if invoking a blessing.

It certainly is well now and then to witness human pageantry, for thereby one is able, as it

were, to realize the higher grandeur of the other life, of which this, in its proudest endeavours, is but a type.

The land-marshal, president of the chamber of lords, reads the address of the nobles. He stood in his blue uniform before the throne, and reminded me of a naval English officer. He sits thus attired in the Diet, and, being a very important individual, has a court carriage devoted to him, in which he drives about, with an attendant behind looking very military, in green uniform and a cocked hat, with a falling plume of green and white ostrich feathers.

The Lord Earl Marshal Gyllenstolpe, one of the most sumptuously bedecked individuals before the throne, rose from his seat, made a low reverence, and then struck on the ground with his gold-headed staff for the next speaker to advance.

The archbishop, as the representative of the clergy, next came forward in his long black robe glittering with orders, read his address, bowed before the throne, being succeeded by the speakers of the other chambers, all simply attired.

This being done, the king delivered his

speech, in a remarkably clear and strong voice, every subject, from Prince Oscar downwards, standing, the king alone seated.

He condoled with his royal neighbour, Frederick of Denmark; and the speech altogether was reckoned satisfactory.

Melodious music again floats dreamily through the hall. The court grandees bow before the king and disappear. The land-marshal, the archbishop, the speakers of the lower chambers, advance and kiss the monarch's now ungloved hand. Every nobleman passes before the throne, and bows low in so doing. Many of them, however, having brought their great-coats, on account of the damp morning, are obliged to leave them behind. We will hope that each may find his own afterwards.

Prince Oscar rises, his train is lifted by pages, he bows gravely before the king and passes out. Now the king himself rises, and turning round good-naturedly, as if he greatly enjoyed it, or was glad it was over, bowed to the Diplomatic corps, who respectfully returned his salutation; after which, he passed out, his splendid and somewhat grotesque retinue following.

One thing only I regretted, and it astonished me at the same time in this liberal Sweden; namely, that the citizens and peasants did not also pass in order before the monarch.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SILENT SCHOOL.

DECEMBER 13TH.—This morning, whilst I was busy reading in my own room, the door suddenly opened, and in came Fru Knutsson, plumped herself down on the sofa, and, without a word of preamble, began:—

"It took *Mees* a long time to come by train from *Mees's* fatherland."

"Fru Knutsson means from Gothenburg," returned I, rather surprised.

"No; from England, by train, I mean!"

"That would be impossible," said I. "Fru Knutsson forgets the sea which lies between England and Sweden."

"*Jaså!*" with an immense emphasis on *så*. "Herman and Fritz know about such things; they have great understandings! Not but that I am acquainted with the water, seeing

I have twice been to Copenhagen and back; I took the restauration-department on the packet. There! that I did."

And with this Fru Knutsson suddenly made her exit.

The "poor, young grosshandlare" has departed, and there would be a very agreeable lull in the house had he not bequeathed his concertina to his young admirers, Herman and Fritz, who, whenever at leisure, struggle away to produce the grosshandlare's everlasting ditty; managing the first bars, then come to utter confusion, but with indefatigable perseverance, worthy of a nobler object, recommence with the same inevitable result.

They are now eagerly counting the hours to the Christmas holidays, when they will have a short cessation from their daily studies at the large parish school of Clara, whence they bring each week a little book to be filled in, as regards their home conduct, by their mother. I suppose this is the usual plan, as I have heard of a father, a great economist of time as well as ink, who filled up his child's conduct-report for the entire coming month, saying, "that one

dip of ink would do, and that it came to the same thing in the end."

You ask about poor Marie, on Mosebacke. Hulda went to see her the other day, and found her worse. She remained with her, therefore, as a sister of mercy, through the night, towards the close of which she peacefully passed away. The good physician and his family were indefatigable in their kindness, not only to the poor dying woman, but also to our dear Hulda during her sorrowful watch.

Tante Fredrika arranged and paid for the funeral, and would herself have attended it, I accompanying her, had not the wild, winterly weather made it dangerous, especially as the interment took place in a remote churchyard in Södermalm, but she has sent a wreath for the grave, and will shortly have a cross erected upon it.

Miss Bremer acts very much in the spirit of the following anecdote, which she related to me the other day :—

A young widow came to Stockholm with barely sufficient money for her journey, in order to seek some means of livelihood there. On

arrival, however, she suddenly fell ill at the inn, and was thus placed in the saddest circumstances of want and inability to work.

Next door to the inn lived an old lady of seventy who, hearing of the sick young woman's unhappy condition, had her immediately removed to her own dwelling, where she nursed her with all imaginable care till she was quite recovered. When the convalescent patient poured forth her gratitude, the old lady refused her remarks, saying :—

"At my age I ought to esteem myself fortunate if I can be of use to anybody!"

Perpetual acts of kindness flow forth silently from Miss Bremer.

Hulda tells me of a gentleman who formerly read aloud to her, and who, possessing great talent for study, had yet no means to devote himself to it. Miss Bremer, however, knowing his circumstances and his ability, provided the means, allowing him the hope of sometime repaying her, thus to decrease the sense of his obligation. He is now successfully studying in one of the Swedish universities.

To-day (Sunday), Miss Bremer took me,

after service, to see the little Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Silent School, as she has named it, in Gråbergsgatan, a remote rural street, amongst the old windmills, with near-lying rocks, woods, and moorland country.

It was one o'clock when we started, the air clear, frosty, and sunshiny. We carried with us a large parcel of knitted stockings which had been sent, I fancy, from Fröken Esselde, as a present to the institution.

There is in the Djurgård, near the shores of the Baltic, an immense institution for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, called Manilla. Although it is quite a colony, yet so great, unfortunately, is the prevalence of the deaf and dumb in Sweden, that there are many who must remain neglected because there is no room for them in the asylum.

It is for some of these, and for other little pupils similarly afflicted, that the noble-hearted Jeanette Berglind, a poor cripple, born with deficient hearing herself, opened the minor nstitution to which we are now bound.

As we walked along Miss Bremer told me her history, in order that I might fully appreciate her when I saw her. I had also

read an interesting memoir of her written by Fröken Esselde, and as her narrative gives the substance of Miss Bremer's, I will take the liberty of repeating, in some degree, her words:—

Mamsell Berglind was an orphan, and being poor was obliged to work for her living. An insatiable desire, however, to help the deaf and dumb had always been strong within her, and she herself having in her early life been brought up at Manilla, had seen how inadequate was even that great institution to meet the needs of this unfortunate class. Besides, she longed to try the experiment of children being placed rather in a *home* than in a large educational factory. But she was so poor, that year after year went on without affording her the least chance of realizing the day-dream. Spite of this she never lost hope, strengthening herself with the thought, "God will help me."

She returned to Manilla, worked there altogether for fifteen years, with the never-abated desire of carrying out her scheme. In the mean time, a little property, four hundred riksdalers, scarcely more than twenty pounds, came to her, and in order to become mistress

of this inheritance, she demanded her majority, which, after a great opposition from her family, she obtained.

She lost no time in commencing her long-cherished plan, but having no means beyond her own, it seemed like madness to her friends, for what could four hundred riksdalers effect in such an undertaking? "God will help!" she still said, and confidently hired a small house in Norrmalm. Her money was all expended in furniture and school-materials, but nothing daunted, she announced that deaf and dumb children were taken in to board, the terms being moderate.

Various friends and relations of deaf and dumb children visited the school, but none, in spite of the warm testimonial she produced from the head of the Manilla asylum, were willing to make the first attempt. Again she was assailed by entreaties to give up her wild scheme rather than plunge herself in inextricable difficulties. It was all in vain. She knew that the school was needed, and felt positive that in the end it would succeed. Paying scholars, however, failing, she went out into the highways and hedges, and gathered together such numbers

that the dwelling became too small to hold them, besides which, the situation in the town was disadvantageous. She removed, therefore, with her children to her present domicile in the autumn of 1861. Here the most advantageous results followed; the poor, puny children throve wonderfully; they grew not only rosy and active under the motherly care of their protectress, but under the skilful instruction of an assistant, who gave his services for his board and lodging, were so eager to learn, and developed so much talent and general intelligence as would have been astonishing even amongst the more fortunate children of the higher classes.

A second deaf and dumb teacher was engaged, who willingly devoted himself, in the still struggling state of the school, on the same terms as the first, besides a young female assistant who had faithfully stood by Mamsell Berglind from the beginning, without the slightest remuneration. A young deaf and dumb girl from Manilla, who acted as servant, completed the interesting little establishment.

Thus the school was set a-going in the new home, with the full approbation of the superintendent of Manilla, who pronounced it to be

precisely the preparatory institution which had long been needed.

It was, here, therefore, that we were now going.

Turning into a country by-road, just at the outskirts of the town, we soon reached a gate in a wooden fence, over which was painted, LOVISABERG, such being the appellation of the Deaf and Dumb School, and so called from the Queen, who is not only friendly to it, but who has placed a child there.

The house, standing on a little lawn, with farm buildings on one side, is built of wood, and painted red. The front door stood wide open, and led into a passage or lobby, the walls of which were painted to represent the trees and shrubs of a conservatory, with surrounding landscape. We opened the door of one of the rooms, for Miss Bremer is evidently well acquainted with the topography of the house, and found ourselves in a warm, sunny school-room, looking into a wide field, which had probably grown potatoes, and to a pleasant country beyond. The cloth was laid for the dinner of about twelve children who were assembled there. They made many peculiar articulations of plea-

sure, whereupon poor, deformed Mamsell Berglind appeared from the inner room, her face radiant with joy and kindly benevolence. She seemed to me to have a halo of goodness around her.

After a very cordial welcome, she and Miss Bremer retired to the adjoining room which she had left, her sitting and bed-room combined, I preferring to remain with the young teacher, the only assistant at this moment, and whom I knew to be kind-hearted, and warmly interested in the school. Born dumb, he has now, in a measure, acquired the use of speech. He talks somewhat indistinctly, it is true, but still marvellously well for one in his condition, and we were quite able to carry on a conversation.

The ability displayed by this young man reminds me of a deaf person whom I have seen in Stockholm. Although stone-deaf, he is able to converse with any one, in their usual tone of voice, simply by watching the movement of their lips.

The young teacher assisted me in amusing the children; indeed, I should have managed very indifferently without him. I had brought with me some of Hulda's cuttings as a little present,

and these gave infinite delight. They cackled and clapped their arms for wings as they saw one group, that of an old woman feeding poultry.

We had also brought a number of little coloured picture-cards, which have been adopted here, together with many translations of English tracts, by the Swedish Tract Society, none being more popular than those of the Rev. Newman Hall.

The cards were distributed amongst the children, two boys, and the rest girls, all boarders, the day-pupils not attending on Sundays. It seemed a perfect insult to the children to call them deaf and dumb, for every action and movement spoke. I watched them conversing with each other on the various subjects of the little picture-cards.

Miss Bremer now reappeared, and, asking for a few empty plates, poured out from her wonderful bag a quantity of Danske karameller and gingerbread nuts, with which childish delights she is supplied by an old woman at the end of Drottninggatan. On this, there was a very natural outburst of joy, which the children knew no better way of expressing than by spontaneously shaking hands.

It was, altogether, one of the happiest scenes I ever witnessed, and one of the most interesting. I shall anticipate going there again with much pleasure.

Mamsell Berglind gives her present teacher an excellent character for his unswerving goodness and patience; as a proof of which, she says, he is never tired of telling the children long stories on his fingers.

On our way home I learned that this school was in great distress during the last winter, which so troubled Miss Bremer, that she addressed a letter to the "Talking Children of Sweden on behalf of the Silent School."

The answer was money, sent by children from the length and breadth of Sweden, an answer which entirely removed the difficulties under which it was then struggling. May the school go on and prosper!

I have since learned that the Diet has made a grant, for three years, to the Silent School.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SWEDISH ACADEMY.

DECEMBER 21ST.—The shortest day; yet not so short as I should have expected. It is now, however, becoming dusk, and I shall light my candle outwardly to enlighten me whilst I write of the eighteen great literary luminaries of the land.

Yesterday, the 20th, was the annual commemoration day of the Swedish Academy, which consists of eighteen members.

This Institution, founded by the literary monarch Gustavus III., in 1786, has ever had for its aim the improvement both of literature and language, and the preservation of the memory of the great departed. Whilst doing much good, it has, like many other academies, adhered to old systems, and consequently been felt as a clog by young and ardent genius. Now,

however, the Academy, the members of which are chosen from the most distinguished writers, is, according to many opinions, becoming less conservative, and more willing to walk hand in hand with the young aspirants of the present time.

The annual meeting of the Academy is always an important and interesting occasion, and Miss Bremer was desirous that Hulda and myself should both be present. She wrote, therefore, to her friend Baron von Beskow, the secretary, requesting tickets, and immediately received from him the number which she desired. This was on Friday. On Saturday morning, at breakfast, two were given to Hulda, for herself and her sister, which was a great delight to her, as she had never seen anything of the kind. Hulda, who at this moment is working extremely hard at the School of Design, set off, without particularly regarding the date of the festival, and painted and drew with double application; came home, dressed herself, and set off to her sister's, and then only discovered that she had been needlessly exerting herself, for that the great event would not take place till the morrow.

The following evening, I being befittingly attired, Sara appeared at my door at half-past five to attend me to Professor Nilsson's, for I was to have the pleasure of going with them. Immediately I had on my warm, wadded black silk hood and other wraps, and we were walking up Master Samuel Street, when we met a tall, somewhat masculine woman of the lower class, with a black silk kerchief over her head.

Sara, at once, all excitement, directed my attention to her; and no sooner had she passed than her history was poured into my ears. She was Jungfru Arberg, once a servant, now in a state of comfortable independence through her wonderful skill in the removal of warts and other cutaneous growths. Throngs of people go to her for advice, for though she is by no means particular about not causing pain, she mostly produces a cure. Rough and ready is her system; and even medical men send their patients to her, saying, "we can do nothing for you, you had better therefore go to Jungfru Arberg."

"But, continued Sara, "she is neither stuck up nor miserly with her money! she gives a good deal away, and there's no end of poor

folks that come on fixed days to dine with her."

I found Ida Nilsson and her agreeable aunt, who resides with them, ready dressed, waiting for me, and the moment afterwards, being joined by Professor Nilsson, we started for the city.

The light of the full moon lit up the hard, well-worn expanse of snow on Gustaf Adolf's Torg, and glittered on the quiet expanse of the Mälar. Crowds of people were out and thronged the well-lighted Norrbro, the lamps casting a red light through the silvery moonlight, whilst the merry sledges sped along with their joyous little bells. It was fascinating, and I felt sorry when we had reached the Exchange, a large building in the heart of the city, though not far from the Palace.

Here, in an upper hall used for the grand New Year's ball and other festivities, the meeting of the Swedish Academy was, as usual, to take place. A row of soldiers lined each side of the entrance and hedged out an actual crowd.

On reaching an ante-room we doffed our cloaks, the Professor urging us to speed, as we were already late. He himself, now freed from

his large fur cloak, stood forth, splendid, with an order suspended from his neck, and two large crosses on his breast, the one conferred on him by the King of Denmark, the other a Swedish order. It was proper that he who takes so high a rank throughout Europe for his ethnological researches should be there.

Under so worthy an escort we proceeded to a second saloon, where such illustrious members as would be present were already assembled. All were in court dress, with their many orders. The one who struck me most was Baron von Beskow, secretary of the Academy, a worthy compeer of Geijer, the celebrated poet and historian, a native of the iron districts of Vermland. Tegnér, the author of the noble "Frithiof's Saga," and the "Children of the Lord's Supper," known to English readers by Longfellow's admirable translation, was also from Vermland.

These men, with Ling and Franzén, were in Sweden at about the same period that which Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Southey were in England; men vigorous in the originality and strength of nature, and hating everything false and artificial. Such also

was Wallin, the sweet psalmist of the north, who gave to Sweden hymns worthy of her people.

No author at the present time stands higher than Bernhard von Beskow, not merely on account of the diversity of subjects treated by him, but for his generous, justice-loving spirit. From 1834, when on the demise of Franzén he was appointed secretary of the Academy, of which he had already been a member for ten years, until the present time, he has laboured for the Academy and for the advancement of literature with a degree of zeal evinced by no previous secretary.

In accordance with the aim of the Academy to preserve the memory of deceased great men, he has written a number of masterly biographies, which are remarkable for their broad, appreciative spirit, and for the justice done by him to many a character which had been previously disregarded or misunderstood. His dramas alone would have made him a reputation. The late King Oscar, who knew Baron von Beskow intimately, from his having acted as his secretary whilst he was Crown Prince, set his drama of "The Troubadour" to music.

His travels are interesting from their eloquent style and the number of remarkable characters with whom he came in contact. In his youth he is said to have shown talents equally for music, painting, and literature, so that it was difficult to say to which he might ultimately devote himself. The king ennobled his family on account of his literary merits, at the same time he is Court Marshal and Commander of the Order of the North Star.

After Professor Nilsson had introduced us to this distinguished man, we passed on into the great saloon, which is large and brilliant with mirrors, white paint, and gilding, and now looked dazzling from the crowd of ladies in handsome evening dresses, and gentlemen in uniform or court dress, adorned with their orders. Spite of the hall being full and we somewhat late, we fortunately obtained seats near the Royal Gallery, which was slightly raised above the audience, and to me best of all close to my beloved Ingeborg, who was accompanied by her friends. We could not do more than greet in passing, for almost immediately the literary luminaries entered and proceeded solemnly to the long, narrow table, covered with blue,

which ran down the centre of the hall, and on which stood ranged, two and two, eighteen massive silver candlesticks, with candles burning in all, each one before a chair covered with light blue silk and with gilt arms. The candles represent eighteen distinguished literary men of Sweden, I will not say *the* eighteen, because I feel it somewhat invidious, when there are so many literary men thus unrepresented here. At the time of the institution of the Academy probably eighteen might comprise all who deserved this distinction, but it is not so now. I will, however, leave that part of the subject, and looking on at this interesting assembly proceed with my description.

The chairs stand, as I said, one before each candle; chair and candle alike represent the man; there can be no confusion, each chair belongs to its individual, and remains so as long as he lives. It goes down in its line of succession as scrupulously as if it were a throne. The eighteenth chair is now occupied by the celebrated preacher and social reformer, Thomander, who, besides his theological writings, has translated Shakespear and Voltaire, with other incongruous writers. To him it descended

from Professor Ling, of whom I shall have something to say hereafter, and whose daughter I recognised amongst the company.

I ought already to have mentioned that the Queen Dowager, looking very young, adorned with diamonds and enveloped in a magnificent white lace shawl, entered together with the King, Queen, and Prince Oscar, and had taken their places attended by their suites, previously to the procession of the literary luminaries. Their presence especially harmonized with the spirit of the festival, although no public celebration in Stockholm is complete without them, so fully do they identify themselves with the pleasures and interests of their people.

The whole number, however, of the members was unfortunately not present, nor were the annals of the past year, according to Baron von Beskow, by any means remarkable.

Strandberg, the president of the Academy for the year, a patriotic, liberty-loving poet, and translator of Byron, read a poetical narrative sent by Fahlcrantz, the witty bishop, about the Rhine, in which the Drachenfels and other characteristic features figured.

These annual festivals are intended also to ho-

nour some departed great man whose name and bust are given on the medal of the year. It was on this occasion Carl Gustaf Tessin, born 1695, the celebrated son and grandson of two architects; Nicodemus, his father, having commenced the building of the palace which was completed under the son's superintendence. Carl Gustaf was also employed in diplomatic service, and was much connected with the court; he was the governor of Gustavus III. when a boy. He died in 1770, and with him the name of Tessin became extinct in Sweden. It still, however, lives in the buildings and other works of three distinguished men of three generations. The Carl Johan prize was bestowed on the useful author and clergyman Wieselgren, in lieu of a vacant chair. To none of the competition papers sent in were prizes awarded. It was a satisfaction, however, to learn from the president's address that literary persons in destitute circumstances are relieved by an especial parliamentary grant, for which the academy now expressed itself grateful. At about eight o'clock the entertainment was ended, and I returned with the Nilssons to supper.

Herman has just come in, bringing a cool, fresh influx of air. His face is crimson from his exercise in the snow. He has now the felicity of relinquishing the school studies for his quick sliding sledge, which is kept in constant use in the square. He acts, however, as my little page, and now rushes in for my letter, which he is to drop into one of the innumerable black letter-boxes in general use here, as there is but one regular post-office, and that in the city. He is impatient, but I still have something more to add.

At two o'clock, Sara fetched me upstairs in great haste, because Baron von Beskow had called, and I was wanted.

I speedily obeyed, and found the Baron even more courteous than on the preceding evening. He was the bearer of two silver medals, one of which he presented to Miss Bremer, the other to me, to be forwarded to my mother in recognition of the good services which she had done by introducing Miss Bremer's works to the English nation.

He has also promised to send me some of his memoirs.

He called our attention with some degree of

pride to his handsome gold-headed walking stick, which had been a present from Queen Desideria's predecessor, Queen Hedvig Elizabeth, to Bishop Wallin, who bequeathed it to him.

Miss Bremer, as a woman, cannot become a member of the academy, though she has long been one of the literary luminaries of the land; she however, in 1831, received from the academy a gold medal, and again, in 1844, the highest prize which it can confer. Had women been considered worthy of membership from the beginning, the witty Fru Lenngren would certainly have occupied a chair, for none deserved it better, none ever painted the life of Sweden, with all its peculiar foibles and virtues, more faithfully than she, with a wit and humour which will never lose their point or cease to charm. She in the last generation, and Miss Bremer in the present, are the two cleverest female writers that Sweden has known. Had Fru Lenngren, therefore, occupied a chair in the academy, Miss Bremer would have been her worthy successor.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS DOINGS.

Dec. 23rd.—There has been great consultation upstairs as to the share which Miss Bremer will take in a certain Christmas dinner, which good Miss Vennberg is preparing for a number of indigent ladies, and at which we young people are to be present. In the first place, however, let me tell you somewhat about these ladies.

One evening at the beginning of the month, I found upstairs a comfortable elderly lady dressed in purple and black silk, and a black lace shawl, seated in my particular easy-chair, and good, merry Miss Vennberg in another. I was glad to see them, for I knew the beautiful purpose of their visit.

The stranger was the Countess Schwerin, a friend of Miss Bremer's, who has lately given the upper floor of a large two-storeyed house

as an asylum for *pauvres honteuses*. Poor, struggling, semi-gentility, which cannot work and to beg is ashamed. Both Miss Bremer and Miss Vennberg are much pleased with the scheme. The former has long desired that there should be a home in Stockholm similar to the Belgian Béguinage, where poor ladies who have neither tastes nor the peculiar qualifications for Protestant deaconesses, nor yet for the teaching of children, might each live in her own little room, work, read, say her prayers, and enjoy a quiet life before being called hence. She thus desires that solitary atoms of humanity may be brought into pleasant proximity, and lose their sorrowful sense of uncared-for desolation. How warmly, therefore, she has received the idea of this little home in Lundtmakare Gatan may be imagined.

Miss Vennberg, too, is greatly pleased, for, she says, if one asylum be needed more than another it is for this class. Spite, therefore, of her having scores of sick, maimed, naked, hungry mortals already dependent upon her, she will become an active co-operator in this new good work.

She says, "thank you," when a favour is

asked from her, and is always glad to be helpful in doing good.

The wonder is, how with all this incessant, absorbing occupation, she yet can accept so many invitations to evening parties, for she goes everywhere, and is at the same time a most attentive relative to a large circle of kinsfolk. She is always doing. As she goes on her way on some errand of mercy, she turns into one shop and buys an amusing book for some poor melancholy soul, and into another for a few yards of trimming, which somebody else is at their wits'-end to obtain.

One day Hulda and I went to her on some little business, and found her putting on her best bonnet. "I am just going to the Queen," she said. "But don't be in a hurry. Sit down, darlings! Oh, it is Miss Bremer, who wants me. I will take her house on my way."

That which pleases me so greatly in this excellent woman, is her broad sympathy; a sympathy which embraces all. It is not requisite that a person should stand before her in rags, with an empty cupboard, and a group of starving children to call forth her sympathy. She knows and feels the concealed suffering and the

untold sorrow, and does not wait to be appealed to with sighs and tears.

When out at her frequent evening parties, handsomely dressed, and looking as bright and happy as the gayest, she tells such amusing, warm-hearted stories, that she is sure to leave with a warm woollen shawl for some old woman, troubled with rheumatism, or she has, in the easiest, merriest way possible, provided for life for some orphan child.

I sit on the sofa, knitting, and listen to the conversation that goes on, and thus I learn that the little asylum for the *pauvres honteuses* consists of ten rooms, each of which has already its occupant, although only just opened. The tenants are to pay twenty-five riksdalers a year for the best rooms, that is to say, if they are able. One little trouble, however, seems to be that these apartments being *en suite*, after the fashion of house-building here, cannot afford the same privacy as if each were self-contained; still, by means of screens and partitions, and the bringing together, as much as possible, congenial elements, the Countess hopes that this disadvantage may be lessened, if not obviated.

The inmates are of various grades, beginning

with a decayed Countess. I only hope all the dear, good souls may live together without bickering and heart-burning.

The Countess Schwerin and various other ladies will do all in their power to make the whole work together smoothly. Two philanthropic gentlemen, Carlsson and Arfvidsson, have also joined in the Direction.

This excellent Countess Schwerin, the mother of ten children, is, after all, not one of the wealthiest of the nobility; at all events, she has had her experiences in economy and management. She told us, for instance, how, during two severe winters she had to buy large barrels of dried peas, meal, &c., for the use of the suffering peasants on her estate, and how by this means, and by opening a market for the disposal of their weaving, she contrived to keep hunger and misery from their midst.

Dec. 26th.—I sit down quietly for an hour to put down on paper a few of the pleasant incidents which have already occurred. In the first place, let me, however, remark that the true Christmas time of rejoicing does not end

in Sweden, as with us busy English, on Twelfth Day. People here will dance and sing, and make merry till the twentieth day. Nor does this northern winter freeze up nor even chill people's energies; on the contrary, it seems greatly to increase them.

For the last three weeks certainly, Stockholm has been in a perfect scramble. Girls have sat up half the night preparing their *Julklappar*, (pronounced yule,) Christmas gifts. Fathers and mothers have been drawing the paper riksdalers out of their pocket-books from morning till night for presents for household servants and poor dependents, or to prepare for Christmas doings. If you beg of the laundress to get you up some extra trifle, her reply is; "Ah, Mamsell, I'm up to my ears in work! I would oblige Mamsell, but I must work night and day as it is!" The same with the dressmaker: "Ah, Mamsell! I'm working my fingers off! I would oblige Mamsell, but everybody wants something new at Christmas."

We, too, were in a regular hurry; not good Tante Fredrika, though; she remained calm and collected, and kept all her little secrets to

herself—but Hulda, Sara, and I. For instance, Hulda, who is the universal genius of the house, had to make a beautiful new dress for Miss Bremer, a Christmas present from Mrs. Fredrika L——, the making of which was to be Hulda's present; yet not a syllable was to be said about it; the measure was to be stolen from another dress, and the fitting on done by the eye, and all in secret, a few stitches at a time, the School of Design giving but short holidays, and dear, innocent Tante Fredrika asking of Hulda incessantly to help her in endless little Christmas kindnesses. Sara, too, had her secrets, and was all busy activity. Like most other Swedes, the cold weather enchants her. Instead of frost and snow turning Stockholm into a desert, the streets are thronged with carriages and foot-passengers, enjoying the brisk, invigorating air, and with a warm circulation of Christmas good-will animating their whole being.

In the afternoon of the 24th, preparatory to Christmas Eve, Sara was dispatched on one of her many excursions into the market to buy us the prettiest tree on its wooden stand, which she could find. The ground and the house-

tops lay deep in snow, and many of the market-women sat in tubs, set on end, with an opening in the side and a seat within; each a female Diogenes, tolerably warm and snug. The whole was a perfect throng, for on this particular day every gap in the market was filled with fir-trees and stalls of toys, gingerbread, and all kinds of sweetmeats.

As soon as dinner was over, Miss Bremer asked us to assist her in decorating the tree, for she expected company that evening. We tied on the candles, the gingerbread and sugar-plums, and placed round the tree some superb apples, choice specimens,—German, Swedish, Danish, and English, amongst the latter a "Ripston Pippin," for all were carefully wrapped in white paper and labelled, they being a present from Magister Eneroth, a great horticulturist and well-known writer,—a sort of Swedish Sir Joseph Paxton,—who was also expected in the evening.

The first event in the celebration of Christmas Eve was our visit to the Christmas fair on the Great Square in the city near the Exchange, in order that I might have an idea of the out-door Christmas Eve.

We set out at six o'clock; the streets were brilliant from the lights in all the house-windows, for people never dream of shutters here. Prince Oscar's palace looked ablaze within, where preparations were going on for the amusement of the three little princes and their young friends, who were to have the delight, not of *one* Christmas-tree, but a whole grove, arranged round a splendid apartment.

Sledges were speeding over the snow, now ground to fine grey powder. Men, women, and children were out; some carrying parcels, some gingerbread, others empty-handed. There was such a crowd in the city that we could hardly pass along the narrow thoroughfare.

The moon shone pleasantly on the quaint old houses of the Great Square, and on the rows of booths lighted by their tallow candles, filled with all the coarsely-made, unsatisfactory gim-cracks and trumpery, common to fairs. Yet poor folks were pressing between the narrow rows and buying little presents for their small Chrismas-trees and Christmas rejoicings.

A pleasanter sight was this than that which was witnessed in this very square in the winter time of 1520, that awful massacre, the Bath of Blood,

as it is called in Swedish history, by which the *un-christian* Christian II. signalized his coronation.

That sweet young girl, too, buying a little picture of Jenny Lind, might sit for the lovely Karin Månsdotter, the "Lilla Karin" of Swedish history, the poor, motherless, peasant girl from far northern Medelpad, who sold nuts bashfully in this very square, according to the charming historical romance, published under the pseudonym of "Wilhelmina," until Fröken Elizabeth, the youngest and most loveable daughter of Gustavus Vasa, hearing her touching story, sent for her that she might see her and learn it from her own lips. When Jungfru Gunilla, the Fröken's lady, therefore, mounted on her richly-caparisoned palfrey, dressed in her closely-fitting red silk habit, her hat of white satin, and a ruffle of rich lace, and attended by her woman and two grooms, rode across this square to do the bidding of the princess, what a wonder there was in the market, and how the people afterwards thronged round the girl to learn what the Jungfru Gunilla had to say to her from the king's sister.

How much greater still became the amazement even of the whole nation, yet how well content at the same time, when Karin, the *protégé* of Elizabeth, carefully educated at court, finally became the wife of the melancholy, highly-gifted, but most unfortunate King Erik, once the persistent lover of our Queen Elizabeth, and the aspirant also to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots.

Karin Månsdotter, though raised to the throne, never forgot her peasant origin, and ever remained, through little weal and much woe, the guardian angel, the consoler, the pacifying light-giver of the beclouded, frenzied king.

The poem of Lilla Karin, written by the king to his truly better-half, and which he sung so continually to his lute, remains to be one of the most favourite popular songs in the Swedish language. It opens thus :—

Blest is he whose path embraces
  No dizzy cliffs, but valleys low;
Oft slips his foot who on high places
  Is doomed to travel to and fro.
Let each man follow his own will,
I love my simple maiden still.

To return to the Christmas Eve. We has-

tened back without loading ourselves with purchases, and Hulda, on reaching home, before taking off her things, carried joyfully to Miss Vennberg a wonderful little old woman, a regular Stockholm madam, who held in one hand an amusing little speech written by Miss Bremer, and which she was supposed to utter, whilst presenting a handsome silver fork, engraved with the initials L. V., a Christmas present from Miss Bremer to her friend. This fork will certainly never share the fate to which various of good Miss Vennberg's plate is subjected, that of doing duty for her at the *Assistans*, otherwise pawnbroker's, when some urgent need demands help and she has no money herself, and the hearts of the rich happen to be hard. But good Miss Vennberg was gone to spend the evening with her brother, a married officer at Carlberg. The old woman, therefore, was placed in her bedroom to await her return.

At about a quarter-past seven Miss Bremer's guests arrived, Magister Eneroth, Hulda, and myself being the first arrivals. We sat in our best in the drawing-room, and were regaled with dainty bon-bons, an indispensable part of

the Christmas fare, with which a handsome dish standing in the middle of the table was filled.

Magister Eneroth interested me much on the subject of Swedish plants and flowers. He has been also in England, and is acquainted with English literature.

"In England," he said, "you hold the holly in great esteem, and decorate not only your houses but your churches with it. A few years since, an interesting young Scotch lady wished me a merry Christmas and a happy new year, by a very pretty card surrounded with holly, and enclosing a robin-redbreast. Such cards are not known here any more than holly and misletoe. Fir-trees and candles are our modes of decoration."

The holly, I find, however, grows in the south of Sweden, but it is not met with here except in conservatories, with laurels and bays. It is not merely the severity of the climate which excludes these southern shrubs from out-door growth here, but that their branches are incapable of sustaining the great weight of snow which falls. We have seen the effect of this even in England on extraordinary occa-

sions, when the fragile branches of the arbutus and other evergreens have broken under a sudden snow-fall.

It seems singular to me that here, where firewood is cheap and the modes of heating apartments easy, hot-houses are not more general, for in them even tropical plants might be cultivated, to say nothing of camelias and azalias, which latter owe their name to the Swede, Adam Afzelius.

Scarcely had Hulda lighted the tree before the company arrived; first Mamsell Flora, the adopted daughter of the lady of the upper storey, Hulda's landlady, the inhabitant of the carpeted, sofaed, and cushioned room into which I unwittingly entered. This young mamsell came in a blue flounced frock, and her hair fashionably dressed.

Shortly afterwards appeared Herman and Fritz from my region below, attired in their sunday frock-coats, made I suspect from ancient heir-loom cloth, yet in excellent preservation. Bowing profoundly, they advanced into the room. Herman carrying a beautiful white primula, the pot concealed by elaborately-cut paper, stepped forward and presented

it to Miss Bremer; Fritz afterwards, with another bow, begging me to accept a similar one.

Cakes and bon-bons were cut from the tree and distributed, crackers were let off, and the more youthful generation regaled with all kinds of good things. The two boys, who had previously sent up a message requesting permission to add to the evening's entertainment by singing, were now most politely requested to do so, and they, standing side by side, after a little hesitation, blushing, and humming the tune, dashed off into Björneborgarne's March, the spirit-stirring words by the Finnish poet, Runeberg, in which we were conscious of trumpets blowing, drums beating, and all kinds of martial exuberation.

And now, each with a lighted candle in his hand and their arms filled with presents, the two boys bow themselves out, and Mamsell Flora curtseys herself, her candle, and her presents through the door, and we are left to extinguish the tapers, for the tree has yet to do duty a second time.

The evening meal consists of a savoury stew of some kind of game, rich turnovers of apple

and preserve, and various kinds of festival bread. To-morrow we are to eat *lutfisk*, a peculiar kind of dried cod prepared in a lye of ashes, which is really very good, not at all salt, accompanied with dried green peas.

Every Swede eats lutfisk, as we eat turkey, and even Swedish nobility abroad have missed it in the Christmas fare. Baked rich milk rice-pudding is also an essential item.

The pleasant evening closed with the distribution of our own little presents so affectionately prepared. Tante Fredrika gave to Magister Eneroth, as well as to ourselves, a packet of candles. The milk-woman in the morning is also to receive candles. This is a custom Miss Bremer clings to. It is associated with her early life, when every old woman on her father's estate received a candle and a spiced bun-loaf at Christmas.

At half-past ten the little party broke up, and so ended our Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Day, whilst it was still barely light, Miss Bremer was pouring out coffee for Hulda and me, who took it standing, eating with it the usual Christmas saffron-bread.

Who can even imagine the immense saffron-loaf sent from Miss Vennberg the evening before, as a present, so huge that even Sara wondered how it was to be eaten! Yet as I write, only the day after, the loaf has greatly diminished in its proportions.

We were up thus early in order that Hulda and I might go to the Christmas matins, *Jul-ottan*, as the service is called, which is one of the marked features of Christmas, *otta* meaning very early, just about cock-crow.

Julottan is kept all over Sweden. The interior of country churches is all ablaze with myriads of candles, types of Christ, the True Light, shining in the dark land; and it is in this beautiful symbolism that Miss Bremer so strictly adheres to her gift of yule-candles.

Happy peasants on this joyous morning, forgetting the badness of the past year's rye or potato-harvest, or the scarcity of labour, start from their lighted-up little cottages in the dark pine woods, and speed along in their humble sledges with their merry, ringing bells over the crisp snow, meeting other humble sledges, all bound for the church, which shines

forth from its dark rocky eminence across the sea of snow.

It is thus that Samuel Ödmann describes the Julottan in his dean's parish in Småland: "At two o'clock in the morning the first church bell rang, the second at three, and finally the matin hymn was struck up at four. As at that time sledging was not common, the young people of the parish set out on foot. Every household also furnished an immense torch, which was carried before the company to guide them through the darkness. It was a glorious sight at about four o'clock to see those torches approaching on all sides, followed by cheerful church-goers. Arrived at the church, everyone threw his torch into a pile, which thus formed an immense bonfire. The service was so arranged that with the first streaks of dawn the congregation sang, 'This blessed day.' Never could the expression of a boundless rejoicing be more fully given than in the singing of that hymn. It could only be compared with the jubilant cry of the Greek Church on the Resurrection morning, 'Christ has arisen!'"

We, however, of this modern day, went at no

untimely hour. The moon was still shining and the sky serene, yet we had to make use of our umbrellas, as a thaw had set in and was sending down showers of water from every roof, whilst without goloshes we could not have taken a step.

Hulda thought it best for us to go to St. James's church by Carl XIII. Torg. She felt herself half inclined for the little Läsare chapel, which was much nearer to our house, as this simple people, though otherwise rejecting forms, still adhere with double zeal to Julottan; but, unfortunately, the hour did not suit us.

The vast edifice of St. James appeared very brilliant as we emerged upon it from the dark street. Beads of gas encircled the church; the back of the altar was resplendent with light. The light streamed on the priest in his magnificent crimson velvet robe, embroidered with gold; it streamed on the masses of human beings in the galleries and below. The whole congregation, however, looked black and pink, black being the usual holiday and state dress here; the women, who composed the greater part of the congregation, having also black head-gear, this sombre colouring being alone

relieved by the faces, which looked brightly pink.

How impressively the music pealed through the great church, and the voices sent up as if to heaven the rejoicing song, of which, however, I give only an imperfect version—

Bless and preserve us;
Let the light of Thy countenance shine upon us,
And bless Thy people with peace.
Here, oh, God, we extol Thee!
Hereafter we will praise Thee better;
Will praise Thee, oh God, eternally;
With Thy cherubim,
And Thy seraphim,
Singing Hosianna!
God is holy, God of all worlds,
God of all wisdom, all might, all mercy!

CHAPTER XV.

THE PAUVRES HONTEUSES.

By half-past one, to our great joy, Miss Bremer, Hulda, and I, stood at the door of the low, old-fashioned house in Lundtmakare Gatan. I say *to our great joy*, because we were laden with much fragile ware, pastry, cakes, cherry-wine, and glasses, and had to pick our way through the slippery streets, almost expecting each minute a downfall on the now half-thawed yet still icy pavement, and worst of all, bringing our delicate burdens to grief.

We turned in under the first archway, and mounting a little stone staircase, found ourselves in a kitchen, where meat simmering in huge vessels, and piles of smoking potatoes, on the eve of being stripped of their skins under the quick fingers of one of the female inmates, bore witness to the coming feast.

On seeing us, a spruce little woman with a saucepan in her hand, exclaimed in a shrill voice—

"The gentlefolks have come up the wrong way; but if the gentlefolks will have the goodness to go to the door opposite, the gentlefolks will be conducted right."

We retreated, and knocked at the opposite door, which being immediately opened, we found ourselves in the abode of Mrs. Stenkil, she, good lady, in an immense white collar, herself receiving us. How smiling she was, and what a warm welcome she gave Miss Bremer! then said she would shew us the way.

We could not but apologize, as we entered the next room, it being again a separate dwelling, but as I have said, this arrangement is inevitable. But it seemed to us that here an apology was doubly requisite, for a sick lady, Mrs. Jernsida, lay on her bed, and her young daughter, neatly dressed in a black and white gingham, was reading in the Bible to her.

Next we were in a passage strewn over with fresh aromatic fir-twigs in honour of the festival.

"This is the dining-room," said Mrs. Stenkil;

"if Mamsell Bremer enters some one shall be sent."

Miss Bremer begged that no one might be disturbed, for she could well understand that the important duties of the toilette were generally being performed. We therefore took off our things in an adjoining unoccupied room, after which we assisted in laying the cloth, and arranged the final course, the delicacies which we had brought with us.

There was some little waiting for the guests even after the covers were laid and the knäckebröd and barley-bread placed by each plate. At length a gigantic leg of slightly salted pork was triumphantly brought in, accompanied by prodigious bowls of well-stewed brown haricot beans and the above-mentioned infinitude of potatoes, after which, the variously quaintly attired and more or less feeble inmates appeared and took their seats.

Countess Schwerin also arrived, her head muffled in a shawl, for she was not well, and Miss Vennberg, who brightened the room with her presence only for a short time, before starting off to visit a number of her Christmas pensioners.

Miss Bremer's little white hands carved the huge joint of pork to the utter amazement of the Countess Schwerin, of Fröken Segersäll, the quiet, resigned-looking daughter of the countess-inmate, who was too ill to appear at table, of the three Mesdames Vendelkråka, the poor dressmakers, who had weak eyes and a room in the house, and of Mrs. Widow Visbur, who was allowed to have her two boys as a great privilege. What admiration did not this dexterous carving call forth, especially of such liberal supplies, and the beans and the potatoes, so exquisitely fine!

"It's horribly delicious!" exclaimed one lady, in common Stockholm parlance.

"It's dreadfully good!" replied another.

"All is so diverting, so *galant!*" cried a third.

But the Mesdames Vendelkråka could notice nothing, could admire nothing, till everybody had noticed and admired "Lilla Engelskan's dress, which fitted so well!" Her ladyship, the Countess Schwerin, must know that they had made Engelskan's dress.

Dinner had therefore to be stayed and everybody to look up from their plates whilst the

countess examined and admired Engelskan's black French merino, after which the poor Vendelkråkas were happy, and ready for their dinners with an improved appetite.

In the meantime the sick had not been forgotten. Indeed, one plate was carried off voluntarily by a relative, so piled with pork, beans, potatoes, and barley-bread, that both Hulda and I hoped the poor invalid might survive it, if, indeed, she ate it.

After dinner, I had the honour of conversing with Mrs. Widow Visbur's two boys, and finally with poor Fröken Segersäll, who, when not interrupted by her hollow cough, told me of the delicate embroidery which she did to support her mother, and about her wonderful canaries.

Before we left, Count Schwerin, a tall elderly gentleman, came also to bring his Christmas good-wishes to his wife's pensioners. As he kindly helped me on with my cloak, for we were expected home at four, he ventured a timid "good-bye," in English, which pleased me.

Hulda dreamed last night of being in a room where she had never been before, in which a sick woman lay.

After breakfast, she took a cough mixture to Fröken Segersäll, and she has just told me that to her utter astonishment it was precisely the room of her dream, and the Countess Segersäll was no other than the sick woman. Hulda says that in the course of her life she has had many remarkable dreams.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHURCH.

To-day, Second Christmas Day, all the shops are shut, and Hulda and I have been to St. Nicholas's Church, and heard young Beskow, the nephew of the Baron, preach to a large congregation who were deeply moved by his words.

Clergymen in the capital do not remain at one particular church, but may be called wandering preachers, holding forth first in one place of worship then in another. Yet all must preach from one and the same text, every Sunday and every holiday having its appointed verse of Scripture. Until 1860, year out and year in, the same set of texts were preached from, year after year. Since then the number of appointed texts has been tripled, so that they now extend through three years, and then

begin again. Earnest preachers greatly approve of this change. Those, on the other hand, who do not like going out of beaten tracks, and who know that new texts will require more exercise of mind, more knowledge, and consequently more study, think the change no amendment.

The Swedish Church appears to me as a grand state coach in which you may be drawn slowly and easily to heaven. Individuals who prefer railroad travelling on their way thither, and who may even make balloon attempts to reach that desirable goal, receive but little countenance in Sweden.

The King and all officers of the State must belong to the established form of religion. Parties there may be and are in the Church, but all are expected to worship in the building erected by the State unless they be Catholics, when they have their own chapel. Foreigners, as Catholics, are tolerated, and even respected, the Queen Dowager being their head, but woe to the native Swede who apostatises to this faith! Jews also have their synagogue. I heard a beautiful anecdote of a Jew of Gothenburg the other day, which I must record.

When the cholera raged in that town a Jew went indefatigably from one Christian dwelling to another, as a physician and helper; but on his name being asked he replied, "My name is of no consequence."

The clergy have great influence in the Diet, even as regards temporal subjects, whilst the King, as sovereign ruler of the Church, counterbalances their power in the ecclesiastic and legal departments of government.

Sweden is divided into twelve dioceses. There are two hundred and eighteen deaneries, and one thousand five hundred and eight pastorates, some of which contain as many as fifteen thousand souls.

The clergyman of a parish is called pastor, and is assisted by a *comminister* or perpetual curate, or by an *adjunct*, or ordinary curate. You may thus have, in the ponderous Swedish mode of address, to speak to the perpetual curate's curate.

The one archbishop, called Archbishop of Upsala, has no metropolitan rights; he is merely *primus inter parus;* consecrates bishops, crowns the king, and is the head of the order of clergy in the Diet. The Swedish Church believes in apostolic succession. Each bishop

is the president of a chapter, which consists of himself, a *domprost*, or chief dean, as vice-president, and six lecturers of the Gymnasium, such an educational institution having existed since 1620 in every cathedral town. In Upsala and Lund, however, where there are universities, two professors of theology in each, under the name of assessors, take the place of the Gymnasium lecturers. Every pastor has also a sort of lesser chapter of his own, consisting of himself, the landed proprietors of his parish, and four or five respected parishioners.

In the election of bishops, three names are chosen, for one of which each member of the chapter and the clergy of the diocese vote. The names and votes are given into the King, and he nominates the one who has the largest number of votes. A similar system must exist in the election of pastors, for Miss Bremer has described to me the excitement in the little country church which she attended in her early life, on the arrival of the three clergymen who had to preach in succession their trial sermons. The one most approved obtains, of course, the greatest number of votes. But what unchristian rivalry and ceaseless heart-

burnings these occasions must give rise to! Frequently learned clergymen who have never had livings, but who are considered likely to do honour to the Church, are nominated as bishops. Bishop Fahlcrantz, the witty, sarcastic poet, and staunch supporter of the Church, is, I believe, an instance of this kind.

It is merely by special royal concession that a clergyman may obtain a living in other than his native diocese, nor is it considered expedient for a country clergyman to labour in a neighbouring parish. He must restrict himself to his own often immense but sparsely populated district, and this frequently is too much for the strength of any one man. A great desire is therefore felt by some for the introduction of home missionaries, so that the Gospel might be efficiently preached throughout the land. One such there has been, a woman, and of her I will now speak, though, in fact, she did not properly belong to the party in the Church which desires home missionary labour. This was Amelie von Braun.

Strongly attached to the Church of Sweden, and deeply mourning over such as heretics who in any way differed from it, she yet deplored its

coldness, and reliance on outward ceremonies, and often raised her voice against it, as a Church recreant to its high origin and authority.

These opinions, however, were less strongly spoken out in her lifetime than in her "Pictures of Christian Life in our Days," a work written under much prayer, which she left as a legacy to her nation. She acted out the principles, however, which she desired should reanimate the Church.

Born in 1811, one of the several daughters of a lieutenant-colonel, whose small means were expended on the education of his sons, Amelie spent the earlier years of her life in spinning, weaving, and perhaps, even on an emergency, scouring a floor. All her household duties were, however, conscientiously performed, although she devoured every book that came in her way, digesting its contents over her mechanical labours, so that even when thus employed, her mind was developing. From the early age of five, she knew that she had a Father in heaven, and though encountering by the way many a difficulty, many an impediment, she yet advanced onward, ever onward, towards her heavenly home.

She was a singularly dutiful daughter, never undertaking anything without the advice and blessing of her father. This also speaks much for the character of the parent. Nevertheless, there was one higher than her earthly father, as she says, "From my tenderest years I have thrown myself upon Jesus alone, nor has any undertaking of mine prospered in which I have followed human advice, or obeyed the will of others in opposition to the warning of an inner voice."

In 1843, she began to work quietly amongst the poor of Carlshamn, where her family was then residing. She visited the lowest cabins of sin and misery, carrying with her a clean cloth and candles. The cloth she spread on a table and the candles she lighted, for to the Swedes clean table-linen and lighted candles convey the idea of the highest rejoicing and festivity. Having done this, made all beautifully impressive and attractive, she then poured out words of divine truth and kindliness into the hearts of the poor inmates. She produced in this way such an extraordinary effect, that the poor, wretched people used to clean up their miserable abodes in the hope of her coming

that she might see she was expected and made welcome.

For nine years she carried on a large Sunday-school. She laboured too amongst the sailors, and the most demoralized class of workmen, and found throughout the experience of her life, men more easy to influence than women.

In 1856 a still more extensive field of labour was opened to her. She came to Stockholm for the purpose of conversing with religious-minded persons, whose views accorded with her own, and especially as regarded certain tendencies which she greatly deplored. Here she was strongly urged to proceed to Dalecarlia, where the church was much shaken. She hesitated at first, for the distance was great and the people strange to her. At length, believing it to be the Divine will, she went there, and talking with the people great numbers thronged to listen. She conversed with them also in private, circulated orthodox works, and was regarded by them as a messenger of God, and at the urgent entreaty of many, returned to them the following year.

From this time forth she became a religious lecturer amongst the poorer orders generally,

over whom she exercised great power. With the cultivated classes she could do less; those she intended to benefit by her pen, and that only after her death, for she feared that excessive partiality on one side, and rancour on the other might destroy the wholesome effect at which she aimed.

She had not, strange to say, much influence with children, but she trusted that felling some great trees little ones might be brought down with them, and rejoiced that there were so many loving women who especially could work amongst the young.

Spite of her simple, unassuming manners, which vanquished the prejudices of many, as might naturally be expected, she met with violent opposition; still, without any effort on her part, as one door of usefulness was closed another opened.

Various clergymen warmly espoused her cause, inviting her to their districts during the great festivals of the Church. She would then, after the conclusion of the service, hold meetings in the summer in the open air. These meetings began with a hymn, in which hundreds of deeply affected voices joined. Her discourses

continued for two, sometimes even for three hours, the people listening with rapt attention. Her voice was tenderly persuasive, and as she would describe to them the poor prodigal man or woman returning to the Father's house, often giving them her own experiences, many were the hearts which she won. She exhorted them also to obey the authority of the law, for the Lord's sake, nor did she omit earnest prayer for the Church and its ministers, especially including the pastor of their own parish and his family.

Her journeyings through the woods, and her abode in desolate country cabins, undermined her health, yet she never gave up her work, which she regarded as her calling from God. When not labouring abroad she continued her "Pictures."

During the winter of 1859, she had a fall on the ice, by which she was considerably hurt; nevertheless, though suffering great pain, she continued the journey she was then upon, for eight days longer, preaching for many hours during the day, and sleeping at night in some humble homestead, forgetting, as she says, the pain and uneasiness she endured in the kind-

ness of her sisters in the faith, and the praying, singing, reading, and conversation of her spiritual brothers.

Towards the end of February of the same winter, waiting one Sunday for some friend in a cold churchyard after service, she was chilled, and subsequently preaching in a small, over-heated cabin, she became seriously unwell. From this day her last illness dates, and on the 30th of the following month she departed this life, some of her last words being, "My spirit is well—onwards!—onwards! Victory and light! I see now clearly—much more clearly!"

An intense hatred of sin, of indolence, and luxury, may be stated as the prevailing character of her "Pictures of Christian Life," which, though not quite completed, have been published as she left them. Although, perhaps, a little vein of narrow-mindedness runs through them, yet there can now be no doubt but that she was a chosen instrument to reinvigorate the Church.

As instruments, also, of the same kind may be mentioned the three principal sects which have arisen out of the Church, and which, though

tinged themselves with somewhat of bigotry and exclusiveness, have yet stood as a testimony against lethargy and self-complacency.

Of these the Swedenborgians appear to have less influence than might have been looked for. Swedenborg is respected in the North as a scientific man, but is no prophet in his own country. Of the second sect, the followers of Hedberg, a Finnish clergyman, I am able to say nothing, but will turn to the Läsare, of whom I can speak more confidently, having attended their place of worship, and possessing the exposition of their faith by their advocate Thorelius.

At the opposite corner of our side-street, and exactly facing the entrance to the Seminarium, stands a large, plain edifice called Bethlehem, often lighted up on the evenings of week-days, and whither, forenoon and evening of Sundays, you see humbly-dressed people wending their way.

A sister of Hulda's has a sitting there, which is at the service of any of us whenever we choose to go.

The service commences by a serious young man rising up in the gallery behind the tall pulpit, and placing black paper letters on a

ground-glass frame. This indicates the number of the hymn to be sung, in an old psalm-book, for of the present revised hymn-book they make no use. At once the whole congregation, the greater number of whom, however, are women, with sombre-coloured kerchiefs on their heads, have found their places, and the young man in the gallery leading, all burst forth into singing. In the meantime a stout elderly gentleman enters the pulpit, which takes the place of the altar, and when the singing is over, gives a warm, extempore sermon of about an hour's length, the congregation deeply attentive, and many shedding tears. Then follows a prayer, in which, perhaps, "the sick lad, whom we all know, and have upon our hearts," is prayed for, another verse sung, and the congregation passing out collect in a great body in the street comfortably to talk in the *thee* and *thou* style to each other, and exchange friendly greetings.

The Läsare cling very much together, for in the world they are somewhat persecuted, and their name is a term of reproach; anything sanctimonious, exaggerated or bigoted being thought worthy of a poor Läsare.

The sect and its name originated in the last century, when some pious people in Norrland, who dwelt a long way from any church, used to meet together to read the Bible and the works of Luther, and this, in the first instance, under the sanction of the clergyman. A want in the minds of the people being thus answered, the movement spread, and the peasants meeting and studying the scriptures became serious-minded, and zealous to avoid whatever they considered as tending to sin. Hence they gave up dancing, card-playing, drinking, and swearing, and devoted the Sunday entirely to religious exercises. The name Läsare was not assumed by themselves, for they declare, like the followers of Wesley, that they belong to the Established Church, and merely desire to live up to the Bible precepts, and the true spirit of the Church. But, in fact, *Läsare*, which simply means Reader, would not have been an inappropriate term to apply to them, had it not been intended to vilify them, as much as by saying that they read a great deal but did not practise, were merely religious bookworms; and very properly they say that every Christian ought to be a Läsare as much as themselves.

The Läsare are now spread over Sweden, and even extend into Norway, where the Bishop of Christiania has borne his testimony to their being a serious and virtuous people, walking uprightly, and respecting the public services of the church, whilst even their peculiar tendencies created his respect, though he had not given them his sanction.

There are two sections of Läsare in Sweden. Those in the north and east, where the national character is more open and communicative, are called Experimental Läsare. Their hearts burn with the good tidings of salvation; they long that all should feel as they do. "Come to Jesus" is their watchword, which they virtually shout aloud. They walk together, and have religious meetings for reading the Bible, Luther, and other favourite authors; communicate their religious experiences in a simple, unadorned style; pray and sing from their hearts. This outward, fearless profession of their faith may lead to persecution, but that only makes them more fervent, for such practices they argue are necessary for keeping the spiritual being alive. They also are great supporters of missionary and temperance meetings.

The other section of Läsare, the Förstånd or Reasoning Läsare, are found in the south-west of Sweden, and in accordance with the prevalent tone of mind there, are quiet, reserved, and more self-absorbed. They look only within; their brethren look from within outward. A life strictly in harmony with the commands of the Bible is their aim. Their watchword is, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." They prefer the writings of Schartau to those of Luther, disapprove of public meetings, and even question if family worship may not be detrimental to the pure interior growth of the soul. They attend the common services of the Church, and conforming thus outwardly pass much more comfortably through the world than their more impulsive brethren, or even those who take a middle course.

Both bodies, however, agree in the necessity of constantly feeding on the Word of God, in venerating Luther, and other religious teachers. They do not, however, like the Swedish church, consider infant baptism sufficient, but require a self-experienced new birth.

The Förstånd Läsare divide the world into three classes—the called, but unconverted;

the converted, and the pardoned. The whole body feels great sympathy with the German Pietists.

The deaconesses of Sweden are much associated with the Läsare, but of these excellent and useful women I shall speak elsewhere.

Turning again to the Established Church, how justly may it be proud of John Olof Wallin, born in the Dales, and who died Archbishop of Upsala in 1839. Both as a preacher and poet, he was remarkable. Many of the finest hymns in the new Swedish hymn-book, used since 1819, are from his inspired pen, whilst his sublime poem, "The Angel of Death," consoles his country-people in their seasons of affliction, and strengthens many a one to run a noble race whilst it is yet day, and before the night comes.

The Reformation received no opposition in Sweden as in other countries. It was accepted quietly and as a matter of course; thus many symbols and usages remained undisturbed which were overthrown in more energetic, protesting countries. The grand dresses of the priests still remain to the clergy; hence, on state occasions, they are perfectly gorgeous in

velvet and gold, and preaching from gilded pulpits, might easily be transported into a Roman Catholic church. I have seen three priests at the altar in crimson velvet chasubles, with immense gold crosses embroidered on the back. In St. Nicholas Church, a clergyman on one occasion wore a crimson velvet chasuble on which was embroidered a death's head and cross-bones, with a date of last century. It was, I must confess, revolting.

A great part of the service consists, as in a German Lutheran Church, of the singing of long hymns, every one sitting. They retain the same posture in prayer, not standing as in Germany. Yet their gigantic organs seem thoroughly penetrated by the German-Lutheran spirit. They send forth the same slow, measured, deeply-resounding music; seem to be self-collected and serious. Very different are Roman Catholic organs, which seem to feel themselves ecstatic in every fibre.

A person whom you have seen entering church when the service was half over, will yet say to you afterwards, "I was just in right time!"

This seems strange at first. But presently

you come to know that the sermon is considered the essential part of worship. The body of the church is filled with heavy boxes rather than pews, each of which is locked, the possessors of sittings having each a ponderous key to let himself in when he comes. But as popular preachers are the rage, and preachers circulate, the people follow the shepherd like good sheep, leaving their own seats in their own church unoccupied, unless he should happen to preach there. The aisle of the church is, therefore, frequently crammed full of people, all standing wearily, there being but few free seats, and the pews are reserved until the sermon begins. Then, however, the verger goes round and unlocks all the yet-locked-up pens, and a regular scramble for seats commences; people thinking themselves very lucky to get a seat for the whole sermon, which mostly lasts an hour, and indeed would be a great disappointment if it were less. Therefore, as I said above, whoever is in time for the sermon thinks he is all right.

When the Sacrament is administered, a delicate lawn corpus-cloth edged with lace is spread on the altar. At other times it is

splendid in its rich altar-cloth, candles, and probably crucifix. The paten and chalice are brought in during the service, and wafers, not bread, are administered. The name of the communicant must be previously sent in, and he is expected to attend "Confession." I translate the word literally; the act, however, is a public one, and very passive on the part of the penitent. The Sacrament is administered frequently, and the confession or preparatory service, takes place either on the Saturday or Sunday before the usual service. The latter makes the duty almost too fatiguing, for the preparation beginning at nine, consists of an address from the clergyman to the communicants, which lasts an hour and a half, by which time the ordinary service commences, concluding with the Sacrament.

On one occasion, when Hulda and I were standing in the aisle with many others in St. Nicholas Church, and were near the chancel, just under the pulpit, she asked me, with a little smile, to move aside somewhat. On leaving the church she told me that an old lady, sitting on a bench behind us, had been greatly disturbed by my standing before her. At length she

whispered to Hulda, "Tell that young lady to move! She interferes with my seeing the preacher's face. I am going to the Lord's Supper, and every guest should be able to see the preacher's face."

Communicants go in black. Gentlemen in dress coats and white kid gloves—indeed, these are worn by all, both men and women, even the very poorest. The congregation is at liberty to remain during the administration. Many do so, and very impressive it is when the partakers kneel around the altar, the rest of the congregation, accompanied by the pealing organ, singing solemn triumphant hymns on their behalf.

Besides the ordinary Swedish churches, there is the simple, quaint little Finnish church. Tante Fredrika, Hulda, and I shall go there to-morrow; not, however, to the Finnish Lutheran service, which is very early in the morning, but to the Swedish service to hear Mr. Bergman. He is a real Christian, who speaks with a childlike faith of another and a higher life in which he naturally lives and breathes. Sara entertains great respect for him, and when he has spent the evening

here, has felt as much gratified as ourselves.

The newspapers announce at which church the different clergymen will preach on the following Sunday. Sara studies this list, and generally intimates to what church it is her wish that we should go. As to Mr. Bergman, she would like the whole household to follow him every week.

There is also the French Protestant church with an equally earnest minister, a young Swiss, a friend of Miss Bremer's, besides an English church, which I do not attend, preferring whilst here, to live entirely amongst Swedes. Finally the important German church, with a Swedish service once a month. The edifice is large, old, and lofty, with a remarkable double gallery, the front of which is decorated with pictures in oil, on panels in gilt framing. The pulpit is of ebony, with white marble figures in niches. One corner near the pulpit is filled with a sort of glass-house, to which a flight of steps leads. It looks like a miniature Dutch town-hall, or a prince's coach in a fairy-tale. No doubt it is the royal pew.

This church also boasts the only carillon in

Sweden, which rings forth from the lofty tower every Tuesday and Friday between eleven and one. In Sweden there are neither merry chimes nor painted windows, as in England. Immense plain glass windows, white-washed walls, elaborately constructed and gilded pulpits and candelabra, together with altars, decorated as I have already described,—these are the features of the Swedish churches.

To-day, St. Stephen's day, if the untimely thaw had not set in yesterday, everybody would have been out sledging in honour of the saint. Not the first Christian martyr, however, but the first Swedish one, here called Staffan, who was very fond of animals, especially horses, and is therefore considered as their patron saint. We are told that he had no less than five beautiful, well-groomed horses on which he galloped away on his missionary journeys. As soon as he perceived the horse he was riding to be tired he mounted another. Therefore, on this day, when the Church commemorates St. Stephen of Jerusalem, the people commemorate their St. Staffan by exhibiting the speed of their horses in grand sledging excursions.

Dec: 30th.—I have been to-day with Tante Fredrika to attend a committee-meeting at Mrs. Fredrika L.'s, with reference to an organisation for destitute children. The origin of this undertaking is worth recording. In 1853 the cholera, which had raged fearfully in Stockholm, left 600 children orphaned or unprovided for. Miss Bremer, foremost in every good work, appealed to the public on behalf of these friendless little ones. A very warm response followed; the Queen, now the Queen-dowager, wrote to her on the subject; it was resolved to raise a fund to provide homes for them, and to this every member of the royal family gave liberally. A committee of ladies was formed,—now it was that Tante Fredrika first became acquainted with Lotten Vennberg,—and on a certain Sunday the ladies stood, with a detachment of orphans, at the various church doors to receive contributions. Money poured down, as it were, upon them. In this way they received 8,000 riksdalers, but the entire fund amounted to about that sum fourfold.

The 600 are now reduced to about seventy; the others having grown up and been provided for. As soon as they are all launched forth in

the world the work will cease. Mrs. Fredrika L. is the secretary of the central committee, and the meetings take place twice a year at her house. A short report was read, and the prospects of many of the children discussed. Some, from ill-health or inability, will still require looking after; but all seem to have turned out well. Of a truth it is a great and beautiful privilege to have been, under Providence, the guardian-angels of 600 children.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEW YEAR'S BALL, AND A "COFFEE REP."

JANUARY 2ND.—Tante Fredrika, who is desirous that I should see the principal features of Stockholm life, arranged for me to witness the grand New Year's Ball, given by the city to the Royal Family, in the great room of the Exchange.

Mr. von Q——, the royal librarian, and his wife, kindly allowed me to accompany them, proposing that I should afterwards sleep at their house. It is the custom at this ball for everyone to appear in black, formerly the court colour, but not in mourning; therefore, an evening dress was concocted for me by the skilful, willing hands of Hulda, and the co-operation of the kind, clever Mrs. von Q——, who entered heart and soul into the affair. Dear Tante Fredrika also contributed her best black lace, and in-

sisted on my wearing a favourite pearl brooch of hers.

In all these preparations Mrs. von Q——, Hulda, and myself employed the last day of the old year.

Very busy were we in her drawing-room, which was converted for the occasion into a dressing-room, and very merry at the same time, and never knew till afterwards, neither did any of the household, that dear, kind Tante Fredrika stood waiting at the outer door, and as she thought ringing, for admission, having come in her affectionate sympathy to see "lilla Margret" in her dress for the ball. How sorry were we all when we knew this! But the bell-wire was broken, and the bell therefore gave no sound.

The following day, New Year's Day, about five o'clock, Hulda went with me to the von Q——'s, she lovingly wishful to assist at my toilet. Thus her clever hands, which have an innate power of doing everything well, dressed my hair with consummate skill, twisting in the flowers with inimitable grace, and telling me the while of the service which she had attended at noon at the Läsare Bethlehem.

"I wish I were a Läserska!" sighed she. "They are only different to other people in being so much better. In England you are all Läsare, for you English begin the day with prayer and the reading of the Bible, and you do not work on Sundays."

"Yet the Swedes read the Bible and pray together," I replied.

"None but the Läsare, except in church, and many never go there," said she.

"But, dear Hulda," said I, "you are a Läserska, according to your own definition."

"Oh no! I only wish I were!" returned she, very earnestly.

And the dear, unselfish girl left me her warm cloak with its loose sleeves, which she knew would be more convenient for me, and went home in my paletôt, which was too small for her. Real Christianity is love which is self-forgetting. Hulda need not wish to be a Läserska.

At about seven, Mr. and Mrs. von Q—— and I were off to the ball, in a close coach, on a sledge, drawn by two horses. Away we sped over the snow, which glistened in the lamplight. We went early that we might secure good places.

"What art thou called?" asked Mr. von Q—— from the driver, as we were set down at the door of the Exchange.

"Lundqvist," was the reply.

"Then Lundqvist will come for us at half-past twelve."

We mounted the stone stair-case, and as I had never been to a public ball before, either in England or elsewhere, I wished that nothing should escape my observation.

The decorations, the shrubs lining the corridor, conducting to the ball-room, the green holland floor-covers; I noticed them all.

The ball-room was brilliant with its thousands of wax lights burning in its many chandeliers, lighting up the fresh white paint and reflected in the gilded mirrors, for the room had been redecorated for the occasion. The gallery occupied by the Royal Family at the Academy festival had been removed, and the space was ornamented with delicate festoons of box. The royal dais was now erected under a canopy on the opposite side of the hall, and here were placed five crimson chairs, backed by an immense mirror and a perfect grove of magnificent evergreens, with crimson draperies and soft

white muslin made to imitate ermine. On either hand, seats covered with blue were arranged for the ladies of the Court.

As only ladies are allowed to sit, three tiers of crimson-covered seats surround the hall, and we took our places opposite the royal dais on the highest tier, that we might overlook the whole, and close by a little passage, so that Mr. von Q—— could stand by and converse with us now and then, and point out to us the celebrities who were present.

Shortly after our arrival trays were carried round, with large breakfast cups half full of very mild tea-water, taken with a great addition of sugar and rich cream, accompanied by a variety of delicate biscuits. By half-past eight the room was filled with a brilliant company, and presented the appearance of being surrounded by gorgeous, sloping flower-beds, the black ball-dresses and white opera-cloaks throwing out in strong relief the magnificent variegated artificial flowers which covered the ladies' heads, this being the only gaiety of colour allowed, and certainly the whole produced a beautiful effect.

Ladies in any way connected with the Court,

the handsome lady warden of the royal seat of Ulriskdal, for instance, wore short black sleeves, slashed with puffs of white satin to distinguish them. All these ladies took their seats near the throne.

The centre of the hall was filled with a mass of gentlemen in uniform, or full dress, and many wearing orders. The Court does not arrive till about nine, and the etiquette is, that all the guests should be ready assembled to receive them.

Mrs. von Q——, who had never been at the ball, was like myself, much interested in everything, and pointed out the celebrities to me, as did also Mr. von Q——, who never seemed to forget us. It was precisely ten years since he had been there before, and that was on his first arrival in Stockholm, but everybody was known to him.

My attention was now directed to an elderly man with a white moustache, his breast glittering with orders, and who kept quietly moving about amongst the gentlemen.

"That is Count Manderström, our Lord Palmerston," said Mr. von Q——.

I watched this important statesman with

great interest, not only because he had been one of the six luminaries present at the Academy, but because Miss Bremer had told me that his mother and hers had been very intimate friends. They loved each other, and liked that their children should play together. Little Christopher, now the great statesman, used, therefore, to spend his time with the young Bremers, whilst the two mothers sat together on the sofa in the saloon.

Here, too, was Baron De Geer, with his almost English face, the celebrated descendant of an illustrious family of Brabant origin, another Minister of State, and Member of the Swedish Academy, a connection of Miss Bremer's, of whom she is justly proud on account of his sterling worth. He is noted for his integrity and love of truth. Even as a child his just and wise discrimination was very remarkable, so much so, that he was always chosen by his many brothers and sisters as the umpire in their youthful differences.

"Let Louis decide," the young disputants would say, "for he is sure to be right."

Baron De Geer is the author of the novels, "Heart Emotions at Dalrik," and "S. H. T."

Now, however, he has abandoned fiction for the higher and more momentous study of mankind which is required for the statesman. The ministry is extremely liberal, and, as might be expected, he being amongst the most liberal, the works of John Stuart Mill are greatly respected by him. He begged Miss Bremer to read his "Representative Government," and this work, in its Swedish translation, has of late furnished some of our evening reading.

Count Platen, brother-in-law of De Geer, was another person on whom my eye rested with respect. Lately Ambassador in England, he is now the Minister of Marine here.

Lars Hjerta, formerly one of the most celebrated publishers of Stockholm, and of whom I had both heard and read much, was also pointed out to me. He wore a plain evening dress without decorations. If asked what he is, it might be answered, everything. As a publisher, he introduced many of Miss Bremer's works, and the works of various other celebrated people to the public. It was he who originated the "Aftonblad" in 1830, and which, spite of great opposition, he worked up into the most important paper in Sweden, and which being not only

radical, but rationalistic, exercised such power over the people, that the Bishop of Vexiö, speaking of it, termed it, in sorrow, the Bible of the Swedish peasant. When the "Aftonblad" had reached its majority, that is after a career of one and twenty years, Hjerta left it to run its own course; but, like a Scandinavian Hercules, he is ready for every gigantic labour, at which he works with untiring activity. At the present time he carries on a stearine manufactory, and is a maker of lucifer-matches; he fits out ships; is connected with business in China, and carries on commercial and private correspondence with the four quarters of the globe. For one twelve months the cleansing of the town of Stockholm was thrown upon him, and he did it so well, that not even his enemies could detect one cause for fault-finding. Like our William and Robert Chambers, and John Cassell, he has published a series of cheap books for the people, and still retaining his interest in literary work, it is said that if a book comes to him inadequately translated, he and his daughters sit down and re-translate the whole.

He has sat in the Diet, and there and else-

where, many of the views which, when first propounded by himself, were scouted as wild and impracticable, have afterwards been adopted as wise and proper, his origination of them being then forgotten.

Miss Bremer, who grieves over his tendency to rationalism, tells me that he carries out the teachings of Christianity which he disowns, in his conduct to the workpeople. He is a kind, just, and considerate master, yet he would have all idea of another life of reward taken away, that the poor might not be put off with promissory notes which are to be honoured there.

Mr. von Q——, turning my attention from Hjerta, directed it to a tall, courtly officer in the prime of life, his shirt-front being almost hidden by three orders suspended by ribbons, and glittering with other stars and crosses.

This was General Bildt, once a simple lieutenant, now the king's most intimate friend, who, as Governor of Stockholm, inhabits a magnificent residence in the proximity of the palace, and who at the same time is not inclined to abuse his power. I had heard an anecdote of the kindness shown by his wife to a poor child, which spoke well also for her heart.

Below us, at a little distance, sat a singularly elegant young lady, with whom General Bildt and others conversed, and whose soft, glossy black hair and black velvet were ornamented with costly pearls. A young, equally elegant-looking man was often at her side. He was a Swedish count, her husband, and she the niece of Captain Marryat, and daughter of the writer of "Travels in Sweden," &c.

But now people were getting tired of waiting; the very band flourished away impatiently at a merry tune in the gallery, which made the dancers still more restless. A candle even, becoming impatient, turned a somersault in its socket, thus furnishing the weary attendants with the agreeable necessity of being on the alert with a step-ladder, and setting the refractory candle on end again.

Of course, in the midst of such an episode, the guests, *par excellence*, approached. Hardly, therefore, had the step-ladder been carried out again when a gentleman, with a blue and orange rosette on his shoulder, rushed in, and, waving his hand, as if in desperation, to the musicians, who were in the midst of a merry jig, exclaimed:—

"Hush! hush! They'll be here *straxt!*" (quickly).

"*Straxt!*" repeated a voice appertaining to a pair of plump white shoulders before us, "*straxt!* what a mercy!"

Every one rose, letting their mantles drop off simultaneously. The band struck up the national air; ministers, courtiers, officers, citizens filed on either side, and two ladies, brilliant in diamonds, lace, and feathers, were visible floating between them.

Then the King, in uniform, was seen seated in the centre chair between the two Queens, in black velvet, ermine, and diamonds, with Prince Oscar, in uniform, to the right of Queen Lovisa. Court ladies took their seats on either hand.

A number of splendidly attired gentlemen stood as stiff as pokers (I am sorry to use so homely a phrase, but I know none better), behind the Royal personages. They also partook of the harmless tea, and ate the delicate biscuits; after which, descending from their elevation, they walked a stately polonaise to music, selecting different partners of all classes.

Later on in the evening the King and Queen,

and Prince Oscar danced a quadrille with citizen partners, the Court dancing with other citizens. The Royalties ate ices, so did the commonalties, everybody, as in duty bound, looking amiable and happy.

Finally, after some waltzing, at which the Queens looked on, they descended from the dais, and made a tour round the room, some of their gentlemen preceding them, and obtaining the names of the ladies seated on the lowest tier. This enabled their Majesties to address them by name, inquiring after their families, hoping they were enjoying themselves, making remarks about the weather, or expressing their regret that Prince Oscar's wife could not be present on account of her suffering from influenza; and thus, like any other well-bred, but I am afraid, sadly bored people, they went on smiling and nodding, and repeating and varying the same observations, the King and Prince Oscar, in the meantime, going through precisely the same process with the gentlemen.

At about ten, the Royal guests departed; and as we were there merely as spectators, and not to dance, we followed their example. Leaving, therefore, a message for Lundqvist with a

friendly coachman, and warmly wrapped in shawls, cloaks, and hoods, walked home over the crisp snow.

January 7th. — Hulda and I have been walking by the Mälar, which is now solidly frozen over, crowds of people walking and skating upon it. Ladies are beginning to skate in Stockholm, as with us, but they make use of a private sheet of water near the Djurgård.

Whilst we were out, Miss Bremer called on Mrs. Carlén, the celebrated novelist, to thank her for a very kind memoir which she has written for the "Swedish Illustrated News," and with which Tante Fredrika is much gratified.

Pleasant as the ice is, I cannot but regret it on account of the poor laundresses, who wash and steep their clothes in all seasons by the lake side, now with holes broken in the ice. The suffering to their hands is terrible. One woman said that it was almost unbearable till the nails split, then it "did not matter."

Another walk I had with Hulda during her short holidays which was very enjoyable—this was through the Djurgård. The ground was sheeted with ice, out of which jutted the still

more impenetrable grey rocks; over all lay a powdering of fine dry snow, which kind mother Nature had sent to make it safe walking. The crumpled-up old oaks and the shivering slender birches looked as if resigned to their fate; not so a poor, lank, half-starved dog, which followed us whining out his piteous tale, till we could not do other than take him to a restauration and satisfy his hunger. Poor wretch! The difficulty there was to give him the slip so that he should not follow us home. We hastened across the long bridge of rafts which in winter replaces the steamers over the frozen Baltic; yet spite of our speed he soon overtook us, his longing eyes fixed upon us with a pleading, pitiful expression. Do what we would we could not elude him, and at last were obliged resolutely to shut him out, hoping that some kind-hearted market woman would take pity on and adopt him.

One evening, sitting with Tante Fredrika in the drawing-room, Sara brought in a Swedish letter for me, on which the startling word "*urgent*" was written outside. I broke the seal, and read the following in Swedish:—

"I beg of thee to give me the joy of thy

company to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, when I expect some friends to a real Swedish coffee "Rep," and it may perhaps amuse thee to see what happens on such an occasion. There will be another English lady besides thyself, and as all the visitors can speak English, we can converse together in that language if thou would like it. My mother will gladly renew her acquaintance with thee. And I shall be glad to show thee my simple home. So come, if thou canst. Mind, Tuesday, twelve o'clock!

"My tenderest regards to Mamsell Bremer, and a hearty welcome to thee.

"From thy old cicerone,

"JENNY."

Miss Bremer said Jenny was mistaken, for that it was a Danish and not a Swedish Rep which she was about to give; the Swedish being at a much later hour. But whether Danish or Swedish, it surely was a success.

Punctually on the morrow, Mrs. Fredrika L—— and I arrived at the same moment at the door of the wooden house where Jenny resides, and she, in her soft barége dress and grey shawl, received us at the top of the stairs with open arms and a cordial "Welcome!

welcome!" led us into the pretty bedroom of herself and her younger sister to take off our things. We were then conducted into a cheerful sitting-room, where coffee cups stood on a round table, together with a tray tastefully and symmetrically arranged with biscuits, rusks, and spiced cake. A side table displayed the family Christmas presents, all of a useful character and necessary for ladies, even down to packets of pins.

Mrs. R—— and her younger daughter received me most kindly. There was also an elder and very agreeable daughter, not generally at home, but now come to the coffee party; also two Fröken H——, daughters of a celebrated Swedish reformer, and very good friends of Jenny's from the golden days in "the house by Clara Church." Another student of those blessed times was also there. The English lady of the invitation was the daughter of an English merchant, settled in Stockholm. Whilst Jenny quietly passed to and fro filling our cups with delicious coffee of her own making from the silver coffee-pot, this young lady interested me by describing an excursion to Norrland taken by her father and herself, they travelling on

to the farthest northern telegraph-pole in the country, and which, especially to signalise it as such, is painted the Swedish colours, blue and orange.

They visited a lady who possessed the only hanging birch-tree so far north, which was an absolute wonder amongst the straight, formal birches and pines, the only trees in that latitude, where roses would not bloom in summer.

Jenny and her younger sister besought of us to take many extra "tears" of coffee, and when we could do no more, they triumphantly carried in a splendid basket formed of confectionery, which, after being greatly admired, the kind hostesses insisted on our demolishing.

After another hour spent in pleasant chat, the coffee "Rep" broke up.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GYMNASTICS.

JANUARY 21ST.—Imagine me now taking daily gymnastic lessons from Miss Ling, the youngest daughter of the celebrated Professor Ling. Though quite a child at the time of his death, she has inherited his love for, and his faith in gymnastics, and, perfectly understanding his views, is able successfully to carry on his work.

Considering that the Swedes pride themselves on the modern system of gymnastics having originated in their country, I am surprised to find them not more generally practised. Miss Bremer has herself great faith in the system, believing that many curvatures of the spine and other bodily disfigurements may be remedied, and even perfectly cured, simply by these healthful exercises; and also that a moderate use of gym-

nastics invigorates not only the body, but the mind, giving fresh impetus to the blood, the life of the body, developing the muscles, and bringing into action every portion of the frame.

Tante Fredrika's arguments convinced me; and now, in this cold and often slushy weather, when out-door exercise is neither easy nor yet agreeable, I am determined to see how much mental as well as physical vigour may be developed in me through gymnastic exercise for the next three months.

At the present time there are few ladies in Stockholm who practise gymnastics, the exercise being confined to children; nor yet many gentlemen, though in Professor Ling's days, when the system was a new thing; even elderly gentlemen used to go daily to the great gymnastic hall for medical gymnastics, just as people go now to the Turkish baths. There is a fashion, certainly, in all these things, but if they were good for one generation they must be for another, therefore I shall enroll myself amongst the gymnasts.

But a word or two respecting Professor Ling. Like the Greeks, who had in all their gymnasiums an officer skilled in medicine, called

the gymnastes, who controlled the extent and the class of exercises used by each, in order that health might be promoted, and the body harmoniously developed, so Professor Ling made health and the development of the physical frame the object of his system. And as it often happens that an accidental circumstance will reveal at once some hitherto unknown truth to an acute and observant mind, so was it in this case. Professor Ling, when a young man, in Copenhagen, discovered that his arm, which was infirm in some way, became strengthened and finally restored by the practice of fencing. This suggested a great idea to him. He saw at once the practical wisdom of ancient gymnastics, and grasped the subject with all the ardour of his naturally active and enthusiastic mind. He mourned over what seemed to him the degenerate frames and temperaments of his countrymen. They were unworthy of their descent from daring, much-enduring vikings, from valorous warriors, and wrestlers, and fearless, victory-loving scalds. Great, awe-inspiring Svea, the land of the old gods and heroes, lay buried under grey, hoary cairns, and nothing remained now but a

feeble, luxury-loving race. It was to raise these from their slothful rest, to call forth a resurrection of the vigorous, energetic virtues of the sword and axe age that he entered the field. His ambition was that the Swedish race should again be mighty and all-conquering, sound in mind and body, worthy to take a noble place amongst the noblest of the human species, worthy to match with the heroes of Valhalla.

Faithful to his beloved scheme of regenerating his country, Ling, who was also a fine lyric poet, endeavoured in his "Epic of the Asar" (the old deities), and "Gylfe," an allegory representing Sweden, to awaken the same ardent desire for the athletic and muscular—*Christianity* it could not be called—but virtues of the old times, and hence followed his great scientifically-planned system of gymnastics, which, if it did nothing else, was at all events a very admirable system of physical exercise and development which was very gratefully accepted by his generation.

The Gymnastic Hall, where Ling acted as professor of the Central Gymnastic Institute from 1813, to his death, in 1839, is not used

by his daughter for her classes. She had, when first I became acquainted with her, a gymnastic room in a large pile of handsome buildings near us, called Valhalla, from an important *café* of that name in the centre of the edifice.

The third time of my going there I found a flock of little blackbirds, or rather bats, muffled up in endless dark, wadded cloaks and black hoods, her young pupils, waiting for her in an upper corridor, and talking amongst themselves like a parcel of little old Swedish women, and very much in the *pauvres honteuses* style.

The day before had been Twentieth Day, when Christmas, as usual, had been danced out by many.

Thus little Hedvig Eleonora informed Lovisa Ulrika, and Margareta Leijonhufvud, and Katherina Stenbock that "it was hideously delightful at Fröken Gunilla Bjelke's last evening."

"Not more horribly delicious than where I was," proudly interposed Katherina Stenbock the less, "I can tell you I danced awfully, really awfully; never had to sit down once!"

"Is Mamsell Ling never coming?" interrupted Margret Leijonhufvud, who having not

been to a ball herself the preceding evening, had little interest in such things, and forthwith began thumping with her round fists on the porter's door to rouse him to bring the key.

Her relative Christina, and eventually all the rest, joined in the bombardment.

"What's the meaning of all this? I'll be out on you with your fiendish tattoo!" exclaimed an angry man's voice as the door suddenly sprang back.

"Will the gentleman please to let us in?" asked the fearless Christina, the others having fallen back and lost their voices.

"Let you in? No, I'll let you out! I've nothing to do with the movements; it's Mamsell Ling, she's got the key;" and, so saying, the door was slammed to. This fearful thunder-storm might have sent a bolt to every palpitating heart had not the brisk sound of Miss Ling's step and the sight of her black silk hood, in which she resembled some good-hearted Puritan lady, acted as a lightning-conductor.

"Follow me, my chickens, to the Gymnastic Hall, where we shall practice to-day, afterwards in Clara Bergsgatan."

"Well, that is diverting!" exclaimed the young gymnasts, all well pleased, and the conductor led the little flock with lightning speed to the old rambling pile where she and her mother at that time lived.

Nothing could be more delightful to the children than to practise in the old hall, an indulgence that now and then occurred, and speeding along, quicker even than Miss Ling, they flew under the archway, raced across the great court, some of them over the snow, which lay there a pure expanse, never regarding the broad path which was swept to the old-fashioned modest door which led to the Gymnastic Hall.

A kind porter this time, crossing from a low building on the other side, unlocked the door and gave free entrance to the impatient little crowd. Hoods and cloaks were tossed off, and the young gymnasts appeared in suitable attire.

The making of my black gymnastic dress had been superintended with great interest by Tante Fredrika, who even herself sewed at it in an evening. Hulda cut it out and put in many a stitch. Kind, loving Hulda! I could hardly consent to her employing herself over it,

she who had to work so hard at the School of Design, and had besides so many other duties; amongst other things, a young deaf and dumb girl had been placed under her care at the School of Design, where she was to learn wood-engraving, and besides having to look after her, she had been running all over Stockholm to purchase for her the best tools at the lowest price. But everybody turns to Hulda for help; even Fru Knutsson thinks "that lilla Mamsell Dahl can cut out her dresses and set her going."

No sooner was all the out-door apparel flung off and hung on pegs, than the crew rushed into the adjoining hall, a gigantic, barrack-like room, with wooden pillars, gymnastic frames, and a complication of machinery which would have suggested a chamber of Chinese torture had not the young girls instantly converted it into a scene of animated enjoyment. They swung like little monkeys, they climbed like bears, they leapt along the ground like an army of frogs, they seemed to fly round the gigantic hall like a flock of doves pursued by a hawk, they alighted as crows on the back of a wooden steed, delightful to them as Sleipner

to Odin, though not possessed like him of eight legs.

The bust of a shaggy Jupiter looked down condescendingly from a pedestal, where he had taken the place of a model gladiator who had come to grief. But he did not seem at home there. Ling, on the contrary, with his nervous and powerful face, looked down from a side pedestal with great gusto on the merry athletes, whilst lower in the room his successor, Professor Branting, seemed no less satisfied.

How well could I imagine Ling, an epic poem in himself, as he has justly been called, presiding in his great wolf-skin garment over the games and wrestlings in this arena.

How well, too, could I imagine dear Tante Fredrika taking her early exercises here, who gives such a lively, amusing description of the whole in "The Neighbours," turning it still more into classic ground by her graphic pen.

She says, under the character of Fransiska:

"You must accompany me to my hero-deeds in the Gymnastic Hall; accompany me to that time when I was yet very young, when the blood did not flow so quietly as now in my veins, to a time in which I became heartily

weary of seeing always the same scenes and the same faces before me; when I must have adventures let it cost what it might; when a sedition or a fire was a recreation; when the Battle of Prague and the Battle of Fleury were my favourite pieces of music; when I wept that I was not a man, that I might go to battle; and when once, as a sort of necessity, I drank at Kamrer Arbell's five cups of tea at a time! and the lady of the house, in a frenzy of benevolence, wished to afflict on me a sixth!"

As Tante Fredrika has amused Hulda and myself with an account of this tea debauch as a part of her own young experience, and as I know from her own lips also that she went as a girl to Professor Ling's, Fransiska may fairly emerge into Fredrika when she continues:

"I was then about sixteen years old, and, fortunately for my restless spirit, about this period my right shoulder began to grow out. Gymnastics were at that time the fashion, as a cure for every kind of physical ailment, and my parents determined, therefore, that I should gymnasticize. . . . I was reading at that time the Grecian history, and even in the Gymnastic Hall, Grecian heroes and their deeds

floated around me. I suggested to my class, therefore, that we should all assume masculine and antique names, and that henceforth we should only be known in this place as Agamemnon, Epaminondas, Pelopidas, &c. For myself I chose the name of Orestes, and gave that of Pylades to my best friend. There was one tall thin girl, with a broad Finnish accent, who, on account of the bold independence of my ideas and behaviour, was always opposed to me, and who laughingly called me and my friend Orré and Pylé, because we were both small. This annoyed me extremely, especially as it damped the classic spirit which had been infused through the whole troop.

"My tall enemy declared that she would be called by none other than her own proper name of Brita Kajsa; yet, for all that, I persisted in giving her the name of Darius. Out of this came new occasion of strife.

"Although I was so very enthusiastic for Grecian history, I was no less a partizan for that of Sweden. Charles XII. was my idol; and many a time have I entertained my friends with the relation of his actions, never failing to kindle up in myself the most burning enthu-

siasm. One day, however, Darius came over us like a shower of cold water, opposing me with the assertion that Czar Peter was a greater man than Charles XII. I received the challenge with blind zeal and quiet rage, and then my enemy, with great coolness and a good deal of knowledge, brought forward a multitude of facts in support of her assertion. I endeavoured to tread these all under foot, and still to exalt my hero to heaven; but had, alas! those unfortunate words Pultawa and Bender for ever thrown in my way!"

I will leave it to Brita Kajsa, if she be yet alive, to assert whether the melodramatic and serio-comic duel which ensued, really took place between her and Fredrika Bremer, the young champion of Charles XII.

One admirable feature of the gymnastics here is that they have been introduced by Miss Ling's brother into the National School of the parishes of St. James and St. John. During a leisure hour, and at a fixed time, the poor children have their gymnastics, which they go through merrily in the presence of the teachers, and under the guidance of some of the quick,

intelligent elder scholars, who have been sufficiently long in the school thoroughly to understand all the different exercises. Thus any extra payment is avoided. The apparatus in no way interferes with the needful space in the school-room. All that is required is a narrow space by the wall, where a frame-work of strong bars is fixed for the children to climb up, whilst a strong wooden lattice needful for the exercises, and the necessary ropes, are fastened to the ceiling and can be let down at will. Every obstacle of expense and the occupation of space is avoided, and the children, instead of having only their legs exercised in running out of doors, have, both boys and girls, their chests and lungs expanded, besides many other benefits.

There is something of the same kind at Clara school, where Herman and Fritz go, and which they greatly enjoy. I was regretting to Miss Ling that the same thing was not introduced into our schools, especially those in our crowded large towns, when she remarked that she felt confident that her relative, Professor Georgii, who is settled in London, would gladly promote and aid in carrying out any such movement.

How much pleased I should be if this little hint should lead any supporters of our National Schools to act upon it!

Another very intelligent relative of Miss Ling's is the homœopathic physician of Stockholm.

Feb. 22nd.—I have just returned from gymnastics through streets covered with deep snow; a more wintry aspect cannot be conceived, and yet I enjoy it.

A gap of a month occurs in my diary. How is that? It is merely the result of a New Year's good resolution not to fill my paper with the barren detail of daily routine. All within our own home is quiet, peaceful, and happy, yet with scarcely more events than were chronicled in the diary, of which Miss Bremer speaks thus—

July 1st.—	Walking;	reading;	work;	conversation.
,, *2nd.*—	Do.	do.	do.	do.
,, *3rd.*—	Do.	do.	do.	do.
,, *4th.*—	Do.	do.	do.	do.
,, *5th.*—	Do.	do.	do.	do.
,, *6th.*—	Do.	do.	do.	do.
,, *7th.*—	Do.	do.	do.	The clergyman was here on a visit.

In my case, if the entries *reading* and *work*,

be changed for *Seminarium* and *Gymnastics* I might truly endorse the page. I therefore simply in review note down the interesting points in the past weeks, as the following, for instance, which is a cause of rejoicing to me.

One day when Hulda and I were walking together, she said, speaking with deep feeling :—

"I wonder in a year or so, where I shall be! It is strange and sad to feel that one has no settled home."

Some little time afterwards, when Tante Fredrika and I were sitting alone, Hulda having gone to her work at the School of Design, we both, as if impelled by the same spirit, began to speak of this excellent girl, and her sterling qualities, more remarkable perhaps even than her talents.

"As long as I have a home to offer her," said dear, kind Miss Bremer in conclusion, "I intend that it shall be hers also. She deserves all that I can do for her."

How unspeakably thankful I felt I cannot say. Two such women, the one old and the other young, bound together by the same noble and unselfish natures, cannot be otherwise than

happy, doing good to each other and to every one around them. It is a modern version of Naomi and Ruth, and will have the blessing of Heaven upon it.

My grand arm-chair, otherwise *my throne*, has been occupied! Hastening downstairs one day on my way to the Seminarium, I met a pale, fragile-looking lady, with large, dark, liquid eyes, toiling up with painful exertion. In her I recognized Mrs. von A——, a good and loving-hearted lady, an invalid, who resides principally in the country, but is now in Stockholm for a short time. Tante Fredrika and Miss Vennberg have been her almoners for some time, and she spent some hours here a few evenings ago, which was the first time that she and Miss Vennberg had met.

Meeting her, therefore, on the stairs, greatly fatigued with the ascent, I was glad to ask her into my room, as a rest by the way, before she mounted the long third flight of stairs, believing that my little territory would be sanctified by her presence.

Tante Fredrika's abode is purposely up three flights, that useless, mere idle visitors may be deterred by the trouble. This long ascent is,

however, to be regretted in such cases as Mrs. von A——'s. Now and then a stray waif of the human current, which flows ever towards Miss Bremer, pauses at my door with a modest knock, on opening which I discover, perhaps, a thin, careworn woman in tidy black, who asks in a feeble voice of half dubious enquiry :—

"Mamsell Bremer ?"

"Oh no ! "Be so good, and ascend yet another flight."

Many little curtseys, and the anxious, woe-begone figure recedes with a sigh, and I return to my books with a depressing sense of the immensity of human woe, and only comforted by knowing that the Saviour has His representatives on earth, and that no one of them walks more closely in His footsteps than she at whose door this poor human mourner is now knocking.

CHAPTER XIX.

SCANDINAVIAN ART AND MISS LINDEGREN.

AGAIN I have had a visitor; again my throne has been occupied, and this time no sentiment remains in my mind but real joy.

I have had a visit from Amalia Lindegren, the beautiful Swedish artist, who voluntarily looked in upon me before ascending higher.

The last Great International Exhibition, in London, was a vast temple of art and manufacture, filled with all manner of curious and cunning workmanship, contributed by the myriad artificers of the wide world, whose souls had been inspired with wisdom, understanding, knowledge, and skill. How, when all this has become woven into one great and gorgeous texture of memory, do still certain things stand apart from the rest, a portion of the soul's individuality and life. These to me are especially

a number of paintings; sterling pictures of our own great masters, a few of the French school, as for instance, that truly touching one by Madame Henriette Browne, of the "Sick Lad tended by the Sisters of Mercy." But, beyond all others, perhaps because that within my own soul there is a portion of the Scandinavian element, the pictures of this northern school struck me most. It was not alone that they gave glimpses into an unknown, fresh, and picturesque life, in which mirth seems overawed by stern melancholy, but because they, in some mysterious manner, touched a chord in my being which will never cease to vibrate.

Madame Jerichau, of Denmark, delighting the beholder with her "Courting Scene in Amack;" and Hans Christian Andersen reading his "Fairy Tales to the Sick Boy." Charming also is Exner's picture of the "Sunday Visit to the Grandfather."

The "Old Water-mill," a fine Swedish landscape, by Professor Eduard Bergh, lives in my memory, because it is essentially a Swedish landscape, and like all his work, whether it be simply barren rock or running water, that and nothing else.

But, above all, it was the pictures of Tidemand and Miss Amalia Lindegren in that gallery which awoke within me the desire to see the land and the people, and to understand that simple, earnest life which they had delineated with such unostentatious fidelity to nature. It is possible that these lovely pictures affected me all the more strongly, as being in some degree exponents of a deep sentiment called forth by my reading, and my love for Fredrika Bremer's works whilst yet a child. Be that as it may, an irrepressible impulse has ever drawn me to the north, which has ended in the present happy realization of more even than I hoped for.

To those who, like myself, stood in admiration before the pictures of Tidemand, a little information respecting this great Norwegian painter may be interesting.

Norway and Sweden produced very little in art before the present century. Misdoubting their own undeveloped powers, foreign masters were encouraged, and even when native artists attained to some proficiency, they thwarted their own object by imitating a false, artificial foreign school.

In Sweden, it is worthy of notice that the first miniature painter of any merit was a

Bremer, who lived in the 17th century. Within the last hundred years, however, the two sister countries have made together rapid strides, greatly attributable to their having freed themselves from the bondage of foreign imitation, and having acknowledged and upheld an independent Scandinavian character. Geijer, Tegnér, Franzén, and other poets, were at the same time doing the same for literature; nor must be forgotten the powerful sculptor, Fogelberg, who, rejecting the ever-repeated Jupiters, Venuses, and Apollos, turned with a true Scandinavian will to the old mythology of his native north, and re-created an Odin, a Thor, a Balder, for his fellow-countrymen. Painters of more or less originality and power worked in the same spirit, until in the present day, Tidemand, a true, uncompromising Norseman, takes a high place amongst the artists of Europe.

Tidemand, now in ripe middle life, a kind-hearted, genial nature, lives with his family in Düsseldorf, where he is universally respected, and forms the centre of the little Scandinavian colony of painters there, amongst whom may be mentioned Bengt Nordenberg, the genre-painter, who may be remembered as the boyish

compeer of Pehr Thomasson, the peasant poet, and now an attached friend of Tidemand, as is also Hans Gude, an excellent Norwegian landscape-painter, whose name is united with that of Tidemand in two fine pictures, also in the International Exhibition—"A Bridal Procession across Hardangerfjord," and its companion, "A Funeral Party, rowed over Sognefjord." These they painted together.

Adolf Tidemand, a native of Mandal, in Norway, first studied art from 1832 to '37, at Copenhagen, afterwards at Düsseldorf, under Hildebrand and Schadow, where he distinguished himself by a fine historic picture, the subject chosen from his beloved North—namely, "Gustavus Vasa addressing the Dalecarlian Peasantry in Mora Church."

This line of art was, however, abandoned by him after two years of close conscientious study in Munich and Rome. Henceforth he became a genre-painter. Attracted to his own land and people, he returned to Norway in 1843, and making a great tour of the country; and, studying each national characteristic, his own discriminating and poetical genius became henceforth the interpreter of his people to other nations.

As an artist he is indefatigable. Amongst his many excellent pictures may be named "The Wounded Bear-hunter," and the "Catechising in a Norwegian Church," which really represents the interior of Hitterdal church, in Thelemarken, one of the oldest and most remarkable of the ancient wooden churches in Norway. This picture was hung in a side gallery of the International Exhibition, and is worthy of a northern Hogarth, yet without coarseness. This is one of the earliest of Tidemand's Norwegian pictures, and deserves every attention we can give it. "It is," says the Swedish 'Illustrated Paper' for 1855, "so full of humour and fresh truthful nature, that you know not which of the figures most to admire; the old solemn schoolmaster, standing in the full consciousness of his dignity; the lanky, thick-skulled country lad, bewildered by the question; the sharp little boy burning with impatience to answer for him; or the mother trying by all possible means to coax her own son into doing so. The truth and unpretending simplicity exemplify the life of the hidden Norwegian valleys."

Tidemand's most celebrated picture is, how-

ever, "Sunday Afternoon Service in the Cottage of Norwegian Haugianer." This picture, which now belongs to the gallery of Christiania, obtained for him the highest gold medal and membership of the Berlin Academy. "It represents the followers of the remarkable peasant, Hans Nielsen Hauge, the Norwegian pietist, holding their religious services in a cottage. The daylight falls on the little congregation through an aperture in the roof, coming down from heaven, as it were. The young, divinely inspired preacher stands on a stool in their midst, with the Bible in his hand, and the fervour of the heart's faith depicted on his touchingly beautiful countenance. He is uttering words of deep purpose, for old and middle-aged men and women, and children, drink in every syllable, some deeply meditating on his words, and some contemplating him with wonder and burning zeal as if they saw in him the Divine Master."

A certain character of melancholy broods over this, as over all Tidemand's pictures, which is indeed the spirit of the life which he depicts.

The poor Haugianer, though similar in cha-

racter, must not be confounded with the Swedish Läsare.

Their founder was born on his father's farm of Hauge, in the parish of Tune, in Norway, in 1771. At the age of twenty-four, believing himself to be divinely called to preach the Word of God in opposition to the rationalism which then prevailed, he travelled through Norway, like another John the Baptist, exhorting to repentance, and proclaiming the approach of the great Day of Judgment. He also visited Denmark and Copenhagen, where he met with much opposition.

He settled at last in Bergen, where he carried on some kind of trade. He was, in 1804, thrown into prison on a charge of heresy, where he lay for ten weary years. The doctrines for which he thus suffered were, faith in God through Christ, and the renewing of the inward man by faith. As nothing unscriptural could be proved in the doctrines, he was released in 1814, but still fined one thousand riksdalers and costs. Two years afterwards his works, which had been prohibited, received the Royal sanction of free circulation. He settled down on some land of his own, and, in 1824, departed this

life. His followers are spread all over Norway; and, like the English Methodists, still though a sect, consider themselves members of the Established Church.

In conclusion, it may be said of Tidemand that he has happily met with the full appreciation of his country. The Royal villa at Christiania is enriched by a series of ten separate pieces. In Great Britain, too, the Duke of Hamilton possesses one of his works, entitled "Beneficence;" and Lord Ellesmere, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, the two beautiful pictures painted conjointly by Tidemand and Gude.

Let us trust that Tidemand, Bergh, and Amalia Lindegren are but the first-fruits of a rich though late Northern harvest of art.

Of the latter charming artist I will speak in the first instance, in the words of Fröken Esselde: "Ask," she says, "the connoisseurs who assembled from all parts of the civilized world in the London Exhibition, and stood in crowds before this picture of a simple room in a Dalecarlian cottage, smiling with the mother at the wild glee of her children, and unconsciously listening to the melody whose peculiar minor key spreads a slight melancholy over the

face of the fiddler as he regards the joy of his little ones—ask these connoisseurs, attracted yet a second time, irresistibly attracted to this simple picture, spelling the name so difficult to pronounce, Amalia Lindegren—ask them if the Swedish woman is unable to do credit to the vocation of the artist, or to attain to the especial object of the art of to-day—the expression of the poetry of reality."

So wrote a noble sister-spirit in 1862; a carping male critic, an artist, on the contrary, some years since, when he and Miss Lindegren were students, gave it as his advice that she should follow the calling of a woman, "throw away her brush, knit stockings, and make sausage-meat."

Fortunately this advice was not taken, and Sweden is proud, as she has right to be, of Amalia Lindegren.

Since my first coming to Stockholm I have felt unspeakably attracted to this lady, not only from the influence which I had felt from her pictures before I left home, but from her kindness to Hulda, who frequently goes to see her, and is never loth to speak of her.

Very grateful was I, therefore, when towards

the close of the year Tante Fredrika proposed that I should accompany her on a visit to Miss Lindegren.

A short walk through the streets brought us to the handsome pile of building where she resided, and climbing the many flights of stairs, for she lives quite at the top on account of the good north light which she can there command, as well as a more heightened studio window, we learned from the young cheerful servant that she was at home.

We passed through a pleasant sitting-room into a large studio with dark grey walls, and the stove of the same colour. The room was filled with easels, canvasses, frames, and all such artistic evidences of work; together with an open piano. The centre attraction was the artist herself, beautifully neat in a black poplin dress. She received us very cordially. Her portrait of Tidemand hung on the wall, like an old friend, and carried me back to the International Exhibition.

Miss Lindegren was just then busy on a fine picture, as true to nature as its predecessors. It is again the interior of a Dalecarlian cottage, not now a merry rejoicing, but a chastening

tribulation. The poor parents are about to consign the dead body of their baby boy to its little coffin. No neighbours intrude on the privacy of the scene. You alone are privileged to give your sympathy, to join your prayers with those of the bereaved family. The poor young peasant mother turns in an agony of grief from you, and kneeling, bends over the little corpse lying so tranquilly unconscious. The father, a strong-built peasant, sits on one side, the open psalm-book, with its double clasps, upon his knee, and regards with all a man's grief and self-control the form of his only son, whilst the one remaining joy of the cottage, a small girl of four or five, nestles to her father's knee, her little wooden cart abandoned on the floor, her young mind revolving in childish awe and amazement, the strange, sad scene around her. One more figure, and the group is complete. The old, white-haired grandfather, in his long sheep-skin coat, leaning on his stick, stands at the other side of the baby corpse and the poor heartbroken mother. A long discipline of sorrow and resignation has deprived him of tears. He cannot murmur, but commits his children and himself to the One upon whom his

soul confidently leans. The little black, clumsy coffin stands on a chair, and in a few more minutes the small clay form, embalmed with tears and kisses, will be hidden from sight and carried across the threshold.

Turning from this lovely but touching picture, a smaller one, now finished, delighted us. It is an early summer morning, the pale roseate sky is all alive. A young Dalecarlian peasant girl, standing on a mountain side, is blowing her horn after her goats. You hear the long echoing blast through the fresh, clear air, which has already summoned one bounding white goat to her side.

There were several good portraits in various stages of completion, of grand Swedish ladies and gentlemen, but these, though excellent in their way, could not touch the heart as the others. These are the drudgery, the duty-work of the artist, for uniforms, lace, and jewels are poor materials for a picture in comparison with the peasant's homespun woollen and linen, and his strong, undisguised emotions.

Miss Lindegren spent the following evening at Tante Fredrika's. We were quite alone, and very interesting was it to me to hear these

two celebrated Swedish women discussing the character and the painful life-experiences of the deceased artist, Sophie Adlersparre, who died in Stockholm, in 1862.

Sophie Adlersparre was the first Swedish woman who ventured into the path of art, and being of a singularly reserved character, very little was known of her until Fröken Esselde, into whose hands her papers were committed after her decease, published a sketch of her life in the "Home Magazine." At this time the memoir was still unfinished, but sufficient was there to excite the deepest sympathy and admiration of a character which through life was so little understood.

This memoir consists principally of extracts from Fröken Adlersparre's diary. Miss Lindegren, however, knew her in Stockholm, but still better in Rome. Miss Bremer also had been her travelling companion during a little summer tour in the south of Sweden, in 1845, and had also been her constant visitor during her last illness. Still, neither of them had been able to penetrate the reserve of her hard exterior, and were little prepared for the depth of love and kindliness, and for the deep

devotion which was in reality the key-note of her life.

Sophie Adlersparre might be taken as a type of the cold, iron surface of the earth during a Swedish winter, all the warmth and vegetation of summer buried beneath ice and snow, and unable to clothe the surface till death loosened the frozen armour, and set the spirit free. Her own life was surrounded by storms and adverse winds, yet she ever strove to pass through them to a clear heaven,—ever sought amongst lowering clouds to perceive divine love and mercy.

The north of Europe, with its stern primeval rock and pine forests, its long wild winters and short summers, stoical in itself, stamps the same character on its children. Southern Europe, on the contrary, with its laughing nature, its luxury of soil and climate, its endless summer days, and its mimic winter, essentially epicurean, produces an epicurean race. We have, generally speaking, no idea how much the very soil influences the formation of character. Take some of the representative women of Sweden—that half-mythical Kraka from the far shadowy past, who was never

known to weep but once, and then she wept "tears of blood," whatever they may be in reality, but assuredly tears of an immense anguish; take the Countess Sture, "King Martha," as she was called in her great family, the woman of an iron will, the woman unconquered even by the cruel loss of her beloved husband and three hopeful sons; take *ma chère mère* of the "Neighbours," for she was no exceptional character, but the representative of many a "*house-mother*" in Sweden; take Amelie von Braun, with her deeply-religious spirit, and you will find them all stoical women, true daughters of a stoic land.

None were more so than Sophie Adlersparre, who, in her love of solitude, patient endurance, burning zeal for the good of others, and utter detestation of sin, reminds me of Amelie von Braun. Pain she despised; truth she worshipped; art she practised as a divine vocation, which God had laid upon her for the elevation and ennobling of her fellow-creatures. So fearful was she of giving wrong impressions that she weighed every word and action. Reserved, timid, and blunt in her manners, and at the same time indifferent to society,

she never gained the love which she desired.

On April 9th, 1833, when she was five-and-twenty, she writes :—

"I am miserable. I feel an indescribable inquietude. I am conscious of a gnawing at my heart, like that of a silkworm consuming a mulberry-leaf. Whence this unrest, this deep anguish? Alas! because I am so different to what I desire to be. Oh, my God! my God! make me better. Let me be of service to my fellow-beings. Few can desire this more deeply, more intensely than I do, yet how far behind the generality do I stand in this respect! How repugnant I must be when all stand aloof. Yet I feel so warmly towards all! The least kindness makes me inexpressibly happy; the least coldness, even from one to whom I am indifferent, compresses my heart as with a band of iron. Alas! that I cannot dispense with human love and sympathy, knowing, as I do, that I have a Father in Heaven who knows all my thoughts and feelings, and who will never cease to love His weak, erring child. Dear Lord, my love, my gratitude to Thee is boundless. . . . . Grant

me strength entirely to consecrate my life to Thee. My only desire, my only wish here, is to work for Thy kingdom."

The diary, in fact, is a series of touching letters written to an all-merciful Parent. The responses were unvarying help through every difficulty; the rolling away of heavy stones from her path; the chaining of the lions which might otherwise have driven her back.

Sophie Adlersparre's especial gift did not lie in original composition, but in the faithful, loving reproduction of the finest works of the most celebrated Italian masters. She seemed so much in harmony with Raphael that her copies were perfect reflections of the originals.

In 1839, she made her first tour abroad, accompanying a wealthy aunt and two of her sons. Whilst in Paris she worked industriously in the Louvre. In 1845, after the little tour with Miss Bremer, she went to Germany, and studied in Dresden under Professor Dahl. Here she began her copy of Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. Probably dissatisfied with her art-knowledge, she left her picture for the winter, and went to Paris, where she lived frugally, and painted assiduously under Professor Cogniet,

her former master there, who, at parting, begged permission to keep one of her pictures. The following April she went back to Dresden, and finished her copy.

Very short of means, she returned that autumn to Sweden, and had the pleasure of unpacking her picture, on its arrival the following spring, at the palace, in the presence of the King and Queen. This was done at the generous desire of Queen Josephine, who remained to the last one of her most constant friends and chiefest supporters. This picture, together with the "Death of St. Joseph," after Franceschini, have been presented by the Queen to the Roman Catholic chapel in Stockholm, and form its chief ornaments.

Like Jenny Lind, Sophie Adlersparre became a warm supporter of the Läsare movement, which some thirteen years ago, under the name of New Evangelicalism, made a great sensation in Stockholm. It seems to me that all truly great Swedish women of the present day are as remarkable for their deep, indwelling piety as for any gifts of intellect or genius, and this assuredly is one of the most hopeful signs of the true regeneration of the North.

Sophie Adlersparre attended prayer-meetings, and entered heart and soul into the religious life of these good people, hoping and trusting that she had at length found the true road to congenial happiness. As a Läserska, she left Sweden in 1851 for Munich, where she worked industriously under Professor Dürck, availing herself of the rich treasures of the Glyptothek and Pinakothek, and the Leuchtenburg Gallery. In the October of that year one of the dreams of her life was accomplished; she was in Italy. The Alps were crossed, the cold Teutonic and Gothic races were left behind, and once amongst the children of the sunny south, her whole life was changed. She who had been accustomed to coldness now met with cordial warmth on all hands. In Bologna, Florence, Rome, the artist was appreciated and honoured.

Her copies, so faithful to the originals, must proceed only from a daughter of the true Church. The Cardinals Canella, Bedini, Prince Hohenlohe, Antonelli, even the Pope, interested themselves in her. In their kindness she saw not only the poetry and beauty of the Church, but the communion of the faithful. At first

she listened with trembling and doubting, but at last she willingly joined herself to the Church of Rome; one great inducement being that even if she could not serve and love the living as ardently as she desired, she could help on the spirits of the departed by her incessant prayers.

Loaded with presents from her high admirers and friends, and an autograph of the Pope earnestly desiring her welfare, she returned in 1855 to her native land, to be shunned by her Läsare friends for her apostacy. One more journey abroad and she settled down finally in Sweden, again to know sorrow and the want of money. Her resources were painfully small, and her independent spirit was unwilling to be under obligations to any.

In 1861, she was seized with the illness which terminated her life of sorrow. Yet various kind friends would have cheered her solitary condition had she allowed it; amongst others, Professor Nilsson and his family. Miss Bremer's friend, however, Expedition-secretary Ekmarck, one of the main supporters of an excellent and popular periodical, and whose daughter had formerly learnt mosaic work from her, was

more successful. The last nourishment she took was sent from his house. She was also voluntarily nursed through this illness by a faithful friend, whom in her early life Sophie Adlersparre had never appreciated.

The spirit of the dying artist became very tender, and even communicative. She told Miss Bremer that she was now able to sympathize with those in pain; she was affectionate and grateful, and died as she had lived, with a childlike dependence upon God.

I now hear but one remark from all. "Poor Sophie Adlersparre!" they say, "she had a tender heart, and yet we none of us knew it."

How different is the sentiment towards Miss Lindegren!

Directly after this visit to Tante Fredrika, I had a great happiness. Miss Lindegren invited me to go to her twice every week for an hour, between half-past five and half-past six, when it was too dark for painting. These little visits have now continued for some time, and I trust may still continue. To me they are sweet seasons of peace. I shall recall them for years to come. Let me note down, therefore, their outward features. The lighted

lamp standing on that round table; the portraits of two really great Swedes looking from the wall, and the whole room fragrant with hyacinths. Sometimes the cheerful young servant, whose poor infirm mother is allowed by Miss Lindegren to live with her, opens the door to me, but most generally it is my kind hostess herself, who receives me with her genial "welcome."

As yet I have been at this hour her only visitor, with the exception of a little lad on one occasion, a friend of hers, who, anxious to make his mother a present of a drawing on her birthday, which was the morrow, came to Miss Lindegren for her friendly advice.

She amused me one day by telling me of the Dalecarlian peasant who had just been sitting to her for the poor bereaved father in her present picture, but unaccustomed to such quiet occupation he fell asleep, which troubled him, but was all right for her, as it was the feet and knees which she required. She tells me also that the Dalecarlians, like the Germans and Swiss, are throwing off their costume, which seems a great pity when there is so little besides of a picturesque character; but so it must be,

from the influx of strangers and the increased intercourse with others.

This dear artist thinks herself a hopelessly stupid person because she cannot draw in albums and scrap-books, like other people. She wishes she were clever enough!

How little can truly humble-minded people understand their own merits!

Herman comes for me, and even he looks forward to this small service as a great happiness. He never can forget how kindly she says, "Come in, lilla Herman!" and afterwards, on one occasion, showed him the picture of the dead child.

Herman and Fritz are quite confidential with me. Herman the other night, as we came back, opened his heart. He has had a great sorrow, the greatest that can happen at this season to a Swedish lad—he has broken one of his skates.

"But never mind, Herman, you shall have all set right to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XX.

CATASTROPHES.

MARCH 7TH.—Whilst the powdery snow-flakes are falling softly without, I have opened the stove-door, and the blazing light of the faggots streams on the hearth, which is chalked all over in diamonds and crosses.

For a long time I have been desirous of seeing the Northern Lights, which Tante Fredrika tells me sometimes appear in Stockholm during the winter. How vainly had I looked for them till, one night in February, there seemed a chance of my wish being gratified. It was early, not yet light, when I was suddenly awakened by a glow in my room, yet by my watch I saw that it was early morning. The long, slanting snow-covered roof opposite was bathed in a glorious rose-pink light. "It must be the reflection of the aurora borealis!" I exclaimed, and was delighted.

The next moment, however, I perceived my error. It was a fire, and in our own pile of buildings. There was a wild clattering on the stone stairs, and cries, and trampling of feet, and a great confusion below. I therefore threw my waterproof cloak around me, wishing that it was fireproof also, and feeling thankful that so many of my possessions were in boxes, began to think of collecting my treasures, not forgetting Tante Fredrika's handsome chair.

I expected every moment a visit from Fru Knutsson and firemen, when suddenly the roof opposite became a sheet of cold grey, as tranquil as the lull which ensued.

All danger was over, and before long Fru Knutsson entered, exceedingly angry with the Councillor of Commerce in the next dwelling, who had terrified everybody by letting his chimney take fire.

This is the second alarm we have had within a short time. One Sunday morning "fire was loose," according to Swedish phraseology, another chimney in the same pile being on fire, but the alarm was this time of much longer duration. In and out of my room sprang poor Fru Knutsson in her gigantic hoop, over which

hung an unfastened dress, exclaiming, "My valuable furniture will all be burnt, and I am not insured! Come here, good sir! come to my help!" and forthwith a tall man, followed by a very sooty chimney-sweeper, entered.

"*Mees*, this is a *sotare* (sootary), but *Mees* cannot understand!" exclaimed she, in a sort of desperation; "and he is come to inspect the stove, and to see that we shall not be all burned to death. Ah! if *Mees* could but understand what a *sotare* is!"

Lest, therefore, some of my readers should not fully understand, I give a cutting by Hulda of the Swedish sample which was introduced to my presence.

It seems to me that "fire is often loose" in this city. Sometimes in the dead of the night

the fire-bell tolls, which sounds very awful. People know by the peculiar ringing in which part of the city the fire is, and you will hear, "It's only in Södermalm," or "It is in the city," just as if each district were only called upon to help in its own locality. The King, however, feels that, let the fire be where it may, it concerns him, and he goes and works away at the pumps, or dashes water from the buckets as if he were a born fireman.

I spoke just now of my hearth being ornamented with diamonds and crosses. I wish all the world could see the wonderful hieroglyphics that Sara delineates on Tante Fredrika's flight of stone stairs after they have been washed on Saturday! On one occasion, not content with her usual display, she determined to try her decorative skill to the utmost, and long and wearily covered the whole walls with white rolling clouds. This was an unfortunate effort of genius, for those who passed up or down the stairs carried a bit of cloud away with them; white mist was on their backs and shoulders, and clouds, not as white as Sara's, gathered on their countenances. Fortunately, the bursting of a great storm was prevented, for Sara, who

herself perceived these weather signals, swept all away, and the next morning no vestiges of her creation remained either to amuse or to vex anybody.

There is scarcely a story of Miss Bremer's in which the servant or servants do not figure, more or less. This I am convinced is a characteristic of Swedish domestic life, hence it is that I am compelled every now and then to introduce Sara in my pages. With this one apology or explanation I will proceed.

One day, therefore, Sara informed me, with an air of importance as well as delight, that "a bride was to be seen that evening."

I knew that weddings took place in private houses, probably arising from the circumstance of churches never, until lately, having been heated; but I did not at first fully understand Sara's intention.

"Lilla Mamsell," therefore she continued, "must know that the bride is to be looked at. Everybody has a right to go and inspect the bride; the madams in the market pass their judgment on her, and even better folks go as well. She stands in a room, and the gentleman marshals stand round with great silver candle-

sticks to throw the light on her; and there is such a crowd all up the staircase and in the house itself! And they would think it a want of respect if people did not go. I shall come and fetch Mamsell to-night to gaze at the bride. Mamsell will have her things on at six. I will not keep Mamsell waiting. Mamsell Bremer wishes us both to go. It is so diverting." And away tripped Sara.

Punctually at six, I sat dressed in my warm room and waited for Sara. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed, and no Sara. I now loosened my things, for I was beginning to feel half suffocated. One outer wrap after another went off, and by twenty minutes to seven I sat down to my usual reading, perfectly divested of out-door habiliments. Just then Sara's energetic little knock was heard at the door, and she entered.

"In a second, good Sara," exclaimed I, seizing the warm, knitted investment that always was undermost in my multitudinous wrappings.

"Sweet Mamsell," began poor Sara, "the fish-madam gammoned me! There is no bride! there is no wedding! I'll let her—"

what followed I did not hear, for Sara withdrew, turning back, however, to say, "It is a good thing that Mamsell is always busy."

As I am on the subject of weddings, I may mention that on the first Tuesday after my arrival Tante Fredrika went to one amongst some of her relatives.

At about half-past seven she came into my room to say good-bye, because she had already faith in the warm sympathy which I took in everything belonging to her. Beautifully neat and delicate as she always is in her attire, like a fairy godmother, she was now, of course, in her best, in a brocaded silk of a golden brown colour, her delicate lace cap, which she had adopted years before, and always adheres to, her collars and cuffs of fine Wadstena lace, and a large white fan of feathers in her hand. At ten she returned.

Next morning, Hulda and I were regaled with bon-bons from the supper, for wedding-cake is not customary here, and with a pleasant graphic account of the whole affair. The company consisted of Swedish *élite*. The young bride, very beautiful, graceful, and timid, looked like a delicate rosebud in her rich white

silk dress, her myrtle-wreath, always worn in Sweden, and her long veil. Her four bridesmaids were clad in pink, and looked charming, the handsome mother and hostess herself, not looking thirty.

The bride is a niece of Baron de Geer; her only sister was married the day before, it being considered unlucky in Sweden for two sisters to be married on the same day. The first couple had immediately left for Italy, and the second were at once to follow. Wedding trips are now becoming fashionable, and Italy seems to be the favourite goal of all Swedes, whether married or single.

This is the only occasion this winter on which Miss Bremer has been to an evening party; she cannot bear the hot air of crowded rooms, nor yet the fatigue.

Although Tante Fredrika makes it a rule not to go out in an evening, yet she wishes me to accept the invitations given to me by her relatives and various of her friends, as in this way, she says, I shall see "the cream of Swedish society." These parties are certainly very pleasant, and perhaps that which strikes me most in them is the natural, unpretending

manners of the young girls, and of the thorough enjoyment they have in dancing, or as Fru Lenngren says, not "being glad because they are to dance, but dancing because they are glad."

At one of the grandest of these parties I too became extremely glad. Suddenly the young lady of the house desired to introduce to me the popular preacher of the German church. His brilliant orders glittered before me, but they did not attract me, for my eye was fixed with joy on a certain little green book which he had in his hand. It was my own hymn-book, one which Tante Fredrika had given me. It had belonged to a dear, deceased relative of hers, and many of its pages were piously turned down by the hand of the departed, and to the principal hymns the name of the author was written in ink. I felt the kindness of the gift beyond words, and treasured it greatly.

On the previous Sunday I had taken it with its companion prayer-book to the German church, where Hulda and I went that day. The crowd had been immense, and there was a great deal of pushing and thrusting in coming out. As soon as I returned home, I discovered to my grief and dismay that my hymn-book

was gone. It had slipped from my hand either in coming out of the crowded church or on my way home, and falling on the snow had not been heard. What to do I knew not. I did not like to confess my loss to Tante Fredrika, to whom it would have appeared so careless, nor yet for the same reason did I wish to advertise it. The only chance seemed to be to go to the church the following Sunday and make inquiries. All this time a pang was never absent from my heart. If for a moment I forgot it, and gave way to any passing pleasurable sentiment, I seemed plucked back by the remembrance of my loss, and the vexation it would be to my dear friend when the time came that she must know of it.

Like Edla, who feels that all which concerns us ought to be made a matter of prayer, so I kept sending up little inward, prayerful sighs over the missing hymn-book.

Now, then, every desire was realized. The book was again in my hand, and had it been a mass of precious stones, it could not have been more welcome to me.

"A verger brought me this book into the vestry," said the polite preacher, smiling,

"and as it contained the name of Miss Bremer in connection with Miss Howitt's, and I had the honour of an invitation here to-night, I brought it with me, hoping to restore it into the owner's hands."

How heartily did I thank him! Thus the great load removed from my heart was changed to a little load in my pocket, and my only impatience now was to impart my joy to the sympathizing Hulda.

Hulda kindly helps in all my toilet operations, which are always afterwards inspected by Tante Fredrika. Sara, too, who takes becoming interest in any visiting which goes forward, would gladly attend me out and fetch me back did I not object to her being kept up late after her day's work. Fru Knutsson's feathers and flowers, which would have appeared on such an occasion, were too formidable, therefore the faithful Herman is appointed my companion.

Poor lad! He considers it the highest possible honour. His hair is elaborately combed and brushed, and he puts on his Sunday frock-coat, which buttons so firmly around him, and has such square laps.

Like a well-trained lackey, he takes his

stand behind the sledge, on our way to a party. He has great notions of his duties as a lady's attendant, therefore insists not only on carrying my white kid boots nicely wrapped in paper, but, though often inwardly awed by the men servants, insists upon helping my feet into them as we stand in the corridor, and then of arranging my skirts in the most exact manner.

Poor Herman! I can't help liking the lad. And then to hear him inquire from the grand servants at what hour the party will break up, and receive the patronizing answer, and he, knowing himself to be Herman Knutsson, a citizen of Stockholm! It really in a small way often touches me.

One night, after a party at Professor Nilsson's, my faithful, punctual Herman never made his appearance. I waited and waited, and at length the last guests, kindly taking compassion on me, dropped me at our door.

I groped my way along the dark, public passage, up the two dark flights of stairs, unlocked my door, and let myself in. Imagine my horror to hear Fru Knutsson call through the wall—

"Herman, Herman! Don't stay! It is so late."

"Herman!" I returned, in a tremulous voice, "Herman? Why, Fru Knutsson, he did not come for me."

A little scream, and then after a second or two, Fru Knutsson, rushing through the kitchen, reached my room. All anger now on my part at having been forgotten was past, and I felt only alarm.

"Where is my Herman?" demanded Fru Knutsson, in a wild, excited tone; "my right hand—my darling, sensible son—my Herman?"

"Indeed, Fru Knutsson," replied I, almost like a culprit, "he never came."

"Never came!" she screamed. "Poor fellow, and he was full of fetching *Mees*. When he returned, says I, 'Go to bed, Herman, and I will wake thee at twelve to fetch Engelskan,' says I. So we both went to bed, but at half-past eleven it was he that woke me. 'Mamma lilla, I must be off,' says he; so he put on his coat in a trice, and a bit of composite candle in one pocket and matches in the other to light his Fröken up the stairs. He has such sense,

has poor Herman. But he is kidnapped! The police have him! He's run over, he's drowned in one of the ugly ice-holes in the Mälar! Woe's me for my boy Herman! But *Mees* cannot understand!"

Fru Knutsson wrung her hands and sobbed.

What in all the world was to be done! All the counsellors I could think of were in dreamland. Tante Fredrika, just dropped asleep, was already fighting for America and Denmark; Sara was bargaining for horse-radish in the market; Hulda was moulding a parian basket for the Princess Eugenie, and hanging the drawing-room curtains in artistic folds at the same time; and our good, infallible Miss Vennberg, tired out, was reposing in blissful unconsciousness of everything. It was vain to look for help in any of these directions. Even the owner of the cream-coloured guernsey had been gone for a month, no one knew whither. Who then could be applied to?

"Fru Knutsson," I said, "dress yourself, and put on your hood and cloak, and I will go with you and find him!"

"Is *Mees* stark mad?" said Fru Knutsson, reproachfully. "*Mees* cannot walk about the

streets in white muslin and thin boots, and in the dead of the night too. Oh, my Herman, thou art irrecoverably lost! Thy mother will go. I will raise the town! I will——Oh! heavens, my Herman!"

Yes, there stood Herman within the door panting with excitement, his flushed face and red ears still more crimson against the large white knitted comforter which was wound round his throat; and in broken sentences he gasped out—

"Wanted to get a nice sledge for Fröken, not a nasty common one! Driver was out—had to wait—sledge ready at last—such a nice one!—driver went wrong—came just after Fröken had left—driver horribly cross—says he will have the money—here I am. Oh!—"

"Never mind, Herman!" I said, "you are a good lad, and I'll pay for the sledge."

So ended the tragedy.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS BREMER AT HOME.

EMILY CARLÈN and Fredrika Bremer, two remarkable women of whom their country is deservedly proud, occupy as it were, two high seats of public regard, neither interfering with, nor yet annoying the other, because whilst they are so essentially different, they stand less as literary rivals than as two sister-workers for the public benefit and pleasure.

Towards the close of the year, as I have already said, Mrs. Carlén published a kind and generous literary memoir of her friend, which appearing in the Illustrated paper, was gratifying to Miss Bremer. It was, therefore, a great pleasure to me to learn that on a certain evening in January this lady was to be here, for I had naturally a great desire to meet with one of whom I already knew so much that was es-

timable, and for whom also I felt deep sympathy, knowing the sorrow which had so long wrung her heart. She has never, it is said, recovered the loss of an only son, the child of her first marriage, Edward Flygare, who had greatly distinguished himself as a student at Upsala, and who richly inherited his mother's genius.

For some years, after this great sorrow, Mrs. Carlén was, I believe, unable to write anything, and even yet a shade of melancholy is cast over her life. She has nevertheless a daughter, now married to another Carlén, a rising lawyer; and this young lady, also highly gifted, is the successful authoress of novels of the sensational school.

Mrs. Carlén's husband is himself also a distinguished author and editor, whilst his sister, Miss Octavia Carlén, stands high as a conscientious and industrious writer on archæological and other kindred subjects. The first time I had the pleasure of seeing her was when our Christmas-tree was lighted up for the second time, on this occasion for the entertainment of the little children of one of Tante Fredrika's former readers, and when Miss Octavia Carlén,

who resides near us, was also invited. Had this lady been altogether previously unknown to me she would at once have won my warmest regard by her self-forgetting, energetic kindness. She danced with the baby-children round the tree, Hulda and I joining in the dance, whilst Miss Bremer played merry polskas on the piano, and the mother looked on with maternal pleasure.

Since that day, Hulda and I have become very good friends with Miss Octavia Carlén, who occasionally invites us to go out with her, a privilege which we greatly enjoy, as she is full of information, which she imparts with the greatest good-nature.

Mrs. Carlén being a guest whom Tante Fredrika desired especially to honour, Tilda, a tall, good-looking young woman from the Årsta estate, and who is now married in Stockholm, came as usual to help Sara, and we also were attired in our best.

Mrs. Carlén is singularly bright and intelligent, just such a woman as the authoress of the "Rose of Thistle Isle," and her other powerful and genial stories ought to be.

The company invited to meet her, were the Nilssons, Magister Eneroth, an English gentle-

man, residing in Stockholm, and another foreigner, a young friend of Tante Fredrika's. Mr. Ekmarck was there also, but he did not stay long, coming merely, as he said, "to thank Mrs. Carlén for the sketch of Miss Bremer which she had written."

There is no class that Tante Fredrika takes a warmer interest in than young women who are making their own way in the world. It is impossible to say in how many of these little vessels, so to speak, launched on the ocean of life, she is interested; for how many she has acted as pilot, or, like the merchant, has supplied the cargo.

Amongst our most regular visitors of this class are Cecilia, a young lady who reads French to her, and Elsa, Hulda's predecessor. Elsa is one of a large family of brothers and sisters. The mother possessed an estate in the country, but the father, an officer, allowed the property, for want of management, to be lost. The mother died and the father soon followed, weeping and chiding himself on his death-bed for his improvidence, knowing that his children were now destitute. But one and all comforted

him in the assurance that they were able and willing to work; and faithful to this assurance all are now honourably gaining their livelihood in various ways. Fröken Fanny, one of the sisters, is a national schoolmistress.

Another of Tante Fredrika's protégées has a photographic atelier, in which she takes great interest, as she does also in a printing-press which a lady has begun to work under the same roof as the School of Design.

Leonora and Ottila, two girls of the Seminarium, were invited one evening by Miss Bremer. Sara had a holiday and Hulda prepared the evening meal, imparting by her goodwill and delicate manipulation, a higher relish to everything. What dainty slices of meat she cut to be eaten with the *smörgås*, literally buttered goose, but in fact, slices of various kinds of bread and butter. She filled the rusk-basket, which stands on every Swedish table, and arranged the confectionery with that peculiarly artistic taste which distinguishes all she does, and of which every meal, be it ever so simple, is susceptible.

The two guests, though coming from different quarters of the city, arrived at the same moment,

as if by concert, and both wore grey baréges, looking, as they entered, like a pair of doves. Dresses of a much thinner material are worn here in the winter than with us, the severity of the cold being, as it were, only out of doors, against which people defend themselves by ample shawls, cloaks, and furs. Leonora is a slender brunette, with a touch of crimson on her cheeks, large, wondering brown eyes, and an expression of quiet originality in every movement.

Her grandfather, who was known to Tante Fredrika, was a master carpenter, and employed in making alterations and improvements at Årsta. He was somewhat of a poet, and wrote verses in honour of Mrs. Bremer. Tante Fredrika, therefore, whose heart is an immense receptacle of old memories and kind inclinations, is now glad to show attention to the grand-daughter of this poetical carpenter, and she deserves it, for she is one of the best scholars in the Seminarium.

Ottila likewise is a promising Seminarium scholar, but she is delicate, and has sickness at home, so that in another way she is an object of Tante Fredrika's kind sympathy.

In the course of the evening, the great col-

lections of engravings and photographs which Miss Bremer brought back with her from her foreign travel were looked over. She gave each of her visitors some large pressed anemones, which she had gathered in Greece, where they grow luxuriantly in spring. In the meantime, the phenomenon of the Jericho Rose had been preparing. It was shown to the visitors shortly after their arrival, in its jar in the drawing-room, looking a perfectly dried-up skeleton, all its twigs yellow-grey, withered and wrinkled towards the centre of the plant. Now, after lying for half an hour in a basin of water it was found, to the joy of every one, transformed into a living plant; its small branches and sturdy little roots all expanded; no longer now a dull yellow-grey but a dark green brown, with tiny leaves and little red cups or flowers. It drank in life at every pore. There is here a still larger Jericho Rose, but it requires two hours in water, and when expanded, though much larger, is not so perfect in detail. Both are repeatedly resuscitated without suffering in the least. The royal family also possesses a Jericho Rose which was obtained for them by Tante Fredrika.

It was this wonderful plant, and a little incident which occurred a few years since, which suggested to Miss Bremer her pretty story of "The Rose of Jericho." The incident was this:—

On one occasion, when she was a district-visitor, her compassion was called forth by a family in great distress; the parents were ill; the mother had a young baby, and three elder but small children had to take care of each other. Miss Bremer resided at that time with a very kind-hearted lady and gentleman, and to them she related the sad story, on which the lady immediately replied,—

"My housemaid is going to be married in a few weeks, but, as she is very fond of children, let the eldest girl come here until she goes."

Greatly pleased with this idea, Miss Bremer returned to the house of the poor family, accompanied by the elderly footman, a very plain man, to whom the eldest little girl, Jenny, seemed to take an irresistible liking. She flew to him like a little bird, nestled in his arms, and was willingly carried off by him, he on his part appearing quite transformed, his homely countenance becoming beautiful, as it

were, in the kindliness that was called forth by the confiding love of the child.

The poor parents were deeply grateful for this first act of generosity from the wealthy family; how much more so when later the little girl was actually adopted by them! The housemaid married; but, in the meantime, the child had so much ingratiated herself by her sensible little remarks and her winning ways, that they would not again part with her.

The evenings of especial note are those when Miss Bremer sits as a Deborah, as a mother in Israel, in the midst of the little circle of earnest young teachers gathered at her house.

There are three different institutions for the free training of national schoolmistresses, all of whom must be well educated, intelligent women. These are quite independent of the Seminarium, the students of which are intended for governesses of a higher grade. As, however, all class differences are apt to create a feeling of jealousy and division, some of the nobler members of the Seminarium strongly feeling that the object for which conscientious

teachers of every class were striving must be precisely the same, determined, as much as in them lay, to bring about a cordial sisterly understanding between the two parties.

As in the first instance, this desirable movement could only be made by the Seminarium. Ingeborg and Edla, who were amongst its chief promoters, consulted with their excellent principal, Mrs. Thengberg, and Miss Bremer, from both of whom they met with the warmest approval and promise of co-operation.

Accordingly, a certain number of national schoolmistresses and young governesses were invited to meet at Miss Bremer's, as an initiative step. It was entirely successful. A series of these little social gatherings was commenced, in which they might, as friend with friend, discuss their common interests, and become personally acquainted.

These evenings are delightful, and Tante Fredrika, in the combined character of hostess, friend, and counsellor, is perfectly charming. To the little gathering which took place the other evening came three teachers from Clara school, Ingeborg and Edla, with Hulda's younger sister, who, to the satisfaction of all,

has just commenced as a national schoolmistress; Fröken Fanny, and her sister Elsa, who has also become a schoolmistress.

Teaching is no derogation in Sweden; on the contrary, it is becoming an honourable calling. The daughter of the governor of a province, lately deceased, supports her mother and family by giving lessons.

But to return to our evenings. It was proposed that discussions on given subjects should take place, the subject being chosen at one meeting and discussed the following, so that time might be allowed for necessary reflection. Nor need I give more than one instance to prove in how simple and earnest a spirit every subject is received and thought over. The question was proposed:—

"How best can the good old Swedish word, '*Teaching Mother*,' be carried out by the female instructor of the present day?"

At the following meeting, it appeared that every one had separately arrived at the same conclusion, though all couched in different words, namely:—

That by the closest communion with the All-Father, and the deepest love to every child com-

mitted to them by Him, can alone efficiently be carried out the idea of the *Teaching Mother*.

After one of these interesting evenings Edla said to me:—

"Now, I must write to my mother, and tell her all we have thought and discussed, for she is living anew in me, she says, and that thus she is fulfilling all her early wishes and desires; she is working them out in her daughter."

Edla wears a paletôt of her mother's spinning and her sister's weaving. She treasures it so much that it is kept for best, as another lady might keep her ermine-trimmed velvet. She can pay you no higher compliment than calling on you in her homespun garment.

After one of these evenings, when Mrs. Theta, whom, according to the good Swedish custom, I call Aunt Jane, had been present, she said, addressing me:—

"My little one, you are coming with Edla and Ingeborg to see me at Upsala in the spring. You will find me in an old monastery, and we will have a nice time together. It is all arranged."

I say *Aunt* Jane, because this dear kind

friend is half a countrywoman of mine. She remembers when quite a little child playing with her brother, since fatally lost in the American backwoods, amongst the cannon by the Tower, and having a profound respect for the beef-eaters. This is almost her only recollection of England. She has lived since then in Sweden.

Tante Fredrika, Hulda, and I have been brought into deep sympathy of joy with the daughter of one of the most celebrated poets of Sweden. She is the mother of a large family of remarkably beautiful children, for the education of whom she has left her distant country home, and taken up her residence for the winter in Stockholm. I know four of her children from meeting them at gymnastics.

One day Tante Fredrika received a most touching letter from her, stating her despair in having become totally deaf. The physician gave her no hope of recovery, and the thought of never again hearing the tender voices of her children, and supplying their small wants as instantaneously as hitherto, had overwhelmed her with grief. Thus it has lasted for some

days, during which much prayer has brought her into a resigned state.

The following day Tante Fredrika went to see her, and returning told us how touching was the loving thoughtfulness of the children. In order that their mother might be less aware of her misfortune, they had talked, even amongst themselves, at the highest pitch of their voice.

"We shall get accustomed to it," said the affectionate children, "and mamma will never know how loud we are talking; she will think it is our natural key, and it will console her."

To the grief of the children, however, even this little scheme did not succeed. The hearing of their dear mother seemed irrecoverably gone.

Miss Bremer advised various remedies, but her friend had entire reliance on the physician in whose hands she had placed herself.

And now, this very day, a letter is come from her saying, "rejoice with me, for my hearing is restored!" It seems that as she lay in bed on the preceding night she had heard a bell ring. At first she feared it might be fancy; afterwards she heard her daughter speak at the other end of the room. Her joy was almost

beyond expression. There was no longer a doubt; her hearing was in truth returning.

The physician was as much amazed as herself. He had evidently mistaken the cause, which he now simply attributes to a violent cold.

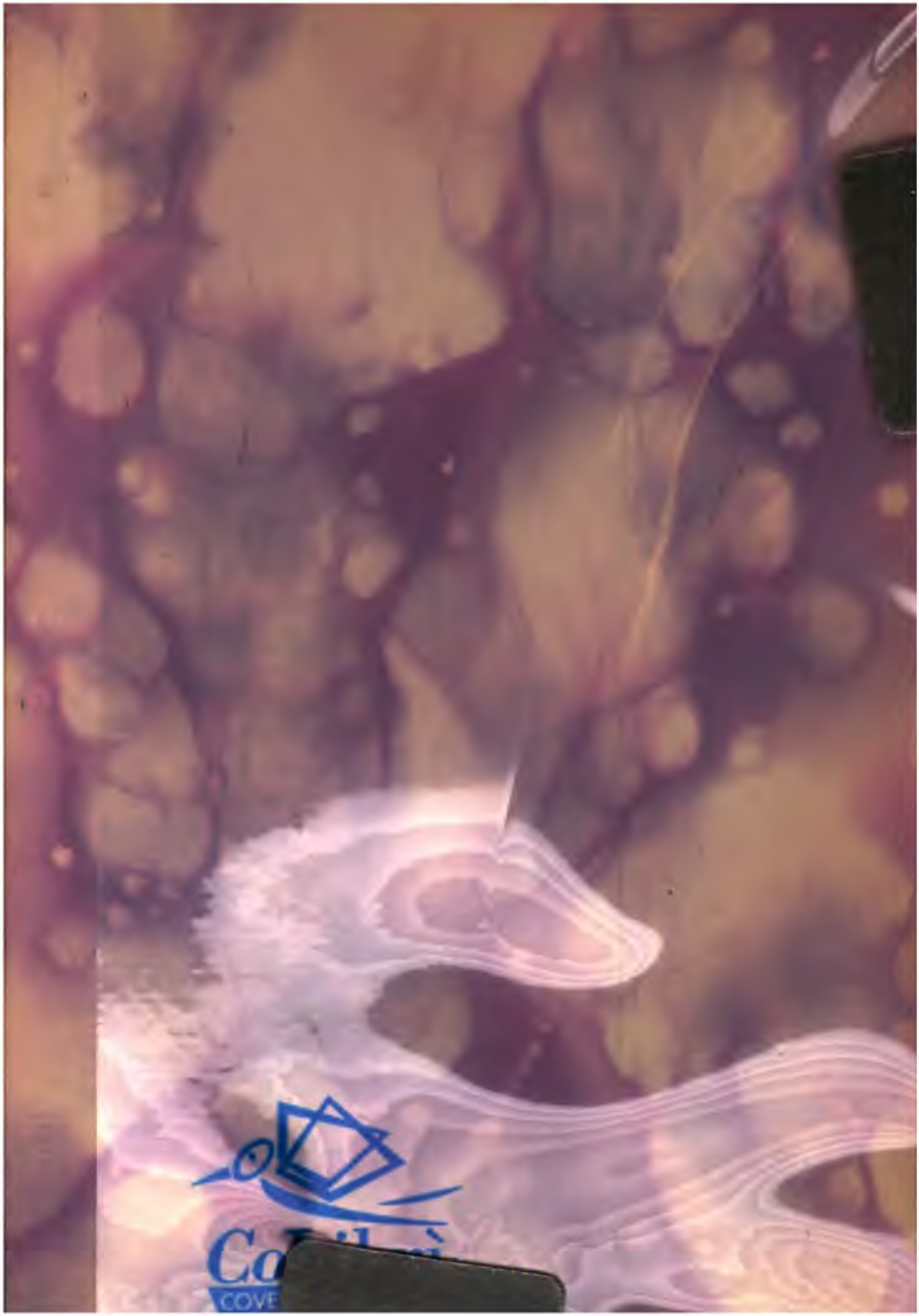
The whole family forget their sorrow in their great thanksgiving, and we rejoice with them.

A great loss has befallen the *pauvres honteuses*. Their good and kind patroness, the Countess Schwerin, is now no more. She was not well at the time of the Christmas dinner, became worse, and passed away early in the year, to the inexpressible grief of her poor friends. But she has provided for them and their successors, the house being secured under trustees for the benevolent purpose to which she had devoted it.

It is now Lent, which is marked here by the church altar-cloths and the clergymen's robes being of black velvet, and by our having, every Tuesday, for our second course, each a large almond-bun, to which, after adding white-

sugar and cinnamon we pour on boiling-milk. These buns were first introduced with Shrove Tuesday, here called Fat Tuesday, a day made memorable by the sale of little loosely-tied birch-rods, each twig tipped with a little coloured feather. The market was quite gay with them. I have one carefully placed in water in a white parian jar. Hulda and Sara have each also theirs, all presents from Tante Fredrika, and we are now to see whose bursts forth first into leaf.

When Fru Knutsson saw mine, she exclaimed "Well, that is droll; another rod from Mamsell Bremer! She has given Herman and Fritz each one. Kind old lady! Ah, when one grows old one grows so very good! Does *Mees* understand?"

END OF VOL. I.

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